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FRANCIS JOSEPH I., AND THE AUSTRIA-HUNGARY EMPIRE.

By George Makepeace Towle.

THE revival of the everlasting Eastern Question, brought about by the recent stirring events in Bulgaria, places in a conspicuous light the relative and rival attitude toward each other of the Empires of Russia and of Austria-Hungary. These two Empires stand, as it were, face to face, armed *cap-à-pie;* each narrowly

THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.

watching the other lest that other should pounce upon the prey that both covet; and each resolved that the other shall not obtain that prey without a deadly struggle. Amid all the many European rivalries and contentions—the fears of England for her gorgeous Indian dependency, the burning desire of France to avenge herself upon Germany and recover Alsace and Lorraine, the aggrandizing ambition of Italy, the armed reserve of Germany regarding a possible, colossal enemy on either side—the probabilities of a great European war, also include the prospect of a desperate conflict between the armies of the Czar and of the Austrian Kaiser.

In the light of passing events, it is important and interesting to know something of the great Powers who may, any day, be engaged in a deadly struggle. Of Russia, very much is already known, through the medium of English and American writers who have studied or sojourned in that vast and despotic Empire. But concerning Austria-Hungary, the general public information is vague. The Empire of Francis Joseph has, somehow, escaped the minute attention of readers. The wonderful changes which have come over it in the past twenty years—changes involving one of the most interesting and suggestive peaceful revolutions which has ever taken place in the history of nationalities — has occurred, as far as American observation is concerned, quietly and almost without comment.

It is the purpose of this article to give some account of the past and present of that strange conglomeration of diverse, restive, and mutually jealous races which are ruled over by Francis Joseph, and are known to the world at large as the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

And, at the very first glance, one remarkable fact as to Austria-Hungary obtrudes itself upon our view; one striking respect in which that Empire differs absolutely from any other European state. Alone among the six Great Powers of Europe, Austria-Hungary cannot be called, in any correct sense of the name, a nation. There is an English, a German, a Russian, a French, an Italian nation. Each of these has its dominant race, its prevailing language, its common customs, its distinctive national spirit and traits. But an Austrian nation, or race, or language, or character, there is none. Of nations in Austria-Hungary, revealing all the marks of nationality, there are at least four. There are the Germans of Upper and Lower Austria, Suabia, the Tyrol, and Istria. There are the Magyars of Hungary. There are the Slaves of Bohemia, Moravia, Galicia, Croatia, and Dalmatia. There are the Italians of Trieste. Neither one of these nationalities prevails in the Empire of Francis Joseph, either by numbers, or by national force. There are more Slaves in the German half of the Empire than there are Germans. There are more Slaves, Serbs and Roumans in the Hungarian half of the Empire than there are Hungarians. The German minority in the one case, the Magyar minority in the other, dominate and rule the inferior and divided Slavonic majority. Of the four nations in Austria-Hungary, the Germans are compact and united, and so are the Magyars; the Slaves, on the other hand, who form a large plurality, at least, of the whole Empire, are distracted and divided in a hundred ways. The Slavic Czech of Bohemia differs as completely from the Slavic Pole of Galicia, or the Slavic Croat or Dalmatian of the Adriatic, as he does from his German or Magyar neighbors. He speaks a Slavic dialect which they cannot understand; his political aspirations are as wide apart from theirs as the poles are asunder; his manners and customs are as removed from them as from those of the Londoner or the Parisian. The Bohemian is a highly civilized European; the Croat is a semi-barbarous semi-Oriental.

Not only is the Austro-Hungarian Empire rent by these strongly defined racial divisions, but, correspondingly it is distracted by their utterly diverse political aims and desires. The Hungarian and the German are well satisfied with the dual kingdom which exists. They, between them, control, each, one independent half of the Empire. They are resolved upon a Centralized Government, a concentrated Power; upon binding close the different members of the Empire, and making a great, strong, united state. Not so the Slavic kingdoms and provinces. Bohemia, Moravia, Galicia demand a federation only. They are the centrifugal forces of the pudding-stone Empire. They desire local autonomy; what the Irish would call "Home Rule." They claim to be independent kingdoms, and clamor for Parliaments of their own. So intensely do the Bohemians feel their nationality, that the refusal to grant them autonomy has resulted in their abstention from taking any part in the government of the Austrian Kingdom, to which they belong. For many years the Bohemian deputies have obstinately absented themselves from the sessions of the Cis-Leithan Parliament.

Thus Austria is not a nation, but a group of nations, which are connected with each other by a purely dynastic bond. They are the dominions of the House of Hapsburg. Their only point of contact is the fact that, in one way or another, they have come under the rule of the same sovereign. How they chanced to come under that rule is an interesting phase of history. Some of them became appanages of the double-headed black eagle by inheritance; some, by marriage; some, by election; some, by treaty agreement; some, by forcible partition; some, by sheer conquest of superior and relentless military strength. The nucleus of the Empire was the little Duchy of "Oesterreich," or Austria, which Charlemagne marked out on the south bank of the Danube, as a rampart of defense for his Empire against the incursions of the fierce and semi-barbarous Magyars. Rudolph of Hapsburg, the first of the name who became German Emperor, granted the little duchy to his son Albert, who was thus the first Duke of Austria. After a while another duchy, on the north bank of the Danube, was added to the first, and the whole became an archduchy. Albert brought with him his hereditary domain of Styria, and thus his state gradually grew. Later, the Kingdom of Bohemia and the Kingdom of Hungary got into the habit of electing the Hapsburg Princes as their Kings; and so, after a while, those Crowns began to descend in the Hapsburg House by inheritance. But it should always be borne in mind that the three Crowns—Austria, Bohemia, Hungary—were never united into one; but have always remained separate Crowns, though worn by the same potentate, from the earliest time to this. Bohemia and Hungary claim, to-day, to be, and to have always been, independent Kingdoms. Croatia, Transylvania, Dalmatia, were conquered by Austrian and Hungarian arms. Galicia, or Austrian Poland, came into the hands of the Hapsburgs as the result of that monstrous crime of the last century, the partition of the ancient Polish Kingdom between Russia, Austria and Prussia.

The only circumstance which saved the Hapsburg Empire from going to pieces long ago, was the elevation of its Princes to the august dignity of German Emperor, and the fact that, for several centuries, that dignity remained, without interruption, in the Austrian House. A power built up by an accidental combination of so many racial atoms needed, for very existence sake,

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some sort of historic glamour, a lofty title, a symbolic honor, to bind it together. A happy chance supplied to the Austrian sovereign just what was wanted to fulfill this need. "The thing lacking," as a recent writer has said, "was found in the long connection between the Ducal and Archducal House of Austria with the Roman Empire and the Kingdom of Germany. The majesty of a long line of Cæsars was gradually spread over the Austrian dukes and their motley territories."

The office of German Emperor was elective; but, from the beginning of the XVth Century down to the beginning of the XIXth, the Austrian prince was as regularly chosen to it as he succeeded to his hereditary dominion. This Imperial dignity, however, had attached to it but very little real power. It was a showy but empty bauble. The Emperor derived little or no revenue from the Empire. His executive authority over the kingdoms and duchies of Germany was almost nothing. Again and again the Emperor's own vassals waged war against him. Once, at least, the Protestant princes of Germany combined to oppose him who was in name, at least, their supreme lord. But yet the imposing title, the historic dignity of the Imperial Crown, gave the Austrian princes that prestige in their own territories which was indispensable to prevent the various nationalities under their rule from breaking loose and shattering the conglomerated state they had built up stone by stone.

It was the great Napoleon who, after his splendid victory over the Austrians on the field of Austerlitz, deprived the Hapsburg princes of their Imperial Crown. He abolished the German Empire altogether, with the idea of erecting a French Empire on its ruins. Then Francis of Austria arbitrarily assumed an entirely new title—a title wholly without reason, authority or political logic—that of "Emperor of Austria." Since there is no "Austrian" nation, as has been shown, that title is wholly anomalous and unmeaning. But Francis, by this course, wished to show the world that the House of Hapsburg was not to be outdone, in the matter of titular dignity, by the House of Bonaparte.

In place of the German Empire a German Confederation was created; and this Confederation existed, with Prussia and Austria as its leading members, down to the decisive defeat of Austria at Sadowa in 1866. Gradually the influence of Austria became predominant in the Confederation, and for many years the German Diet acted very much as Vienna willed. But the battle of Sadowa changed all that. Austria was dethroned from her dominant position in the Confederation, and was then excluded from Germany altogether, and thus ceased to be a German State; and Prussia rose to the chief place in Germany.

Up to 1866 the name of Austria was identified for centuries with the ideas of absolute despotism, unfettered personal power, kingship by divine right, the oppression of peoples, the refusal of all liberty, selfish conquest, and the iron dominion of military force. The Emperor believed himself to have absolute authority over the lives and property of all his subjects, not only those of his dominions proper, but also those who came under his rule by conquest. Everywhere through the Austrian dominions extended the sway of an omnipresent police, which obeyed the Imperial nod, and kept the people under a rigid and perpetual surveillance. Attached to the police was a system of espionage, secretly spread through the Empire, to detect any symptom of disloyalty or incipient revolt. A vast and rapacious bureaucracy was another powerful engine in the hands of the Austrian despot. The Church was his faithful ally, and prelates and priests served his cause and his power, receiving in their turn his protection in imposing their authority upon the people. Education, the Press and marriage were as much under the control of the priesthood as was religion itself.

But a momentous change swept over the Austro-Hungarian Empire after the crushing defeat of Sadowa. That defeat excluded Austria from Germany, and forced the Emperor to rely for the safety of his crown upon winning the loyalty and bringing about the content of the subjects of his now discordant realm. After Sadowa it seemed as if the Austrian Empire were about to collapse and separate into a dozen parts. The Czechs and Magyars were alike restive and discontented. Hungary was now the most important and formidable member of the Austrian dominions. As Bismarck said, Sadowa had transferred the centre of gravity of the Empire from Vienna to Pesth.

The Emperor Francis Joseph was wise and shrewd enough to perceive the only method by which he could save his realm from disintegration. He saw that he must abandon the despotic ideas and powers of the past, and put Austria in harmony with the progressive spirit of the age. Political liberty must be granted to his subjects. In place of a purely personal authority, irresponsible and unlimited, a constitution, involving representative institutions and responsible Ministers, must be established. First of all it was necessary to appease Hungary. Hungary, disaffected and rebellious, now inevitably meant ruin to the Empire. Deprived of German support, the Empire could not hope to successfully resist another Hungarian revolt. Francis Joseph, therefore, resolved frankly to yield to Hungary's demand to be made an independent Kingdom, with a Parliament and an Executive of her own. At the same time he made up his mind to grant a real Parliament to Cis-Leithan Austria.

He chose as the chief agent to carry out his new scheme a Saxon statesman, who was also a Protestant, Baron von Beust, and time proved that this choice was a very wise one. Von Beust soon showed that he had ample capacity to perform one of the most difficult and perplexing tasks ever committed to any statesman's hands. In order to effect the transformation of an ancient, traditional, absolute monarchy, into a dual, constitutional Empire, Von Beust constructed the complex system which still survives in Austria. His system involved the creation of two Kingdoms—Cis-Leithan Austria and Hungary—each with its own Ministry and Parliament, and each independent of the other. The Emperor was to be King of each, wearing the two crowns separate, The two Parliaments were to consist of two Houses, the Lower elected upon a broad basis of popular suffrage, and the Upper to comprise a certain quota of hereditary nobles, the archbishops and bishops, and a certain number of members appointed by the Emperor for life. Each Parliament was to be supreme in the management of the local affairs of the Kingdom to which it pertained. Each Kingdom, moreover, was to have its own Ministers, supreme in their sphere, who were to be responsible to the respective Parliaments alone. Then Von Beust caused the two Kingdoms to be subdivided into provinces, twenty-one in all. These provinces were accorded each its local Legislature or Diet, elected respectively by the great landed proprietors, the citizens of the towns, the small farmers and peasants of the rural districts, and the trade guilds. The Diets were invested with the power to make local laws, and to deal with education, public works and other local matters relating to the provinces.

Above all these Parliaments and Legislatures Von

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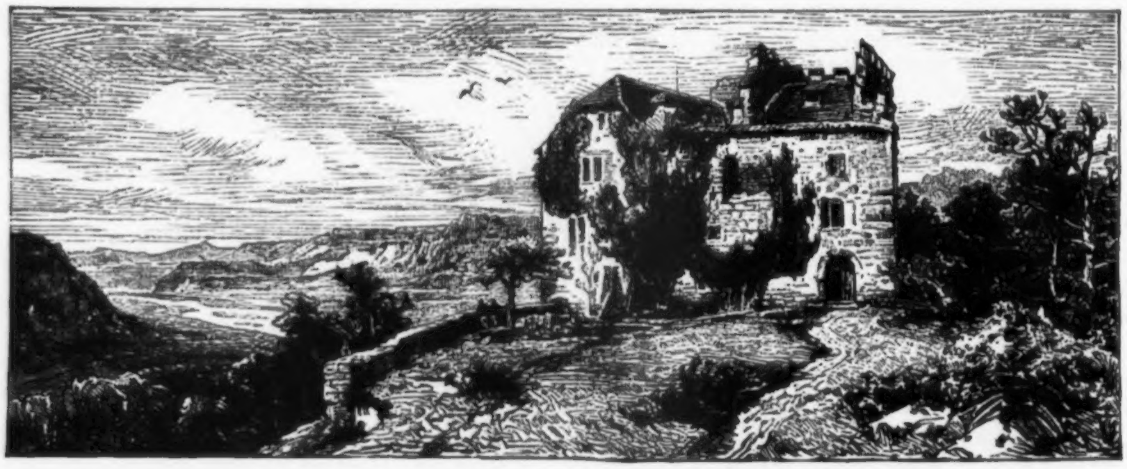
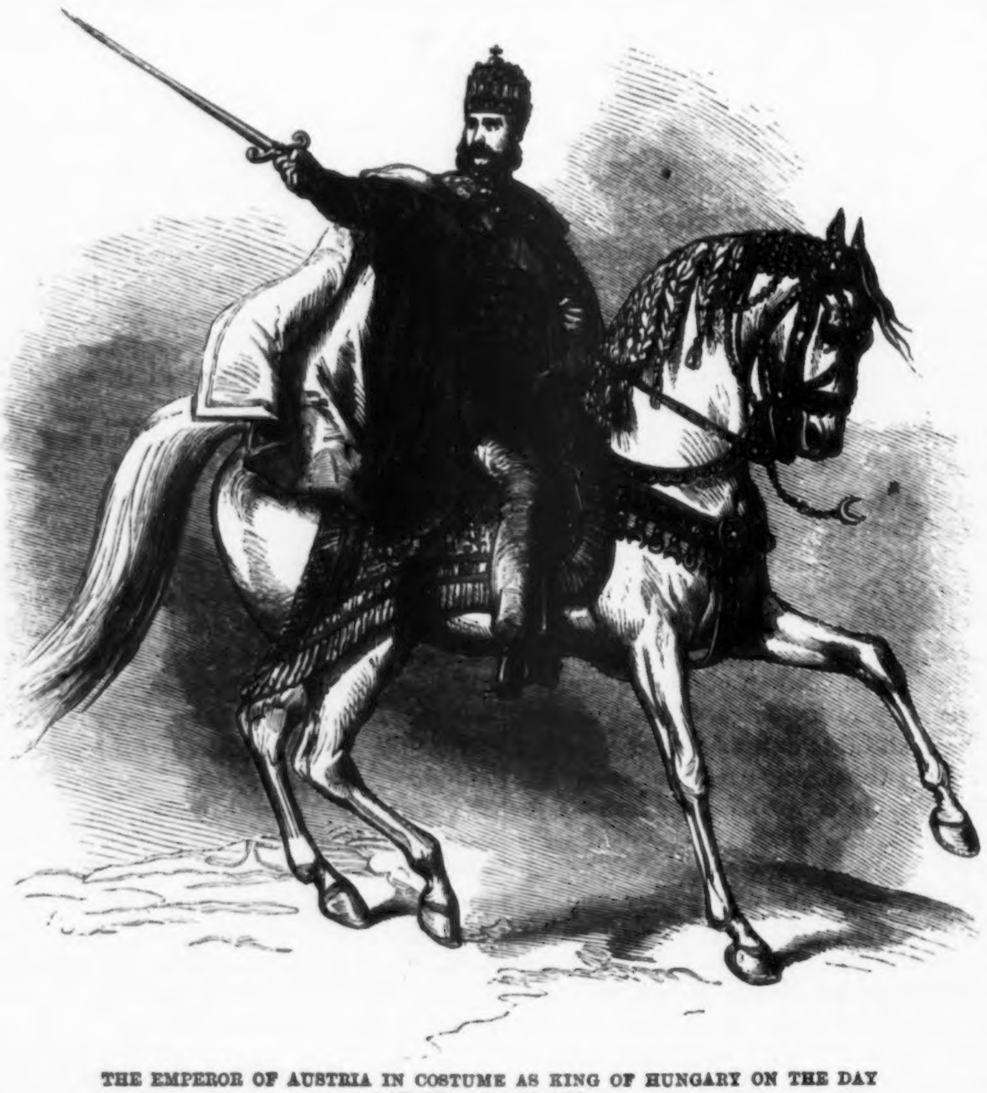


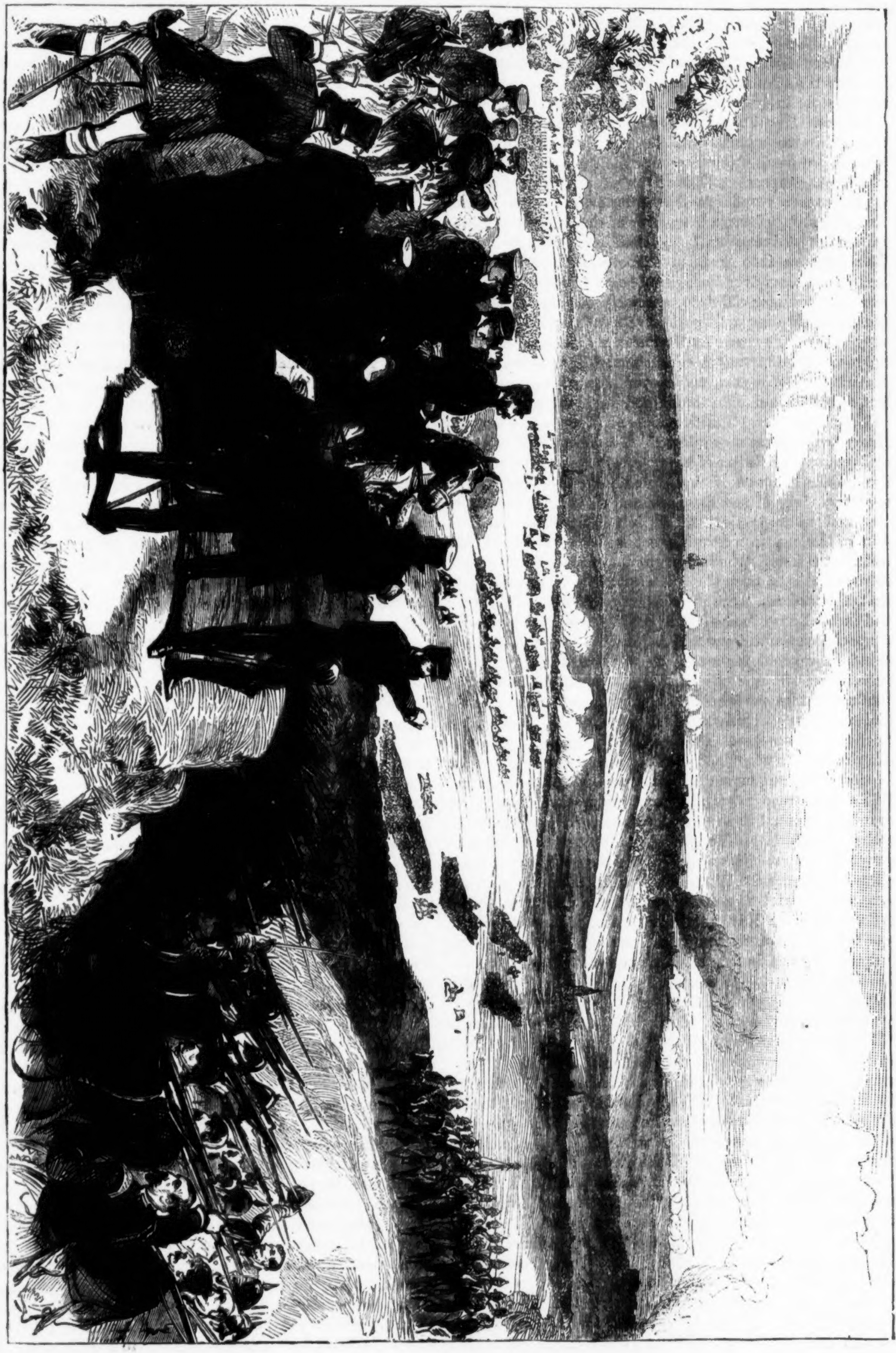
THE HABSBURG, ARGOVIE, SWITZERLAND, CRADLE OF THE HAPSBURGS.

Beust erected a supreme legislative body to manage the common interests of the whole Empire. This body he called the "Delegations." It was composed of sixty members elected by the Cis-Leithan Parliament, and sixty elected by the Hungarian Parliament. To the Delegations were given supreme power over the Imperial Finances, Foreign Affairs and War. They met alternately at Vienna and at Pesth. Attached to them were three Imperial Ministers of Foreign Affairs, War and Finance, who composed the Executive, and who were made responsible to the Delegations alone. Such is a brief outline of the executive and legislative machinery which Von Beust constructed to replace the old autocracy. It was a very complicated machinery, the parts of which fitted ill, and which has not always worked smoothly or effectively. But it at least accomplished the main purpose for which it was constructed, which was to make the political liberties of the Austrian peoples a substantial reality. It placed Hungary in the position for which she had long clamored in vain, sometimes with arms in her hands. Hungary was now indeed a practically independent Kingdom, satisfying the aspirations and conciliating the proud spirit of her people, and enabling her to become the mistress of her own destiny. A marvelous change very soon came over the attitude of Hungary toward their King, the Emperor and his dynasty. Francis Joseph repaired to Presburg, in Hungary, and there, amid an imposing ceremony, and in presence of a throng of the haughty Magyar nobles, was solemnly crowned with the ancient crown of St. Stephen. Hungary, from being the most disloyal and turbulent of his states, became the strong support and bulwark of his throne. The Magyars were soon the most ardently loyal of his subjects, and in a few years the strange phenomenon appeared, of a Magyar rebel of 1848, who had had a price set upon his head, rising to the highest post in the Emperor's gift. When Count Andrassy was made Archchancellor of the Empire, it was then clear the reconciliation between Hungary and the Hapsburg Crown was complete.



THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA IN COSTUME AS KING OF HUNGARY ON THE DAY OF HIS CORONATION.

This great change from an absolute despotism to a constitutional dual monarchy was followed by a magical transformation of the peoples ruled by Francis Joseph, from a community of slaves into a land of free men. The gates of the Temple of Liberty were thrown wide open to the



AUSTRIANS DEFEATED BY THE PRUSSIANS AT SADOWA.

Austrian millions. The Emperor's power to dispense with the laws passed by his Parliaments was taken from him. Civil marriages were now allowed by law. Before, no one could be legally married, except by a priest. For the first time Austrian, Magyar and Slave were permitted to assemble in free meetings for political, as well as other purposes. The Press was delivered from the degrading censorship to which it had formerly been subjected. The police came under the control of a Minister responsible to the representatives of the people. The system of spies was to a very large degree done away with. Education had always been a monopoly of the Church. "Study in foreign universities," says Müller, "was forbidden. The entrance into Austrian schools of foreign teachers, and of scholars over ten years of age, was forbidden, and even for younger children, special permission had to be obtained. The imparting of private instruction was made very difficult, permission being granted by the police only under oppressive conditions. The object of the Austrian schools was, not to produce men of learning, but subjects and officials trained to blind obedience."

With the new Constitution, all this was changed. Every person was now allowed to teach, whether priest or layman. Children of every creed were admitted into the public schools. School boards were established in every province of the Empire; and so education became free and untrammeled. More important still, the freedom of the citizen was amply secured by a series of wise and liberal laws. The *habeas corpus* was for the first time introduced into once despotic Austria. It was declared that, thenceforth, "every citizen should be free in person and in his house." No house could be searched without a special warrant issued by a judge. No private letter could be opened without the special order of a magistrate, except in case of war. No citizen could be kept in confinement more than forty-eight hours on mere suspicion. Every creed was declared entitled to absolute freedom of worship. Besides, every nationality in the Empire was asserted to have equal rights—the right to its own language and its own national customs. "The State recognizes all languages spoken in a given province as equal in the public schools, the public offices and generally in public life. Where more than one language is spoken, the authorities are to provide that each citizen shall receive State aid for education in his own tongue without being forced to learn any other."

Such, in general, is the wonderful transformation which was the result of tremendous defeats in war, and which has taken place in Austria-Hungary within thirty years. That Empire to-day is thoroughly constitutional; the old despotism has vanished for ever. It could not, by any accident or combination of circumstances, be restored. "The lovers of freedom," once exclaimed Burke, "will be free." A great people which has once tasted liberty can never be wholly weaned from it again. No doubt, all the difficulties of the Emperor, all the dangers to his Empire, did not vanish when he threw aside the mantle of a Cæsar, and assumed the rule of a constitutional ruler. The Slaves are still restive, and still demand "autonomy." That is, Bohemia, Galicia, Dalmatia, desire each a Parliament of its own, just as Austria proper has its Parliament, and Hungary its Parliament. Political agitation is constantly rife in the Slavic provinces; and this creates a constant, though it can scarcely be called a deadly, peril to the Crown. The weakness of the Empire—its diversity in race, creed, language, and custom—is inveterate and incurable. The best that can be said for the new system of constitutional events is, that it saved the Empire from immediate and inevitable collapse, and has so held its various and naturally conflicting parts together.

That Austria-Hungary should thus have been saved, by a heroic political remedy, from the certain collapse which once threatened it, was in no small degree owing to the character of the particular Hapsburg who was ruling over the Empire in the period of its deadly danger. Francis Joseph I. is no common man, and no common sovereign. In his long and almost continuous troublous reign, he has proved himself a wise and far-seeing prince. If it cannot be said of him, any more than of the Bourbons, that he forgets nothing, it can, at least, be asserted that, unlike the Bourbons, he can learn something. There is much that is worthy of high admiration and respect in a potentate, who has not only cast aside the garb of despotism which he inherited, but who has done so graciously, promptly, at the right moment, and in obedience to the interests of the subjects who were once practically his slaves. Francis Joseph is the oldest sovereign in Europe, in length of reign, Queen Victoria of England excepted. He has presided over the destinies of his realm for thirty-eight years. He entered upon the Hapsburg inheritance before he was of age; and he has not yet long passed the period of middle life. No one ever looked upon Francis Joseph as a brilliant man, or as a ruler capable of great statestrokes or unusual administrative talents. His qualities are rather solid and substantial than shining. But he has, at least, the great merit, in a man used from youth up to a despotic sceptre, of reading the signs of the times, and bending to the inevitable; of sincere abnegation and abdication of powers once limitless; of the shrewd choice of the right men to undertake the complex task which events forced upon him; and of honestly carrying out the scheme of constitutional form and liberty, when once that scheme had been devised and put in operation. There are other respects in which Francis Joseph is worthy of high praise. In personal character, he is temperate, upright, manly, and of a kindly disposition. He is, moreover, scrupulously faithful to the duties which, even under a constitutional system, his Imperial office imposes upon him. Once he was, perhaps, the worst-hated man in the Austrian dominions. This was in the early days of his reign, when he seemed to be blindly and obstinately clinging to the traditional absolutism of his Hapsburg predecessors. But he speedily won the good opinion of his subjects, when he was seen to devote himself, with hardworking perseverance and stubborn energy, to the arduous work of solving the problem of his Government, and at last accomplished it in spite of every obstacle. His life has, ever since, been one of regular, constant, and unremitting labor. Probably there is no Austrian, above the laboring class, who works more indefatigably. Francis Joseph rises at six every morning; and, as he takes his coffee, reads the morning papers. Then he walks for half an hour through the luxuriant Park of Schonbrunn; and as he strolls, a secretary, walking by his side, gives him an abstract of the letters which have come by the morning mail. Returning to his study, the Emperor dictates answers to such letters and petitions as have any importance in his eyes. It is worthy of note that these answers are given in seven different languages, according to their destination in different parts of the Empire; for Francis Joseph is easily the master of the languages of his many-tongued subjects. It is said that he thus disposes of 200 letters and petitions every day before nine o'clock. Next, he receives his Ministers, who report daily to the Emperor on subjects connected with their several departments. The ministerial interviewers occupy two hours, after which the Emperor takes a frugal lunch, usually of eggs, bread and butter, with a single glass of rich Hungarian wine. At noon, the doors are thrown open, and Francis Joseph receives his subjects without distinction of rank or social standing. At this hour, he appears as the kindly and gracious father of his people.

"The utmost care is taken," writes one who has been a witness of this patriarchal scene, "not to slight any of those who wish to speak to the Emperor, on account of their poverty or humble station in life. The Emperor himself often looks into the anteroom; and when he sees some old persons there, he motions them to step up to him, at the same time asking the younger applicants to wait, even though they belong to the highest circles of society." This general reception lasts an hour. At one, the Emperor for the first time joins his family circle. The Empress, that superb Elizabeth of Bavaria, who, in middle age, preserves, only in a riper maturity, that beauty which, in her youth, dazzled all Europe with its refulgence, is there to greet him. She is still the finest-looking female sovereign in Europe. People still talk of her lustrous dark eyes, her rich brunette complexion, her abundant, shining black hair, her handsome, firm mouth, and her chin of such perfect mold that the Greek sculptors might envy it; her haughty, but not arrogant carriage, and her magnificently full, well-rounded, straight and supple form. Surely never was there a more dazzling, more anomalous, grandmother in the world!

A brief ride on horseback occupies Francis Joseph after the domestic reunion; and at two he is back in his small reception-room, receiving ambassadors or state officials. He dines at five; but for the pleasures of the table he cares little. His favorite dish is roast chicken, taken with a few sips of Tokay. He dispatches his meal in a brief twenty minutes, and once more returns to his cabinet, where he finishes off for the day whatever business remains for him to do. Later, he attends the Empress to the opera, or to a concert; but he rarely stays through either performance. The late evening finds him reading; for one of his favorite recreations is to run over the latest publications, which are brought and laid on his table as soon as they are issued. He retires at midnight, unless he is kept up on some important business; for, early and late, Francis Joseph is always accessible to his Ministers; and, indeed, to all who have matters of moment to lay before him.

The habits of the Austrian Emperor are temperate, correct and regular. He enjoys the work of his Imperial office, and has few amusements besides those which belong to it. He has no taste for that wasteful sort of prodigality which is called magnificence. He is thought to be wealthy; but he has never been accused of rapacity, and his personal wants are few. He escapes the state and ceremony demanded by his position as quickly and as often as he properly can. His household is carefully, almost parsimoniously, managed. He is not at all fond of military parades and show, and shirks the task of reviewing his troops whenever he decently can. The only recreation in which Francis Joseph seems still to delight is the chase. He is fond of chamois-hunting in the beautiful Tyrolese Alps, and is said to look forward with boyish glee to the prospect of a week's rambling over the glaciers, with his short rifle slung across his back. He is a daring hunter, and has more than once risked his life among the Tyrolese gorges and precipices. Such are some of the features of the life of the remarkable sovereign in whose reign, and to a large degree by whose aid, Austria-Hungary has become a constitutional state.

As a great power of Europe, the position of Austria-Hungary has entirely shifted since the despotism was exchanged for a constitutional system. Before the battle of Sadowa the Empire was intimately connected with Germany and German policy. For many years it was the controlling power in the Germanic confederation. It was always in rivalry with Prussia for the chief influence in that body. Once expelled from Germany, however, Austria-Hungary ceased to bear high interests in Western Europe. It became rather an eastern than a western power. Just as the centre of gravity of the Empire shifted from Vienna to Pesth, so the locality of its international interests shifted from the arena of Germany to that of Southeastern Europe. Hungary now held the key to Austrian policy. Hungary must, above all, be heeded and appeased; her fears must be allayed, and, as far as possible, her ambitions satisfied. Now Hungary has always feared a union of the Slavic races in Eastern Europe. She has dreaded the possibility of the erection of a great Slavic state on her own borders, which might win away from her Crown the Slavic provinces now subject to it. Besides, Hungary has a deep interest in the control of the Danube and its mouths. The Danube is the great main artery of Hungarian commerce; it is the natural outlet to Hungarian products and enterprise. Foremost of all, Hungary has regarded with the deepest apprehension the ambition southward revealed by the Russian Empire. With the encroachment of Russia toward or to the Bosphorus, pan-Slavism—the aspiration for a union of the Slavic races, perhaps under the Russian Crown—could not but receive a tremendous impetus. It would destroy the balance of power in Southeastern Europe, make Russia supreme from the Neva to the water frontier of Asia, and put Hungary in deadly peril of a great loss of territory and strength.

In this fact lies the secret of the policy of Austria-Hungary as a great European power. For two centuries Austria's chief rival and antagonist was Prussia. Not only has this ceased to be the fact since the Hapsburg was expelled from Germany, but the once inveterate rivals have become close allies and friends. The interests of the two Empires, after having been for so long absolutely irreconcilable, have come to coincide. The one strong and established alliance to-day in Europe is that between Germany and Austria-Hungary. It is founded upon the circumstance that the interests of the two Powers are harmonious. Germany desires a great, united, unassailable Empire, and to this the realm of Francis Joseph no longer objects. Austria-Hungary wishes to preserve the dual Empire, and to extend itself, if anywhither, eastward and southeastward. Both are anxious to restrain Russia from growing too great and strong. The chief rival of Austria-Hungary in Europe, therefore, is no longer Prussia or Germany—it is Russia. It is the task of Francis Joseph to check any encroachment of Russia southward of the banks of the Pruth. It will be for Austria, if for any power, to go to war with Russia in case the Czar once more undertakes to march on Constantinople.

By the Treaty of Berlin, and by the combined influence of England and Germany, the two once Turkish provinces of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, lying south of Hungary and west of Croatia, were placed under the protection of the Austrian Empire. These two provinces have ever since been ruled by Austrian governors, and garrisoned by Austrian soldiers. It is altogether likely that at a favorable moment they will be formally incorporated as a part of the Austrian realm. Thus Austria-Hungary has taken, already, an important step eastward.

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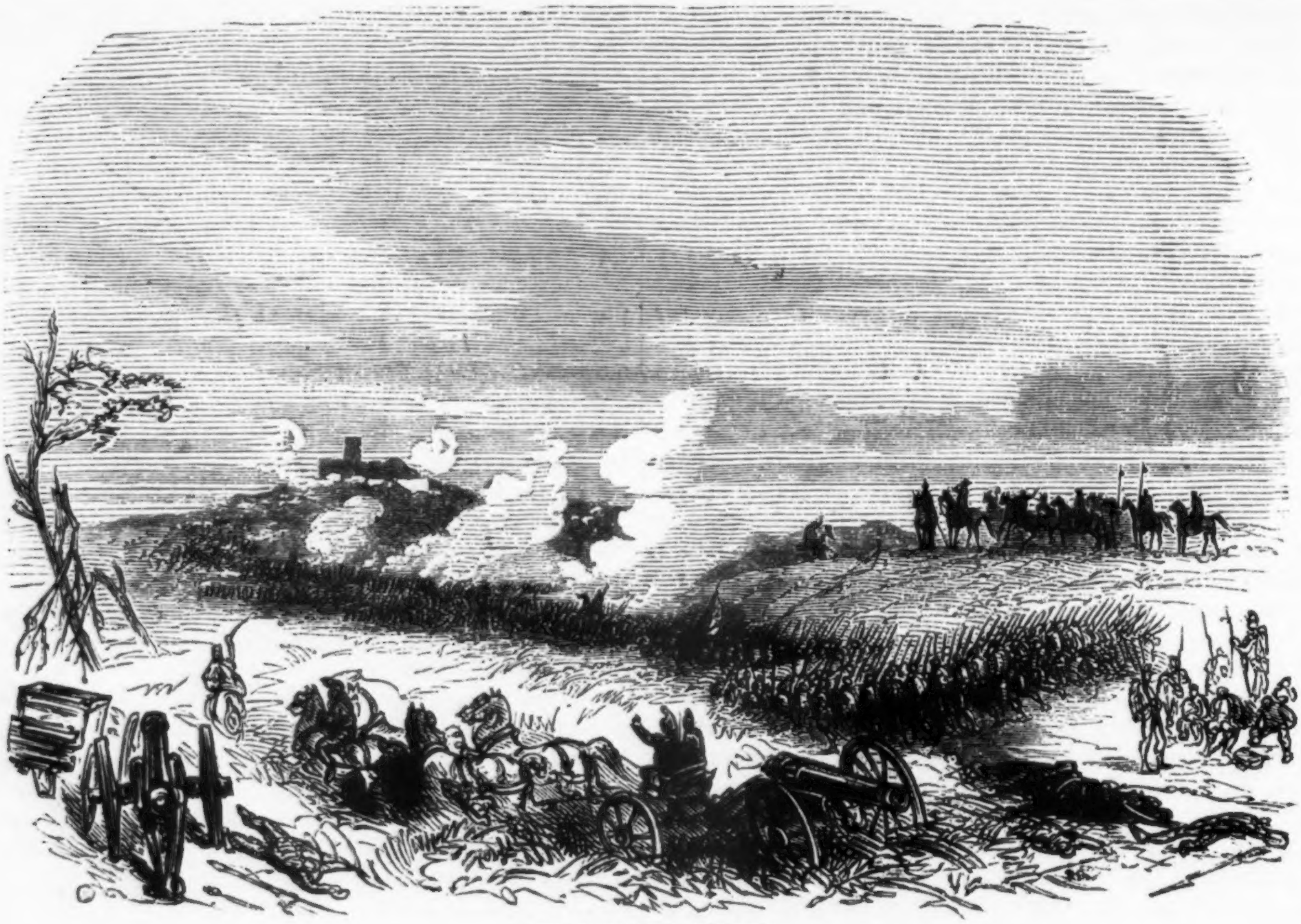
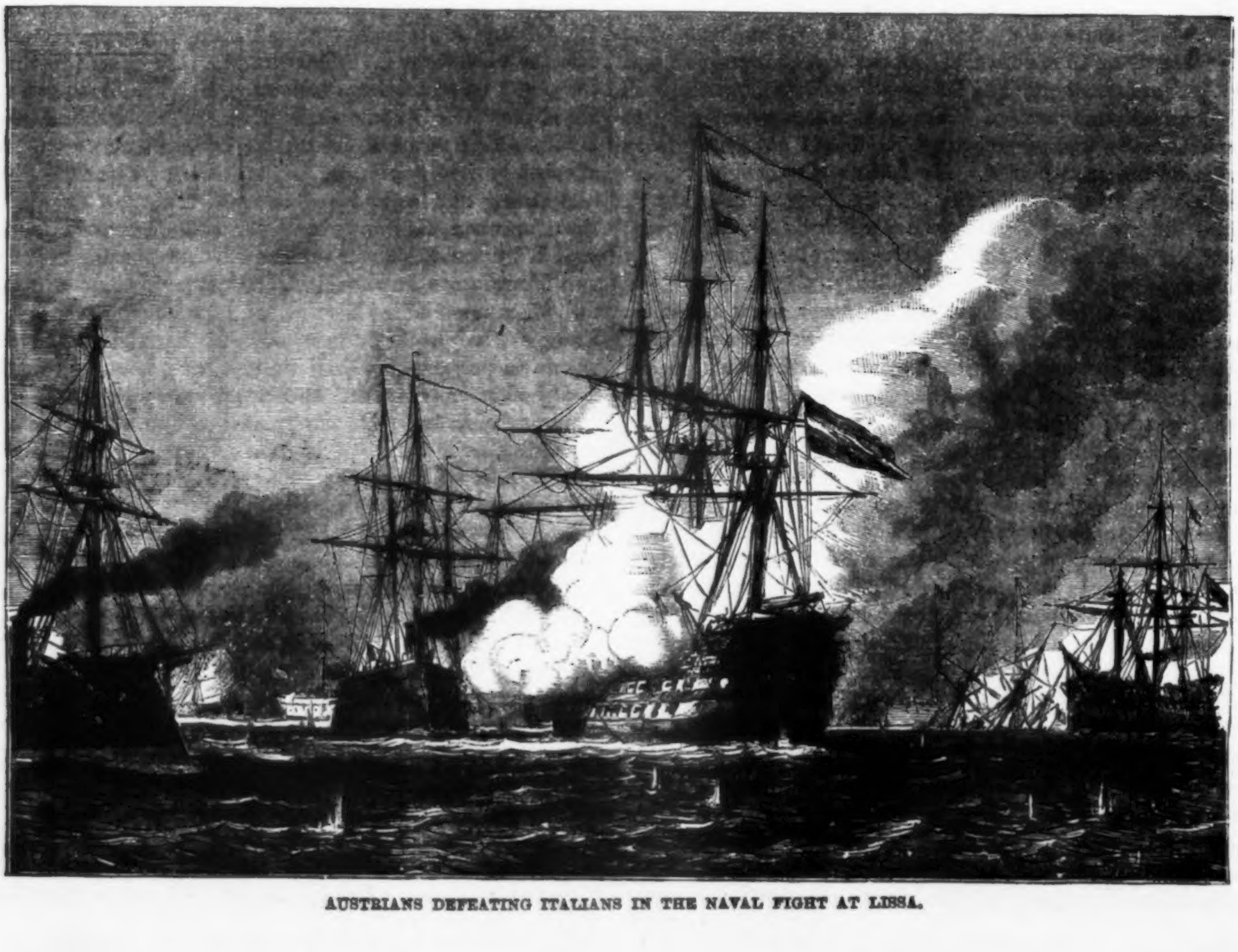


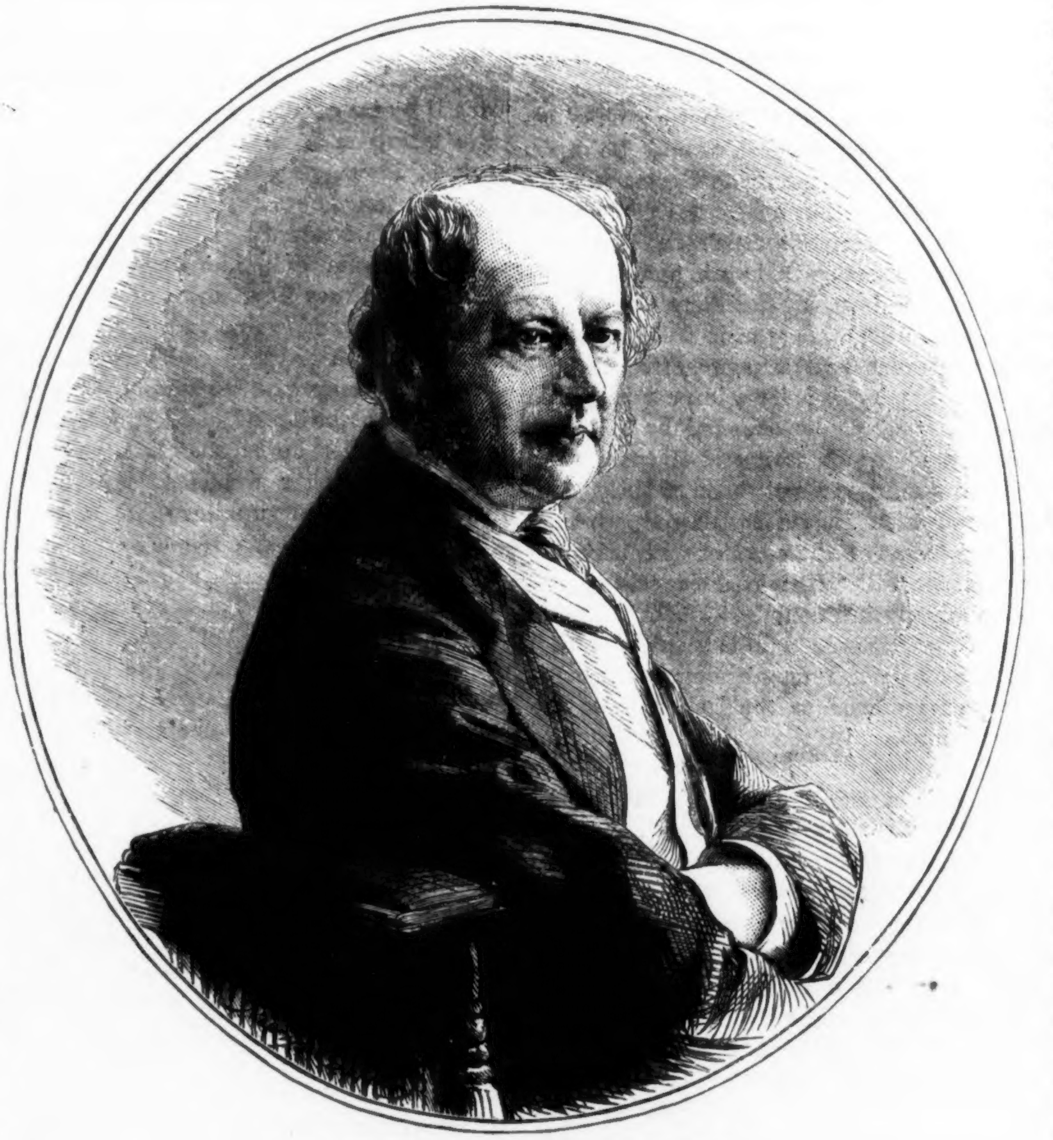
THE BATTLE OF CUSTOZZA.

It is probable that Austria-Hungary's ambition, moreover, does not stop at the Servian or the Greek frontier. There is little doubt that, divorced for ever as is the Austrian Empire, from all hope of aggrandizement in other parts of Europe, it does aspire and aim at further acquisitions of territory in the southeast. In the natural



AUSTRIANS DEFEATING ITALIANS IN THE NAVAL FIGHT AT LISSA.

course of events it seems likely that, when the Turkish Empire in Europe suffers the final collapse which has long been threatened—when the Turks are really driven "bag and baggage" out of Europe—one or other of the Great Powers will inherit the dominions of the Sultan. It is perfectly clear that Russia is desperately resolved to become his heir; to reign in Constantinople; to enthrone and consecrate the Czar in the ancient Greek Cathedral of St. Sophia; to dominate the Bosphorus, and to become navally supreme on the Ægean. The great general aim of Austria-Hungary is less clear. But who can doubt that the Hapsburg, with his gaze strained eastward, with his inherited love of conquest not yet, perhaps, extinguished, and with his fear of Russian aggrandizement excited to a most sensitive pitch—incited, too, by the seething turmoil of Hungarian dread and desire—does not dream of one day raising the Austrian instead of the Russian standard above the Golden Horn? If the Sultan's Empire must crumble and fall, why should not Austria, instead of Russia, enter upon the possession of his legacy? Austria, no less than Russia, craves an outlet on the sea for her navies and her commerce. Is it likely that the Austrian Emperor would be content with Salonica, and would willingly see the gigantic dominion of Russia extended to the southern seas lying along her eastern Hungarian frontier?



COUNT BEUST, PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRIA.

It is thus probable, though not absolutely evident, that the mainsprings of the Austrian policy of to-day are twofold—that that policy has a defensive and an aggressive phase. It is defensive, inasmuch as the advance of Russia would imperil the position, and might disintegrate the dominion, of the kingdom of Hungary. It is probably aggressive, inasmuch as Austria-Hungary has seemingly conceived the ambition to be that dominant power in Southeastern Europe which everybody knows Russia has bent all her energies to be ever since the days of Peter the Great; and imagines that, while obstructing the advance of Russia, Austria might as well attempt to win the splendid prize herself.

In the event of the coming on of such a war as passing events render probable, with what strength and what prospect of success would Austria-Hungary be able to take the field? What are her military and financial resources? In common with all the great European powers, the Austrian Empire has felt it a necessity in recent years to maintain a great and very costly military armament. The Austrian law of conscription is as severe and universal in its application as is that of the neighboring German Empire. Every Austrian subject must enter the Army at the age of twenty, and must remain in some branch of the military service for twelve years. For three years he must serve in the active army, for seven in the reserve, and for two more in the Landwehr, corresponding to our militia. No man can in any way have a substitute, and very few exceptions are made exempting Austrian subjects from military duty. The army of the dual Empire is divided into four classes—the active forces, the reserves, the Landwehr and the Landsturm. The latter, however, only exists in time of war, and is a sort of volunteer auxiliary to the regular order. The total of the standing army on a peace footing, exclusive of the Austrian and Hungarian Landwehr and the military police, is about 255,000 men. On a war footing the numbers rise to over 770,000 men. If to these figures we add the Landwehr and gendarmerie, we find that the entire disposable force in the hands of Francis Joseph is 270,000 on a peace footing, and rather over a million on a war footing. This armament seems small, to be sure, when it is compared with those of the three other Great Continental Powers; for Russia has a war armament of about 2,000,000, Germany of more than 2,500,000, and France over 3,500,000. Never, indeed, has the world witnessed so prodigious a multitude of armed men as appear on to-day's European army rolls.

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The Austrian Army, in time of war, is provided with 30,000 officers and 200,000 horses. It has forty regiments of cavalry, and twenty-five of artillary. Every year 100,000 young men are added to its ranks. The administration of the Army is a curious result of the dual character of the Empire. The active forces and the reserves are under the authority of the Imperial War Minister, who, as we have seen, is one of the three Ministers who are responsible to the "Delegations." But the force of the Landwehr is controlled in each of the two Kingdoms respectively by the "Ministers of the National Defense." who are responsible to the Austrian and the Hungarian Parliaments. In case of war, however, both Landwehrs come under the central command of Vienna. It is not easy to estimate the skill or courage of the Austrian soldiers of to-day. For twenty years they have not had a chance to show the world the character of their discipline or the metal of their bravery. But it is undoubtedly true that the Emperor's chief reliance, in the event of a great conflict, would be upon his Germans and Magyars. The Austrian Germans share those qualities of intelligence, coolness, endurance, amenity to discipline and precision which enabled their brethren of the north to carry their arms within the walls of Paris, and to achieve, by military power, the unification of Germany. The Magyar is traditionally a fighter of a more vehement and savage sort. On the battlefield he always displayed a fiery impetuosity and *élan* which caused his onset to be dreaded by the Turk on one side of him and the Teuton and Slave on the other. The Magyar has never yet been wholly conquered. Should a war with Russia break out, we may be confident that the brunt of the conflict will fall upon the Magyar, and that he will gladly and eagerly accept it. It is he who is chiefly interested to check Russian aggression southward, and it is he who is inspired with a special hatred of the Cossack, remembering well how it was that Hungary was restored to the iron rule of the Hapsburgs by Russian arms, in the memorable revolution of forty years ago.

The Austrian Navy is a small one, and cannot, of course, be compared with those of England, France, Germany, or even Russia. The seaboard of the Empire is small, and the good naval harbors are few. Still Austria finds it expedient to have a navy comprising thirteen large ironclads, twenty-six cruisers and coast vessels, twenty-two torpedo boats and other smaller naval craft, and about 14,000 marines on a war footing. The Navy is under the control of the Imperial Minister of War. The term of naval service is ten years—three in the active service and seven in the reserve. Austria finds no difficulty in filling her naval quota by voluntary enlistment. In order to keep up her military and naval armaments the Empire spends yearly about 110,000,000 florins, or, taking the florin to be worth about forty cents, nearly $50,000,000.

The geographical defects of the frontier of the Empire, devoid as it is on several sides of national ramparts and defenses, has been to some degree remedied by artificial fortification. It is a curious fact that Vienna itself is not fortified. But the frontiers of Bohemia and Moravia on the north have many citadels, intrenched camps and strengthened natural fortresses. Hungary is well defended by geographical supports, and the Alpine frontier of the Tyrol is well provided for in respect of fortification. But a land boundary 5,000 miles in extent cannot easily be covered with effectual artificial protection. In a word, Austria-Hungary lies more exposed to invasion than any other great country in Europe.

Finally, the involvement of Austria-Hungary in a great war would no doubt increase the peril to which she is always more or less subject, in spite of the change in her govermental system—that of disintegration by reason of the centrifugal tendencies of some of her states. A mighty convulsion, in which victory would be doubtful, would gravely shake the not very secure foundations of the liberalized Empire. After all is said, the dual Empire is a make-shift system, which is not likely to bear a heavy strain of expense or warlike exertion. We may at least hope that whatever destiny the future may have in store for the Empire, and for its many incongruous sections, the liberties given to the Austrian peoples by the wisdom of modern statesmanship may be permanently enjoyed by them.

"THE best romance," says Ruskin, "becomes dangerous if by its excitement it renders the ordinary course of life uninteresting, and increases the morbid thirst for scenes in which we shall never be called on to act." Further on he writes: "Whether novels or poetry or history be read, they should be chosen not for their freedom from evil, but for their possession of good." That is the very keynote to the whole problem of reading for rich and poor, young and old. It is the standard by which parents and guardians should judge any book they may wish to give their children. The duty and responsibility of making the choice is an onerous one, but must be faced. The young mind is a virgin soil, and whether weeds or rare flowers and beautiful trees are to spring up in it will, of course, depend upon the character of the seeds sown. You cannot scatter literary tares and reap mental corn. A good book is the consecrated essence of a holy genius, bringing new light to the brain and cultivating the heart for the inception of noble motives. Boys' literature of a sound kind ought to help to build up men. Girls' literature ought to help to build up women.

THE Bay of Galway is capacious in size, it has naturally many advantages, and few drawbacks to the making it into a shipping port. It is not so many acres of sea water, useless for all purposes except that of adding to the beauty of the scenery. On the contrary, it is deep all over, capable, at a comparatively small cost, of full utilization, and, being situated at the sea-board of a province rich in *un*developed materials in the waters, on the surface, in mines, in quarries, it is no exaggeration to say that, even at present, the making of Galway into a seaport for transatlantic and other foreign shipping is an enterprise so promising that, were there not ways of accounting for its neglect outside the regions of politico-economic matters, its present condition would be a spectacle of astonishment and a standing disgrace to the common sense, in industrial things, of the people of the United Kingdom.

WHEN Longfellow visited the Queen at Windsor the servants crowded on to the stairs and into the passages to get a view of him. On the Queen's asking them why they were so enthusiastic about the poet, she was told that they used to listen to Prince Albert reading "Evangeline" to his children, and, knowing the lines by heart, they longed to see the man who wrote them. The Queen is fond of telling this story.

IN this very busy and practical age, the best of thoughts clothed in the best of words find none too eager readers, and most eloquent preachers speak too often to half-empty pews.

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HIS HAUNTED HOUSE.

By John Moran.

Somehow it will pursue him through the daytime,
And fill him with unquiet dreams by night;
O'erclouding life's few fleeting hours of playtime,
And bringing darkness where there should be light.

He had built a house to Love in pride and pleasure,
Where winged thoughts waited but to do the will
Of her who held his heart's eternal treasure,
In utterest trust of whom he feared no ill.

From the deep foundation to the topmost rafter,
He had deemed it firm and steadfast, and so great
That the storms and breakers of no vague Hereafter
Could make one breach or lower its lordly state.

He had fashioned walls in many a form and color,
With pictured fancy and with frescoed dream.
How could fate blur or any years make duller,
This labor of love conceived in faith supreme.

Yet it stands to day in dreariest isolation,
Untenanted, uncared for and untrod,
Save by a weird, phantasmal congregation,
That owns the sway of some demoniac god.

As the Hindoo leper nightly roams and wanders
About the village outskirts, shunned, apart,
Hearing the glad girls' laughter that but panders
To the hideous canker eating out his heart—

So he, around his desolate, haunted dwelling,
Is forced to wander till at length life fail;
Hearkening for echoes of old, glad songs swelling,
That always die in some most dolorous wail.

Ever he bows with lowliest genuflexion
Before Love's inner and most holy shrine
Praying absolvement in deep introspection,
Humbly beseeching for some word or sign.

Ever to listen vainly, oh, how vainly!
For any faintest token of reply;
The awful silence only uttering plainly,
"Your dream is dead, your heaven has passed you by."

Sometimes in wrath he wishes he could curse her,
From the deep despair where dreams and memories dwell;
But the Past forbids him; still his fond thoughts nurse her
In the heart she palsied by her cold "farewell."

It was said in such a cruel, callous fashion,
After all the nearness that their lives had known;
After solemn troth-plight made in warmth and passion,
After pledges held by Love and them alone.

And she left the place her presence warmed and gladdened,
With no least light turning of her small, sweet head;
With no throb of pity for the man half maddened,
Who was nowise conscious of what words he said.

She, only she, has had the power to blight him,
To make his life a most calamitous curse;
And none save she has any power to right him,
And none can make his future any worse.

For the lone house stands, and weeds grow rank around it,
Where once her little feet left daintiest track;
But, save Love himself within her heart should sound it,
He will never voice the cry, "My queen, come back!"

MEMORY, AND ITS CULTIVATION.

By Walter Edgar McCann.

Philosophers have written a great deal on the subject of memory, but it may be questioned whether any one has given more definitely the principles which govern the succession of thought than Aristotle, who says that they consist of three—viz., similarity, contrariety and co-adjacency. Things that are alike naturally come up in the mind closely together, as do those which have any species of contiguity, and, finally, contraries, have an associative connection; as, if we think of black, white is suggested; if of heat, cold; if of good, evil, and so on. Precisely what is the operation of memory in the brain is unknown, and probably in the nature of things must ever be; although many theories have been offered, particularly by those who have studied diseases of the mind. One of the most interesting articles written on the subject is that by Th. Ribot, published in a scientific magazine some years ago, and which may be described as not only curious and plausible, but exhaustive.

With the physiological and abstruse parts of the question the present paper has nothing to do, the design being rather to show some of the interesting peculiarities of the faculty of memory and of how by natural, as well as by certain mechanical, means it may be cultivated. Nothing is better established than that, with proper application and exercise, an inferior memory may be made good, and a good one still better. Many cases are known where, with some little zeal, a remarkable deficiency in this particular has been remedied, and Houdin, the prestidigitator, and others have shown how a naturally good memory has by incessant practice been trained to the point of the marvelous. Nor is there, if the right method be used, any severe strain in this exertion. The discipline is of itself gentle, and the only point is to apply it rationally and without relaxation. Houdin and his assistant turned their tasks into a sort of amusement, as did Heller and the young lady who supported him in constructing their second-sight performance, and mnemonic feats of prodigious character were accomplished—incredible, indeed—but, through the method adopted, the rehearsals were but pastime. Perfection was acquired almost insensibly. The cardinal principle was, however, that the drill should be incessant.

Some astonishing stories, most of them very well known, have come down to us of the memories possessed by certain celebrated men, particularly among the ancients. The faculty has been pronounced by one of the Roman writers the test of the superior intellect, although such is really far from the truth. Jean Jacques Rousseau, for instance, was, as he relates, possessed of an exceedingly weak memory. His mind retained ideas vividly enough, but he could not master words by rote, and in the "Confessions" he tells several amusing stories of how this shortcoming placed him in awkward situations. The lively Montaigne confesses to a similar defect in his mental constitution and the multitude of illustrations used in his essays, and which seem to arise spontaneously from his argument, were carefully culled from his notebook, which he terms his paper memory.

But, on the other hand, there are extraordinary accounts, as we have remarked, of the gifts of memory owned by noted individuals among the ancients. A Greek philosopher is mentioned who, after delivering a long harangue extempore, could repeat it without losing a word. Seneca states that in his youth he could repeat

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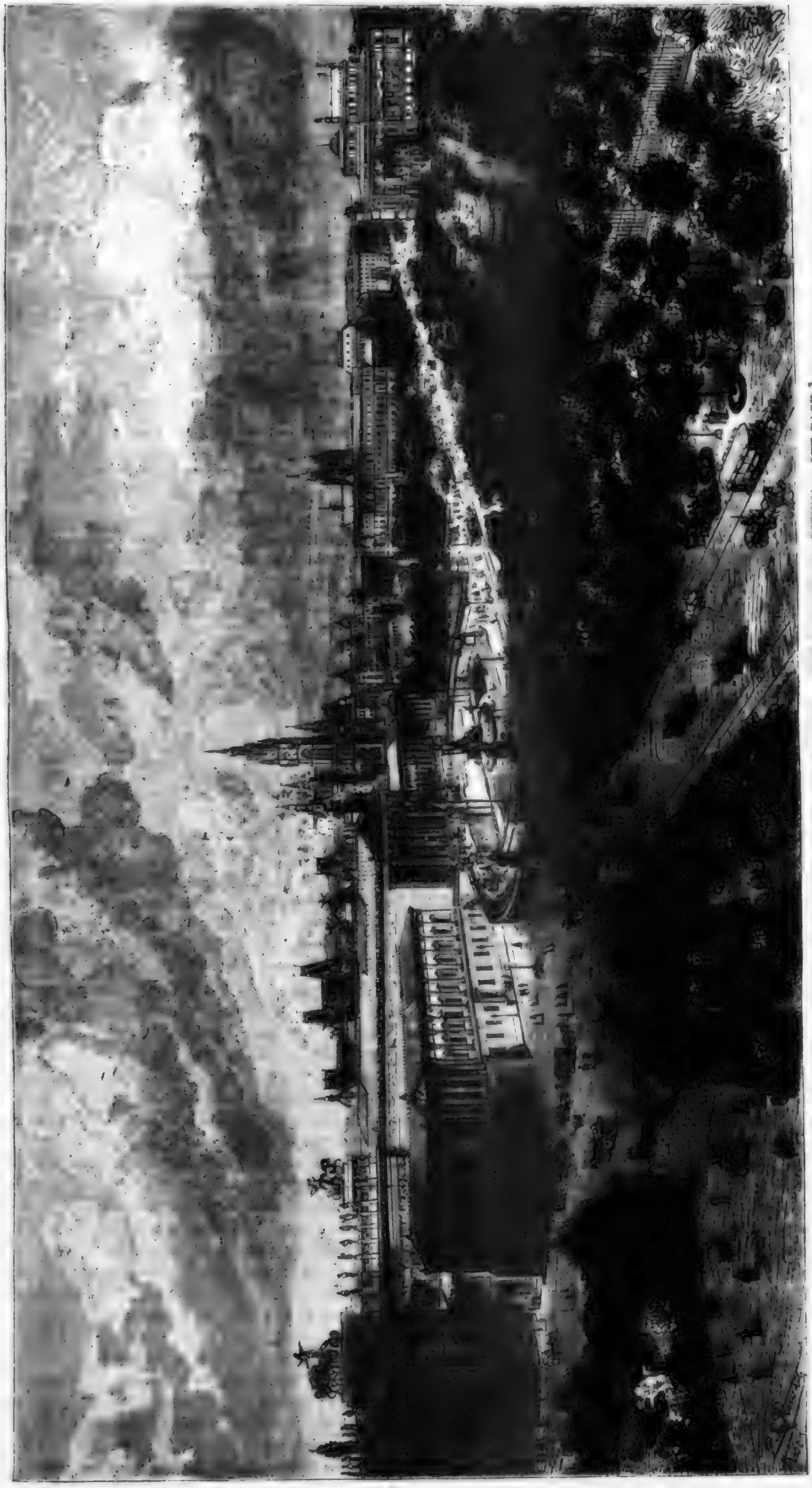
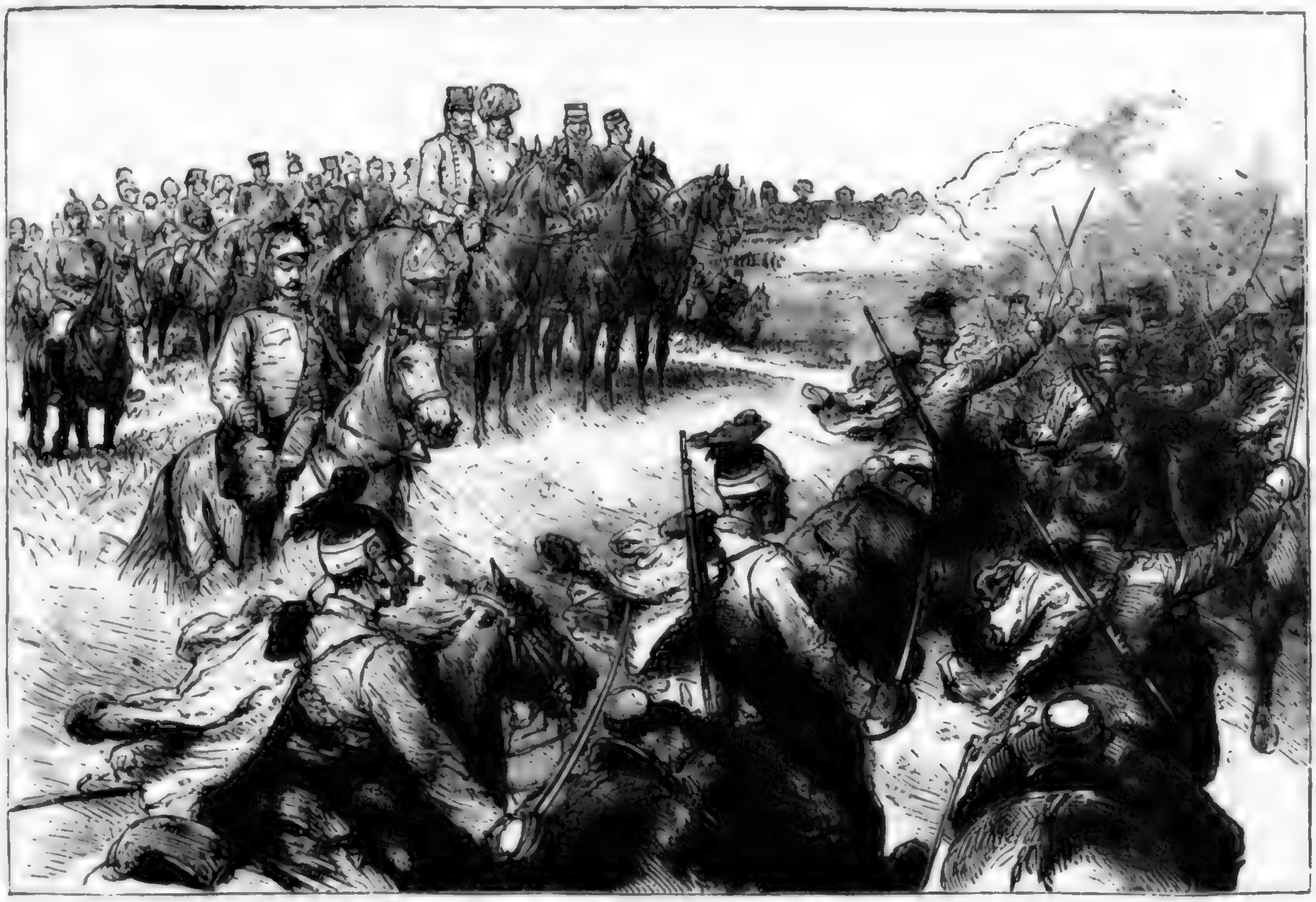


FRANCIS JOSEPH I., AND THE AUSTRIA-HUNGARY EMPIRE.—CITY HALL PLAZA, VIENNA.—SEE PAGE 1.

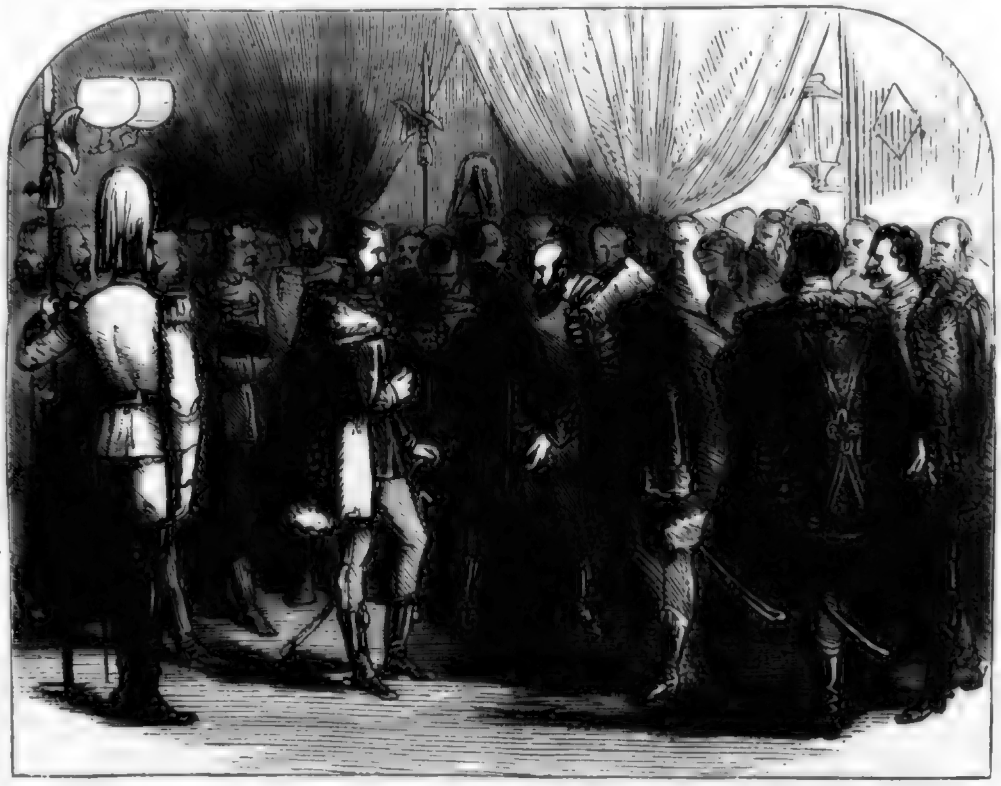
2,000 names exactly in the same order they were read to him. He could acquire 200 verses from hearing them read only once, and could give them backward or forward, as desired. This, however, seems to suggest that he used a system of mnemonics, by which such feats are comparatively easy. Cyrus knew the name and face of every soldier in his army, while Aristides could name every citizen in Athens. In modern times, Napoleon's memory had the strength of adamant; at least as respects those matters which interested him. Facts of a certain kind were chiseled ineffaceably in his mind, and from one hearing or reading. The player's faculty, however, of quickly committing indiscriminate prose or verse, he probably did not possess better than ordinary people.

Memory is, indeed, of various kinds, some having a special gift of remembering language, others ideas, others figures, and still others faces. Not seldom marvelous superiority in this way is associated with inferiority of the understanding. As we know, idiots are sometimes found to possess an extra-



FRANCIS JOSEPH I., AND THE AUSTRIA-HUNGARY EMPIRE.—A UHLAN CHARGE IN PRESENCE OF THE EMPEROR.—SEE PAGE 1.

ordinary memory, which renders the whole question of the endowment so puzzling a problem. This, at least, appears certain and a law—that all depends on the impression an idea makes. What we are interested in we do not forget; what is indifferent to us passes away as quickly as a portrait seen in a mirror. Age enfeebles all the powers of the brain as well as those of the body, and yet, as some one has shrewdly remarked, there was scarcely ever yet an old man, however forgetful he might be, who could not recall how much money he had, and where it was placed. Impressions are of course strongest early in life, and hence we forget easily recent events as we advance in years. The reason chiefly seems to be that we have become pretty well used to everything, and there are no surprises, which is one of the misfortunes of age. Few occurrences are so novel that they are accentuated sharply and deeply, and upon the vividness of the picture depends the strength of the impression it makes, and the length of its abiding.



FRANCIS JOSEPH MEETING HUNGARIAN NOBLES.

Upon analysis we find, as a general principle, that memory depends upon association. One idea starts another in some way connected with it. A man, for instance, is going out and takes up his coat to put it on. In the pocket he notices a lead-pencil, which reminds him of a drawing he had promised to make for a friend of a house he had once seen, where a murder had recently happened. This recalls, by-the-way,

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that up-stairs he has a newspaper which contains an account of that old house which has a history. Here, as we perceive, there is a regular chain of ideas, one thought leading directly to another. The whole system of natural memory is founded upon simple links of this sort, and forms, accordingly, the basis of artificial memory or mnemonics. A spark fires the train in every direction. A subject arising, a man sits down to write an article. Instantly his recollection awakes, and a flood of ideas related to the matter issues forth. They separate and wander off in all directions, particularly with persons of discursive habits of thought. It is through this that with practice or custom persons who write for the Press are enabled to do very acceptable work in a great hurry. By the exercise of a little method and order it is possible to perform this sort of task with scarcely an instant's preparation. The usage of thinking in a rapid and concentrated way becomes easy, and by adherence to system it is possible to deal intelligently with any topic. The person who writes this has for years furnished matter for the editorial page of an afternoon paper, the necessity existing to take up subjects without any previous reflection, in order to have the copy in the hands of the printers by a certain hour; but by following a little formula the process of thinking is easy, and the article is made to possess the form and proportion of more elaborate compositions. Heads have been devised to suit almost any topic. For example: 1. Relate the circumstance or proposition. 2. Is it true? Is the common opinion correct? 3. Give the historical associations and like cases. Contrast the past and present. 4. Whom does it affect. Are the motives honest or the reverse? 5. Has clime or temperament any connection with the matter? What will be the general consequences, good or evil? 6. What are the causes? Is any one to blame? Is there any inconsistency? The explanations. Could the affair have been prevented? 7. What are the remedies? The conclusion to be drawn from it. The future.

There are few topics to which this simple formula may not be made to apply, and under expeditious circumstances it may be, and is, often found of great assistance. The idea is to stir recollection, and then deal with it in an orderly way.

There are many good memories which seem defective simply because there is no method used in employing the information stored up, or, as schoolmasters say of certain pupils, they are bright but cannot apply their knowledge. The proper course by which the treasure can be availed of is to exercise the will in laying it up, and this is one of the great uses to which mnemonics may be turned. There must be a clew. We know how children carry out the principle when they desire to recall anything, by tying a string to the forefinger. Some plan must be devised to suggest what it is desired to revive. There is, in reality, as all writers upon the nature of the mind agree, no such thing as a bad memory. Whether we attend to our impressions or not, they are all duly printed or registered, with the aid of the nervous system, in the brain. The senses all do their duty in this way—sound, sight, smell, touch and taste. Accident frequently calls the subject up afterward. The scent of a flower or the flavor of some dish will bring a whole scene back.

The great necessity, if the memory is to be properly availed of, is to give a clear impression. Glance over a landscape and you will obtain a general idea of it; but study its proportions and details and the whole will come back to you at will, piece by piece. Ruskin says that he has naturally only an ordinary memory, and yet what pictures he draws with a few strokes of the pen, simply because the order and proportions of everything he views are noted. And the same may be said of William Black. This, in fact, is the only way to truly enjoy natural scenery, and with due regard to it, anything impressive seen can be reproduced at any time without effort; and so it can be written of, and this is the secret of vivid word-painting. The trouble with most people is that they do not note closely. By careful observation and the arrangement of ideas, life may be made to furnish a thousandfold more pleasure and information. There is, particularly, the delight that may be extracted from small things. Two men, as experience frequently shows, may take an ordinary walk, and one could write a chapter on what he saw, extracting interest even from the most commonplace objects; while the other would have seen nothing, and his experience have proven a bore. The close observer need never have a dull moment.

Pictures are always easy to remember, and hence the use which has been made of "picturing" in all systems of mnemonics. In connection with this, theatrical memories furnish an interesting study. As a rule, the actor is very quick in committing his part, but not retentive, and some amazing stories are told in the various biographies of the stage of the rapidity with which performers have, in an emergency, absorbed long parts. John Kemble had a prodigious faculty of this kind, and Macready has recorded with pride a similar gift possessed by himself. The value of picturing is shown in connection with almost every theatrical production, as on the first night we generally find the actors more or less imperfect, and the action proceeding awkwardly; but a little later everything progresses with the greatest smoothness. The reason is that, before the first performance the players have been accustomed only to the rehearsals, without scenery, music or other guides. But after a night or two the picture of each scene is drawn in the minds of those who take part in it, the consecutive order of the story and of the dialogue is understood, and the whole has become like a chapter from real life. On this account some actors cannot get words by rote, or commit a part to mind in the usual shape given out by the prompter—that is, nothing but the lines and cues falling to their own share. They are obliged to read over the whole play, and must understand the course of the incidents and plot.

Simonides is said to have been the inventor of artificial memory or mnemonics, but even in the absence of historical record to the contrary, a little reflection shows that the art must have been much older. We only know that it was exceedingly popular among the Greeks. There are various versions of how Simonides came by his idea, but the one generally accepted is that on a certain day he was at a public dinner where the guests were all people he knew. During the progress of the entertainment the roof of the building suddenly fell in, and many were crushed. Simonides was among the few who escaped, and when the excitement was over and the wreck had been removed, as the bodies of the dead were about to be taken away, it became apparent that each had been so crushed that it was impossible to distinguish one from another. Simonides, however, remembered perfectly the order in which all had been seated at the table, and thus he was enabled to establish the identity of the unfortunates, one by one.

This is the usual account of the origin of mnemonics, but the arrangement of the constellations in the heavens proves that the principle was already understood by the

Egyptians and, perhaps, by people before them. How old the constellations are is uncertain, but they were known to Job, who, from the character of his book, must have almost certainly lived before the Hebrew exodus, before the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah and consequently before Abraham. In the primeval astronomy the clusters and groups of stars were divided up into forty-eight, comprising the various rough outlines of men, women, animals and other objects, and a great many more have been added since. They were added, we believe, for the very same purpose for which they were originally devised—to enable the mind to know, distinguish and remember these shining objects and the places they occupied. There was, too, doubtless some astrological connection with the matter.

The primitive peoples perceived that picturing, and the series of pictures held together by a thread, comprised the true mnemonic secret. Looking at the vast canopy overhead, with its multitude of twinkling lights, it was impossible to separate or recognize one from another. The mind was utterly at a loss. But by dividing them up into certain clusters or collections, and, for the purpose of knowing each, giving it the name of something in animated nature, even without a distinct resemblance existing, or, at best, only a rude and vague one, the difficulty was immediately removed. Order was established, and each collection of these resplendent bodies at once linked to the next, so that to pick out any single star was but the work of an instant, and in due course every star visible in the heavens found its name or designation. The same principle has been applied in geography, and the imaginary lines of latitude and longitude have been established; and it may be extended in every direction and made use of under every possible combination of circumstances. However bewildering a network may be presented to us, let us at once set to work to classify, and let there be order and arrangement, and we are no longer baffled. This is the foundation of the ingenious modern systems of learning languages quickly and comparatively without effort, such as the Meisterschaft. A sentence of three or four words is learned, which serves as a link or clew, and then one or two or more words are added, by which a second sentence can be formed, and then, with a few more, a third. These, again, can be varied, and in time, imperceptibly and with a little patience, we acquire thousands of words, and, with the same ease, the grammatical forms.

THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST.

It compels our very great respect that one evidently so ready as Newman with a trenchant blade, so fond of indulging even in the very jocularity of lively humor, should with such severity discriminate between things that differ. Perhaps our readers will remember his imaginary lecture on John Bullism, in which he shows, certainly by a most justifiable, and not altogether unastonishing *ad hominem*, in reply to those who are so ready to prove that Rome has the number of the beast in the Revelation, that, in reality, Queen Victoria has that number. Of course the whole thing is a joke. He said: "Gentlemen, can it surprise you to be told, after such an exposition of the blasphemies of England, that, astonishing to say, Queen Victoria is distinctly pointed out, in the Book of the Revelation, as having the number of the beast? You will recollect that that number is 666. Now she came to the throne in the year '37, at which date she was eighteen years old; multiply then 37 by 18, and you have the very number, 666, which is the mystical emblem of the lawless King."

A volume might be compiled upon the almost innumerable persons to whom has been attached the theory of the mystic number, 666. Edward Elliot, with cogent learning, fitted it on to the Papacy in his "Horæ Apocalypticæ." Lord Macaulay, when in India, was suddenly attacked by an Englishman, to whom he had never spoken, and whom he did not know, exclaiming: "Pray, Mr. Macaulay, do you not think that Bonaparte was the beast?" "No, sir, I cannot say that I do." "Sir, he was the beast; I can prove it; I have found the number 666 in his name. Why, sir, if he was not the beast, who was?" "This was a puzzling question," says Macaulay, "and I am not a little vain of my answer. 'Sir,' said I, 'the House of Commons is the beast. There are 658 members of the House; and these, with their chief officers—the three clerks, the sergeant and his deputy, the chaplain, the doorkeeper and the librarian—make 666!'" His interlocutor, however, would pursue his demonstration, and Macaulay thought he regarded him as a very wicked fellow, and believed that he went away determined to write Macaulay's name in Tamul, leaving out T in Thomas, B in Babington, and M in Macaulay, which he says would give to himself the number of this unfortunate beast, and which was exactly the process by which he had fixed the number on Napoleon, spelling the name in Arabic, and leaving out two letters.

A TORPEDO CANNON-BALL.

The *Avenir Militaire* gives us some particulars concerning a torpedo cannon-ball invented by Captain Coudray, of the French Navy. Four years ago the captain presented his projectile to the authorities, who at once ordered experiments to be made with it at Gaves, near Lorient. We are told that for some time past the modest inventor has been engaged in manufacturing his projectiles under the supervision of a special commission named by the Minister of Marine. At first it was found that all the projectiles discharged at the mean velocity of 150 meters a second rebounded on striking the object at which they were fired. Time was afforded Captain Coudray to improve his invention, and it seems that in spite of much head-shaking on the part of the *savans*, he has succeeded in curing the defect complained of. The torpedo cannon-ball, we are assured, now travels at the rate of 300 meters a second, and instead of rebounding on striking a ship, glides along its side, and never loses contact until it explodes. The last cannon-balls constructed contain a charge of forty pounds of guncotton, although twenty-five pounds is said to be sufficient to blow up the biggest vessel. It is stated that these projectiles can be fired to a much greater distance than the Whitehead.

For a long time the custom was, in writing for the young, to make virtue triumphant in the end. Such a view of the relations of life is recognized by the most careless observer to be false. Virtue, far more frequently than otherwise, is found prostrate and helpless at the feet of vice. Virtue may bring its own reward; it may even have proved itself impervious to the onslaughts of the enemy, but it is the exception rather than the rule that honesty and uprightness of purpose should overthrow meanness and wickedness.

Self Love.—Thinking most highly of the individual who often least deserves our regard.

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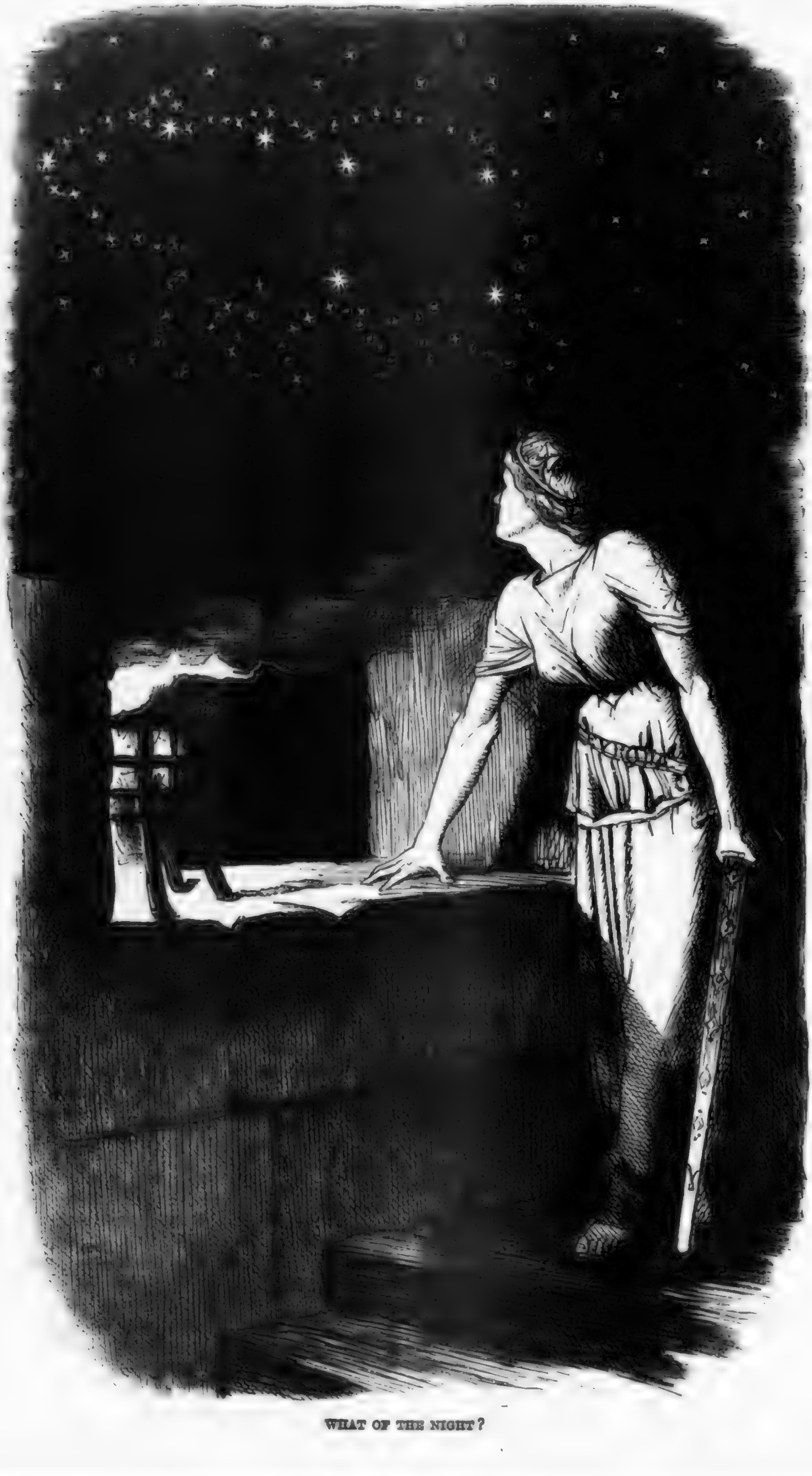
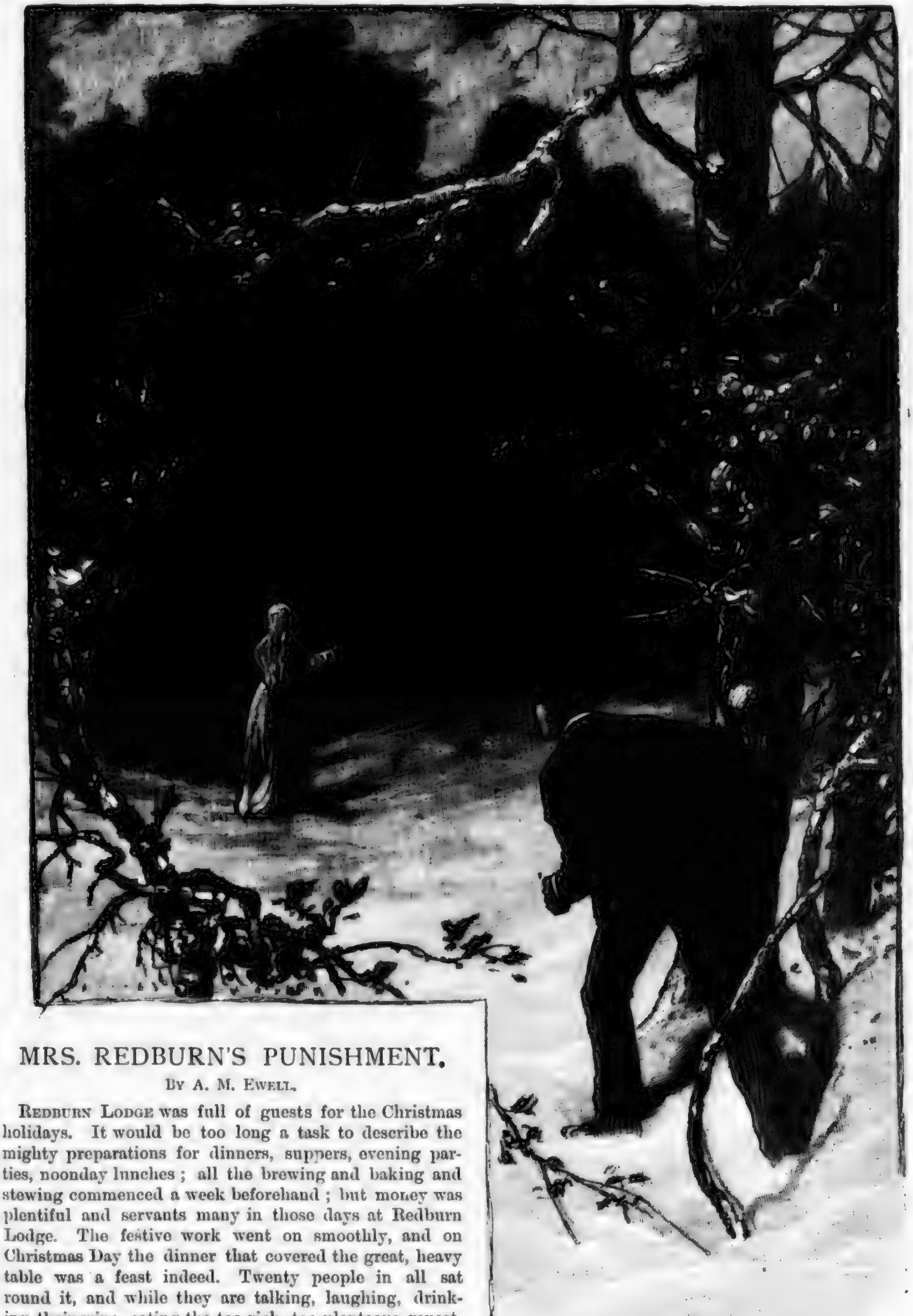


WHAT OF THE NIGHT?



MRS. REDBURN'S PUNISHMENT.—"UP THIS HILL SHE TOOK HER WAY, WALKING STEADILY AND FAST, AND SEEMINGLY WITH A PURPOSE. 'GOOD HEAVENS, THIS IS HORRIBLE! WHERE IS SHE GOING?' SAID HAWKHURST, WITH A GROAN."

MRS. REDBURN'S PUNISHMENT.

By A. M. Ewell.

Redburn Lodge was full of guests for the Christmas holidays. It would be too long a task to describe the mighty preparations for dinners, suppers, evening parties, noonday lunches; all the brewing and baking and stewing commenced a week beforehand; but money was plentiful and servants many in those days at Redburn Lodge. The festive work went on smoothly, and on Christmas Day the dinner that covered the great, heavy table was a feast indeed. Twenty people in all sat round it, and while they are talking, laughing, drinking their wine, eating the too rich, too plenteous repast, let us pause for a little description.

Old Mrs. Redburn, a widow, head of the house and owner of all the great Redburn plantations, proud, imperious—some say cruel withal—sat at the head of the

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table, upright and splendid, in rich silk and lace. Her face was very handsome, though harsh-featured; dignified, had it not been wanting in the good-nature that belongs to all true dignity. Her eyes, looking from under heavy gray eyebrows, were hard, dark and piercing, and her mouth, even when smiling, as it was to-day, was not pleasant to look at. Her only daughter and heiress, Portia Redburn, sat half way down the long board. With her mother's fine features and presence, she united the kind eyes, the sweet smile, the frank, open manner that made her the belle of the whole county. Near her sat Mortimer Hawkhurst, to whom she was engaged, and who, with his sister, had come from Southern Virginia to make a visit at Redburn. Margaret Hawkhurst—or Peggy, as she was called—was a lovely girl, her small, delicate form and blonde beauty contrasting greatly with Portia Redburn's darker, more stately type. Some of the other guests were staying in the house, some only invited for the day. The parson, the doctor, a Judge Somebody, a sprinkling of colonels with some ladies, made up this number, and a lively party it was.

The dinner was almost over and early twilight setting in, the dessert half eaten, wine and talk and laughter circulating freely; the judge and the doctor had launched into their usual Christmas anecdotes, when Peggy Hawkhurst first noticed the presence of a skeleton at this feast. Half a dozen black servants were waiting at table, and one of them, a young woman, who stood behind Mrs. Redburn's own chair, rather in the shade, suddenly caught Peggy's attention. She was weeping fit to break her heart, in a suppressed, dumb, yet anguished way, the large tears pouring down her plump, brown cheeks. She wiped them away with her white apron, but they came streaming down again, as from an endless fountain of grief. The sight was curious and pitiful—the more so that the woman made never a sound.

Peggy looked at her, astonished and sorry, then around the table; but no one else seemed to have seen what troubled herself. The talk and merriment went on; the woman still stood there, quiet, humble, weeping behind Mrs. Redburn's shoulder—a strange contrast to her mistress's hard, haughty face and fixed smile.

Not another morsel could Miss Hawkhurst eat; half sated before, the dainty sweet things seemed to choke her now; she sat silent and impatient till the welcome signal for rising from table. Going up-stairs to her own room a few minutes later, she met the same young black woman coming down, and even in the gray twilight it was evident that she was still crying, though still making no sound. Peggy laid her hand impulsively on the woman's arm.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "Tell me, why do you cry so? and can I do anything to help you?"

"Oh, ma'am," said the other, with a dreadful sob, "you can't do nothing—nobody never kin. Missis—Missis Redburn has kilt my chile."

"What!" said Peggy, in breathless horror; "what do you mean? Mrs. Redburn killed your child!"

"Yes, she did, ma'am; jus' befo' dinner—my po' lill chile! W'en she went down in de kitchen in her fine frock an' gole chains ter see Mammy Lize dish dinner—and' she wuz in 'er temper from de fust—an' my po' chile wuz sittin' in de chimbly corner, an' he 'gin ter cry, like any baby creeter does, an' dat wicked woman, she ketched him by de shoulder an' shuck 'im an' knock his head agin dat hard rock jam'; an' 'fore Gawd', ma'am, he's dead and cole."

"But surely she didn't mean—it was a dreadful accident. Did she know what she had done?" asked the young girl, sickening as she thought of that scene at table and of Mrs. Redburn's unmoved, smiling face. Could this be true? and had the mistress sat down calmly to her dinner after such a deed?

"Know it? co'se she did, ma'am, an' much she keer. I don't say she mean it, but much she keer. You don' know her evil temper w'en you see her so smilin' an' gran'. Ax any of de people—ax Mammy Lize an' Uncle Sam'son an' big Pompey if w'at I've tole you isn't Gawd's truf. An' ter make me go in arterward an' wait on table, like nothin' done happen, dat wuz worser'n all. But Gawd'll pay her back at Judgment Day."

She went on sobbing down the steps, while Peggy Hawkhurst crept to her room, sick at heart and half stunned.

"Oh, horrible, horrible!" she whispered. "And to think that we are friends with this woman, and staying under her roof!"

No tale of blood and crime had ever so affected the girl as this. The woman's words, her pitiful grief, left no room for doubt. It must be true that not half an hour before that grand Christmas dinner the mistress had, through careless cruelty, killed a little human creature and then calmly sat down to eat. The most carefully planned, cunning murder would not have seemed so revolting, so dreadful as this utter scorn of a life.

Peggy sat in the dark for more than an hour thinking it over, then, with a racking headache and pale face, went down to the parlor. She wondered if any of the others knew what she did, and looked anxiously around; but they were talking gayly, and seemed in high spirits. Portia Redburn was pale, and her eyes glittered feverishly; but she talked more than usual, and laughed her clearest laugh. Mrs. Redburn was there, too, talking, smiling her hard, joyless laugh. She came up to Peggy to ask after her headache and make polite speeches; but the girl was silent and half repulsive, remembering what her hostess had so lately done.

"Some of the revengeful black wretches have been blabbing to her already, I expect," said Mrs. Redburn to her daughter, during a certain fierce discussion between them that night. "We must put a stop to that; and as for the rest, why, accidents happen to the best of us. And what matters a little whimpering negro brat?"

The next day there was more dainty eating and drinking, plans for a long drive, an early dinner, and a dance at night.

Peggy Hawkhurst was, however, not in a festive mood, and her pale face and dull spirits called forth many remarks.

"What's the matter, Peg?" asked her brother Mortimer, finding her that night in a deep window-recess, moping away from the dancers. "Homesick? This will never do, sis, here and at this time."

"I can't help it. I am homesick. Let us go away from here—let us go home."

"Nonsense," said he, sharply. "How can you be so childish? You know very well that we came to stay at least a month, and you seemed pleased enough. What freak is this?"

"I can't bear to stay under this roof," whispered Peggy, vehemently. "Something dreadful has happened here—dreadful! Old Mrs. Redburn, I never liked her; she is a wicked woman."

"Most of us are wicked, I suppose," said he, adding, quite sternly: "Tell me at once what you mean." In the next room violins were sounding merrily, flying feet kept time to their music, gay voices filled up every pause. They were dancing a Virginia reel, Portia, looking her handsomest, at the head of it, her mother graciously smiling at the young people's fun; but the brother and sister were quite apart and alone in their shaded recess, when Peggy, shuddering, told him what she knew. He seemed shocked but incredulous. "She looks like she had a fearful temper," he said; "but, Peggy, this is a serious charge. How do you know but what the woman lied? It's past belief, my dear."

"No, no; not she. It's true, I know it's true. If you had seen her face, her manner, poor thing. It's true. And yet, just look there. See that cruel, wicked woman now, not caring a straw."

"Yes, not much trace of remorse," said Hawkhurst; "but of course it was an accident—a horrid accident. She couldn't have meant to kill the child; and now, of course, there is nothing for it but to wear a brave front. We don't know how she feels. We must stay here and make the best of it."

"I wonder if Portia knows," said his sister.

"I hope not," he breathed, fervently. Then, glancing at her brilliant face, hearing her gay, easy laughter, he added: "No, surely she does not know." But still there remained some doubt, and the question recurred again and again: "Did she know?"

"Murder will out," is an old saying, often verified. In this case, perhaps, it was not strange that it was so.

Neither Mortimer Hawkhurst nor his sister breathed one word of what had been told Peggy; but others heard it in the same way, spite of Mrs. Redburn's threats and command of silence. In a few days strange whispers spread among the guests at Redburn Lodge. Sally Lee, the dead child's mother, buried it in the old, waste, brier-grown slaves' burying-ground hard by, and went about her work afterward with such a sullen, woful face that she was banished to the negro "quarter" with threats of a whipping; but the other house-servants found many a chance for dark whispers and hints concerning their mistress. The life of a little negro, more or less, was—alas for it!—of not much consequence in those days. Old slavery customs prevailed, and though deliberate and shameful cruelty was sometimes punished, in a case like this the owner always got the benefit of the doubt. That murder had been intended here no one believed; but what of the evil temper that had dashed a little crying child against a stone wall! It was hideous, and Mrs. Redburn's after behavior, and the hearty dinner she had eaten that day, told strongly against her.

Redburn Lodge was a lonely place—a great, heavy red brick house in a thick grove, with fields and woods stretching for miles around, and not another house in sight; just the place for a large party to spend merry Christmas in, if merrily disposed. But now, somehow, the loneliness asserted its power and prevailed. Dark, cloudy, gloomy weather came on; the guests staying in the house dropped off by one or two at a time, till only half a dozen, including Hawkhurst and Peggy, were left. To Peggy the time was dreary and hateful, and she longed to go away. Used all her life to slavery, she had yet always seen slaves treated with kindness, even tenderness, among her own people; indeed, it had been said that the Hawkhursts were foolish in this respect—slaves to their slaves. But this case of cruelty, so suddenly brought before her, set new thoughts, doubts as to right and wrong, pity, distrust, all moving and struggling in her honest heart. Her brother was gloomy and unhappy too, spite of his attempts to shake it off—the only one who did not wish himself away. He loved Portia Redburn, his first love and promised wife, as never before; but something had come between them. She was not unkind, not even reserved, in the usual sense of that word, but their old confidence was gone. Did she know of her mother's horrid act?—did she know? was the question that haunted him, and he could not find an answer. It was scarcely possible that she was still ignorant; but no look or word had betrayed her. Still the life of the party was she, never so brilliant, so beautiful; the only one who seemed to enjoy the dancing, the music, the walks and rides that palled on all the rest. Her laugh was louder, her raillery more ceaseless than ever before, and Hawkhurst, sharing in it, felt never so distant from her real self. Could nature or training have made her so hard, so indifferent to what had happened? He would not allow the thought that something was wanting in his future wife's moral nature, or speculate on what that want might some day lead to.

But what strange, fitful sound was that which made itself heard at night in and around Redburn Lodge? Was it the wind that wailed and cried among the many tall chimneys with a new, suggestive tone, or was it indeed the faint, pitiful, ghostly cry of a little child? The first night they heard it, one week after Christmas Eve, all seated around a glowing fire in the great parlor, when it came wailing under the windows, outside the doors, why did they all shiver and look nervously around? Mrs. Redburn sat as upright and undaunted as usual, but her face grew yellow-white, and her hands clutched convulsively together.

"How the wind screams around this old barn of a house. Ugh! it gives one the creeps!" said Portia, with a shrug, and going to the piano, began to play recklessly some of her gayest tunes; but through all that little faint wail—that strange voice—asserted itself at intervals again and again.

On the morning after this, as Hawkhurst was strolling, with his gun ready for any chance game, through a wood near the house, he saw Portia walking not far before him, alone. The scene was dreary all around them. Tall, gray, naked trees overhead seemed to uphold the low, heavy, dark sky. A skim of snow half covered the dead leaves underfoot. A cheerless, wintry world, through which she walked swiftly with erect head, in her crimson cloak, the picture of youth and beauty. A few long, quick strides and he was beside her. She was startled, paused a moment in silence, then laughed.

"Well, sir, is it you? Am I to thank you for not shooting me for a redbird? I came out to breathe. I can't get my breath indoors with people always looking at me."

He looked at her keenly, and noticed for the first time that she seemed worn and even broken, as if by anxiety, with a curious, strained look about the eyes and mouth.

"Why, poor child," he said, huskily, "I don't wonder that you are tired of us all. You can't hide from me any longer, Portia, that you are not well, not happy; something is wrong. I've felt for the last week that some change had come over you. It has been like an invisible wall between us. Why, dearest, if there's any secret, any trouble on your mind, can't you tell it all to me? Can't you trust me?"

"Secret—trouble! Nonsense! I am very well. Why should you talk of a change. Could you and I be all in all together with all these others here?"

"It wasn't that I meant," said Hawkhurst, very gravely, after which they walked on in silence, feeling, as he had said, an invisible wall between them, till she struck into some light strain of talk.

That night—for many nights after—came that strange wailing sound, the voice. It must be the wind, all said,

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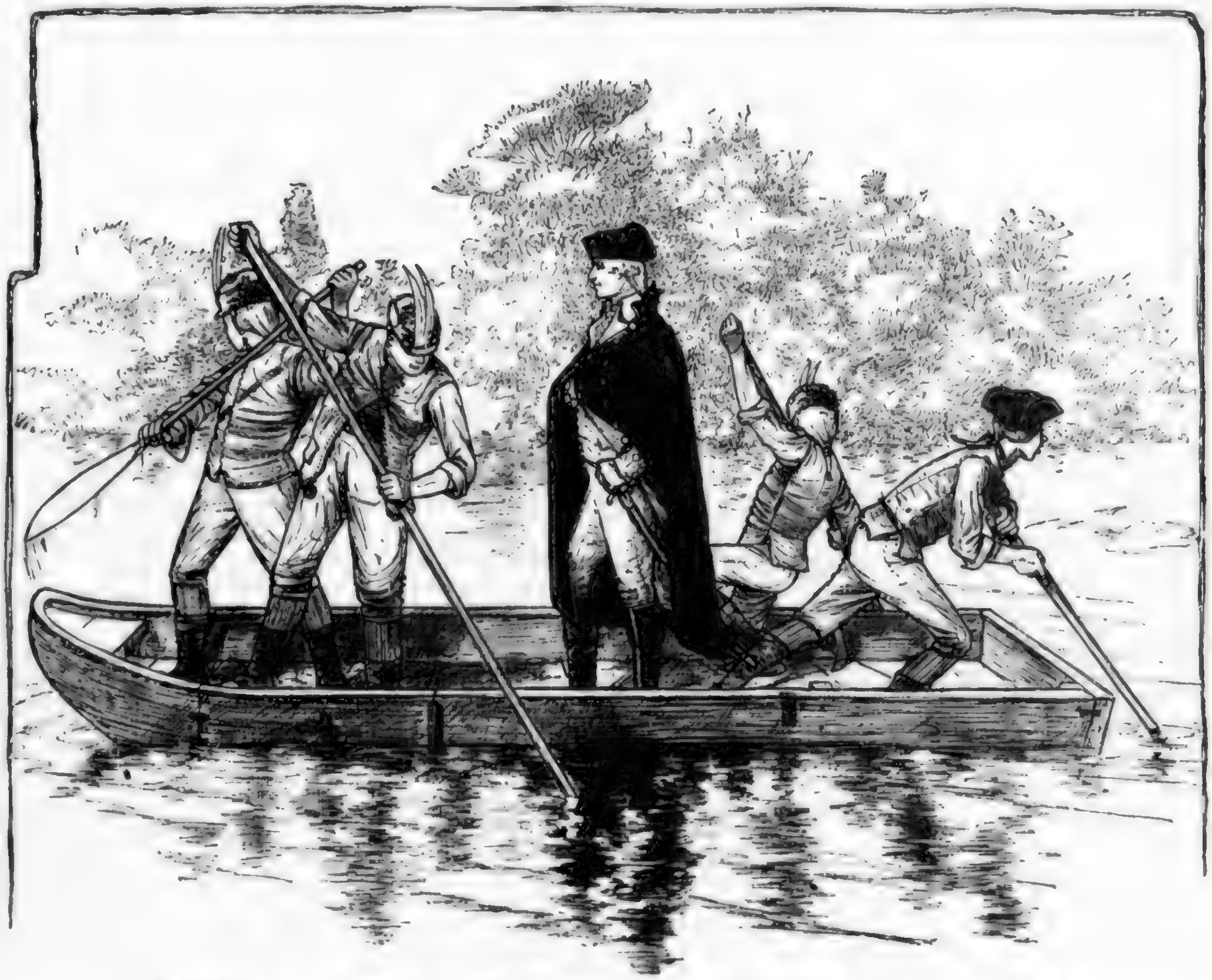
and yet how like a child's cry! The guests all heard it, and the servants heard it, too, and great was the whispered horror among them concerning the "ha'nt" that had come to punish old mistress. They told over their cabin-fires at night many old stories of the Redburn temper, which, according to tradition, was always cruel and bad; and as their present owner was a Redburn by birth as well as by marriage, she had her full share honestly. It must come out in Miss "Poshy" sooner or later, they all said, with ominous head-shakes. Yes, sooner or later it would. Mrs. Redburn held her head high; but one could see that even her iron nerve was failing, and as for Portia, her proud spirit sank visibly.

AN IDYL.— FROM THE PAINTING BY PAUL MARTIN.

One night Mr. Hawkhurst sat up later than usual in his own room, reading and smoking; reminded, at last, that it was bedtime by the hall-clock striking twelve, he had begun to undress when Mrs. Redburn's door, opening into the passage next his own, was unclosed, and he heard some one step out and go down-stairs. Moved by a strong impulse, he opened his own door, went into the passage and looked down over the stair-railing. A swinging-lamp was burning in the lower hall, and there, full in its light, stood Mrs. Redburn herself. She was clad in dressing-gown and slippers, her gray hair uncovered and hanging down, her hands extended before her, her face pale and rigid, her eyes wide open and staring glassily; by which look, and by her whole manner, Hawkhurst saw, with a shudder and the feeling of fear that such a sight always brings, that she was walking in her sleep. She stood as if listening, uncertain, then going to the front door, unlocked, opened it and went out. Hawkhurst went down quietly, put on his hat and followed her.



FOOTPRINTS OF WASHINGTON IN 1753.— WASHINGTON CROSSING LAKE LE BOEUF.— SEE PAGE 23.

Should he stop her, or should he let her go on? The former course was his duty, perhaps, but a sense of shrinking from her possible touch, and some strong curiosity as to her movements, bid him let her alone. The night was cold and cloudy, with promise of coming snow, but a full moon, though hidden, gave light enough to see by—a chill, gray light. He could see her cross the wide lawn, go through a little side gate, through the orchard, over a stile into the open field beyond, and he followed. Before them rose a long hillslope, a pasture-field slanting, gray and bleak, toward the gray horizon; and up this hill she took her way, walking steadily and fast, and seemingly with a purpose.

"Good heavens, this is horrible! Where is she going!" said Hawkhurst, with a groan, as he thought of Portia.

The woman was old and infirm. He could see that her thin garments were soon stiffened with the frost. Was it common humanity to let her go on so? He hastened forward till by her side, reached out his hand and would have touched her, when very near them arose a sound—a faint, wailing sound, like the crying of a child—the Voice!

With a feeling of strange fear, he drew back and looked around. It was certainly not the wind this time, for not a breeze stirred the solemn midnight chill all about them; but there was the cry—low, but distinct. Mrs. Redburn stopped, threw up her hands with a wild gesture, and seemed to listen. The sound came again from some distance in front of them, yet again further off, flitting on and on, faint but clear, as if to guide them, and they followed. At last, on the very top of the hill, they came to what seemed a large, inclosed thicket, a place that Hawkhurst had noticed before in the daytime. Some tall trees grew within the decaying rail-fence, a tangle of wild grapevines and sassafras-bushes, leafless brambles, dead weed-stalks—all matted together around their trunks. Not a pleasant place to be buried in, but a burying-ground it was, and had been for more than a century—that of the slaves at Redburn Plantation. There were few headstones here, but the graves were thick, so thick that the negroes said they could not dig a new one without breaking into the old. A little grave digged here two weeks before had disclosed several moldering bones. Here the Voice that had come before them seemed to pause and invite them into the black heart of the thicket—crying, crying, crying—a tone that, spite of his manly courage and nerve, sent the cold chills down

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Hawkhurst's spine. At the fence the lady stood still for a minute, then ran her hands along the topmost rail, lifted one foot to a lower one, and, with singular activity, was about to spring over, when he caught her by the arm and she awoke. For a moment she struggled and stared at him, in wild horror.

"What! what is this? Where am I?" she panted, shaking in his grasp.

Whereat he told her all that had passed—in as few words as possible.

"Let us go back," she said, trembling, but with a desperate effort to speak in her usual proud tone. "Do not be alarmed for me. Do not mention this to any one. It is no uncommon thing. Many people walk in their sleep. Come! let me go in front."

They started so; she, shaking and stumbling, in front, but declining to take his arm. The strange cry had ceased behind, but before they had gone twenty yards there came another voice through the darkness toward them, and one came running with wild, white face and streaming hair and wringing hands—Portia.

"Mother! mother!" she wailed. "What is this? why did you come here? Oh, God! I can't bear this any longer. I—— What, Mortimer! you, too!"

Mrs. Redburn shuddered and shook, but spoke with wonderful steadiness:

"I walked in my sleep to-night. I have done it before sometimes. Many people do when not well, and I am not well. Come back with us. Walk behind me with Hawkhurst, between me and that—let me go in front."

She passed on, but Portia stood still, confronting her lover with haggard eyes and wildly uplifted hands.

"She came here—here, in her sleep!" she cried. "Oh, dreadful, dreadful! What shall I do! It is killing me! I can't sleep all night—it hurts me all day! You thought me heartless; they all do, but I can't hide it from you now."

"My own, my own dearest," said Hawkhurst, with tenderest pity. "Why did you ever try to hide it from me?"

"Oh, Mortimer," she went on, passionately. "You know what happened on Christmas Day. My mother is a murderess. A ghost haunts her, crying for vengeance. She will die by inches, yet never say 'I am sorry' once. The evil temper is in our blood. I was brought up to pride myself on it, and I might do so, like she did, myself one day. Think of that! We are cursed, I tell you—cursed. Go you away with your good, innocent sister, and never think any more of marrying me."

"Give you up for this! Never!" he said. "Do you think that any trouble, any crime, will ever change my best hope, my dearest resolve in life?"

She began to sob as he put his arms around her.

"I would be a weak, bad creature to let you do it, my dear, my dear," she sighed, the tears raining down; but he knew what the words were worth, and spite of all that had passed that night, and of her pitiful grief, he was happier than for days before as he half led, half carried her home.

Mrs. Redburn was there before them, locked in her own room. At its threshold our thoughts shrink back, chilled and repugnant. Who can tell what remorse she felt, though, as Portia said, she would die and make no sign. I do not envy her sleep if she had any more that night.

"Take Peggy away from here," said Portia to Hawkhurst next morning. "The Norton girls and Dennis Taylor are going soon. Let me fight it out with my poor mother alone. When I want you I will let you know."

"You know where I would always like to be," he said; "but if you think best—yes, we'll go to-morrow; it is time." Mrs. Redburn came down to breakfast that day, pale, haggard, gaunt, yet undaunted. "A wonderful woman," thought Hawkhurst, not without admiration, remembering last night.

She was attending to her housekeeping as usual in the morning, at dinner heading a dull and mirthless party—the only one who talked—and at twilight took her seat with the young people around the parlor fire.

That evening was a sad and tiresome one, and the hours dragged slowly by. Portia made small pretense now at liveliness—the others tried to talk; but spite of these efforts dead silence seemed to settle on them like a dark, ominous foreboding; all longing, as they were, for to-morrow's parting. Yet the social air was chill with coming dread of they knew not what. In the midst of a long silence came at last, strangely unsuited to the bright light from many candles, the warmth, the early hour, that now familiar sound—the Voice. There was a high wind to-night, shaking the leafless trees outside, screaming, whistling around the house; but all felt, past mistaking, that this was not the wind. Mrs. Redburn's face might have been stone but for her terrible eyes; Portia grew white, and shuddered visibly; the rest looked at each other with scared glances, and Hawkhurst strove to say something—to start some talk—but could not. They sat and listened. From the outside tumult it seemed to come—that sound—through the wall of the house, adown the long hallway to the very door.

And now let all my readers who scoff at the supernatural turn away in contempt from this part of the story. We express no opinion thereon, simply telling the tale as told to us many years after the events happened. But this is certain, that seven competent witnesses saw, that night at Redburn, what I am about to relate.

The little whimpering cry staid for a moment outside the room-door, then the door slowly opened before them all, and it—the Voice—came through into the room, passed through their midst till it paused by Mrs. Redburn's chair. She stood up, and her face was like gray marble, her eyes a revelation of horror. She stood up, and reaching out her hand, seemed to meet the hold of some invisible fingers scarcely above her knee. That her fixed, downcast eyes saw something that the others could not see was certain. They sat dumb, staring awe-stricken, as she passed with her unseen guide—the Voice—beside her, through the open door. It closed as it had opened, without earthly touch, behind her—or them. Then the spell that had kept them silent and motionless was broken. All sprang to their feet but Portia Redburn, who lay back swooning in her chair. The young ladies screamed and clung together; Hawkhurst and Dennis Taylor opened the door and rushed out, to find Mrs. Redburn lying in a fit on the hall-floor. She never spoke again, and died that night. The story of her sin and its punishment is well known to this day in the neighborhood of Redburn Lodge, and has been told a thousand times around Winter fires in hall and cabin. It is more thrilling so told than I dare hope it will be on paper; but here it is, to the best of my telling. Portia married Hawkhurst not long after her mother's singular death; but they never lived at Redburn. And the Voice! I never found out that it was certainly heard after that memorable night; but many of the negroes thereabouts declare it has never ceased to haunt the old house on Christmas Day.

FOOTPRINTS OF WASHINGTON IN 1753.

A CONDENSED HISTORY OF THE JOURNEY FROM WILLIAMSBURG, VA., TO THE FRENCH FORT AT LE BŒUF LAKE, ERIE COUNTY, PA.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY MRS. C. INGERSOLL GARA.

INTELLIGENCE was received from time to time during the year 1753, by the authorities of Virginia, that the French were making encroachments on what was deemed British territory beyond the Alleghany Mountains. Messengers were sent out for observation and inquiry, who brought back various reports, particularly that a French army was approaching from Canada with a view to erecting fortifications on the Ohio River (including the present Alleghany River), and taking possession of the whole country in the name of the French King. As this region was supposed to be within the limits of Virginia, Governor Dinwiddie regarded it as his duty, in conformity with instructions, to watch the movements of the French and make preparations for defending the British claim. He resolved to send a messenger, duly authorized, to demand of the chief French officer his designs, ascertaining the facts, and making such observations as his opportunities would allow. Major George Washington was selected for this arduous undertaking. His knowledge of the Indians, his practical acquaintance with the modes of living and traveling in the woods, acquired in surveying expeditions, and the marked traits of character he had displayed, were, says Sparks's History, doubtless the qualities that recommended him for this delicate and important mission, although he had not then reached his twenty-second year.

Governor Dinwiddie's instructions expressed special trust and confidence in Major Washington's ability and fidelity, and directed him to proceed, at the earliest possible period, to the locality where the French had lately erected a fort or forts, or where the commandant of the French forces resided, and deliver to him the Governor's message; and, after waiting not exceeding one week for an answer, take leave, and return with the fullest information he could obtain respecting the matter.

It appears, from Major Washington's journal of his tour, that he started from Williamsburg, the English seat of government in Virginia, by the most direct route, in the early part of November, 1753. He engaged a Mr. Gist and four others, including two Indian traders, as guides and protectors through the wilderness country. Excessive rains and vast quantities of snow obstructed his progress. Reaching Logstown, on the Ohio River, he called upon an Indian chief named Monakatoocha in the absence of his superior, Half King, and informed him, through his interpreter, that he was a messenger from the English Government to the French general, and had been ordered to see the Sachems of the Six Nations and apprise them of the fact. He gave him a string of wampum and a twist of tobacco, and requested him to send for Half King, which he promised to do by a runner in the morning, and for other sachems. Half King, who was considered a good friend of the English, came to Logstown about three o'clock the next day, being the 25th, and Washington invited him to his tent to meet him with his interpreter, John Davidson. Complying with his request, he desired Half King to relate some of the particulars of a journey to the French commandant and of his reception there, and also to communicate some of the ways and distances. Half King told Washington that the nearest and levelest way was then impassable by reason of many large miry savannas; that he must go by Venango (now Franklin, in Venango County, Pa.), and could not get to the near fort in less than five or six days. He stated that he was received at the fort in a very stern manner by the commander, who asked him what he wanted, and to declare his business, which he said he did in the following speech: "Fathers, I am come to tell you your own speeches—what your own mouths have declared. Fathers, you in former days set a silver basin before us, wherein was the leg of a beaver, and desired all the nations to come and eat of it—to eat in peace and plenty—and not to be churlish to one another; and that if any such person should be found to be a disturber, I here lay down by the edge of the dish a rod, which you must scourge them with. And if your father should get foolish in my old days, I desire you may use it upon me as well as others.

"Now, fathers, it is you who are disturbers in this land, by coming and building your towns and taking it away unknown to us, and by force.

"Fathers, we kindled a fire a long time ago at a place called Montreal, where we desired you to stay, and not to come and intrude upon our land. I now desire you may dispatch to that place, for, be it known to you, fathers, that this is our land and not yours.

"Fathers, I desire you may hear me in civilness; if not, we must handle the rod which was laid down for the use of the obstreperous. If you had come in a peaceful manner like our brothers, the English, we would not have been against your trading with us as they do; but to come, fathers, and build houses upon our land, and to take it by force, is what we cannot submit to.

"Fathers, both you and the English are white; we live in a country between. Therefore, the land belongs neither to one nor the other. But the Great Being above allowed it to be a place of residence for us. So, fathers, I desire you to withdraw, as I have done our brothers, the English, for I will keep you at arm's-length. I lay this down as a trial for both, to see which will have the greatest regard to it, and that side we will stand by and make equal shares with us. Our brothers, the English, have heard this, and I come now to tell it to you, for I am not afraid to discharge you off this land."

The French general replied to this speech in a defiant spirit, expressing a determination to go down the river and build upon it according to his command, adding: "Child, you talk foolish. You say the land belongs to you; but it is my land, and I will have it, let who will stand up for or say against it."

The French general also informed Half King that the French had built two forts, one on Lake Erie, at Presque Isle Bay, and another on French Creek, near a small lake, about fifteen miles asunder, and a large wagon-road between. They were both built after the same model, but different in size, that on the lake the largest.

The small lake referred to in connection with French Creek Fort is Lake Le Bœuf, just outside of Waterford, Erie County, Pa. It is a charming body of water about three miles long, dotted with islands, and a popular resort for pleasure and fishing parties. The citizens of Waterford cherish a just sense of pride in the consciousness that the immortal Washington once trod the earth within their borough limits; and the influence of his

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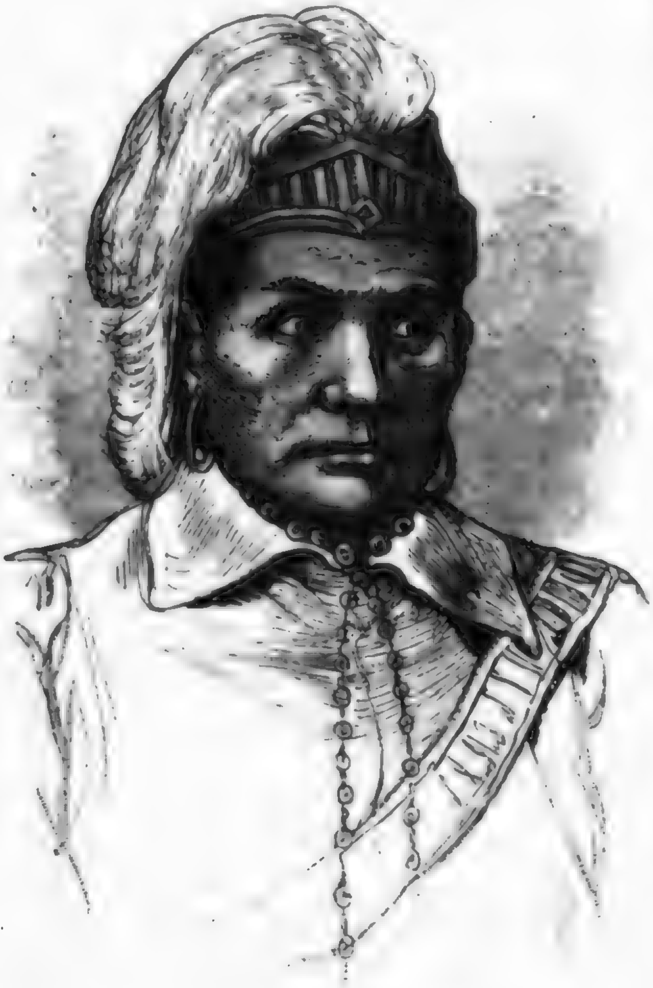


WASHINGTON'S FRIEND, "HALF KING."

teachings and example is seen in their loyalty to a government he materially helped to form and establish.

Associated with the old French fort is a legend, handed down from one generation to another, to the effect that a hostile band of Indians attacked it one dark night, and killed all within except two men, who escaped through an underground passage to the lake; but the citizens of Waterford gave it no credence. However, a few years ago some one, in digging for a cellar, discovered the buried and broken timbers which had covered the sluiceway, and on further examination many relics, such as articles for table use, spades, axes, and various implements of warfare, including a tailor's goose, were found, and are now carefully preserved by their possessors. Some of these are presented in the accompanying sketches, through the kind attention of William Judson and H. Ralston Vincent, old and honored residents of Waterford.

On the 26th, at a meeting in council, Major Washington spoke as follows: "Brothers, I have called you together in council, by order of your brother, the Governor of Virginia, to acquaint you that I am sent with all possible dispatch to visit and deliver a letter to the French commandant, of very great importance to your brothers, the English; and, I dare say, to you, their friends and allies.

"I was desired by the Governor, your brother, to call upon you, the Sachems of the Nations, to inform you of it, and to ask your advice and assistance to proceed by the nearest and best road to the French. You see, brothers, I have gotten thus far on my journey.

"His Honor likewise desired me to apply for some of your young men to conduct and provide provisions for us on our way, and be a safeguard against those French Indians who have taken up the hatchet against us. I have spoken thus particularly to you, brothers, because His Honor, our Governor, treats you as good friends and allies, and holds you in great esteem. To confirm what I have said, I give you this string of wampum."

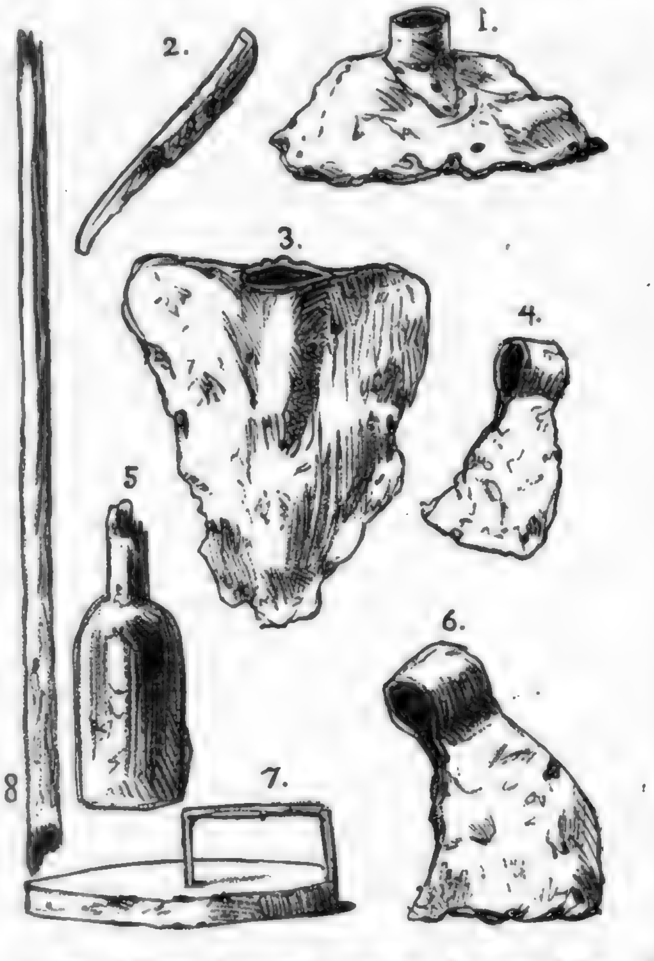
After they had considered for some time on the above discourse, Half King got up and spoke:

"Now, my brother, in regard to what my brother, the Governor, had desired of me, I return you this answer:

"I rely upon you as a brother ought to do; as you say, we are brothers and one people. We shall put our heart in hand and speak to our fathers, the French, concerning the speech they made to me; and you may depend that we will endeavor to be your guard.

"Brother, as you have asked my advice, I hope you will be ruled by it, and stay until I can provide a company to go with you. The French speech-belt is not here; I have to go for it to my hunting-cabin. Likewise, the people whom I have ordered in are not yet come, and cannot until the third night from this; until which time, brother, I must beg you to stay."

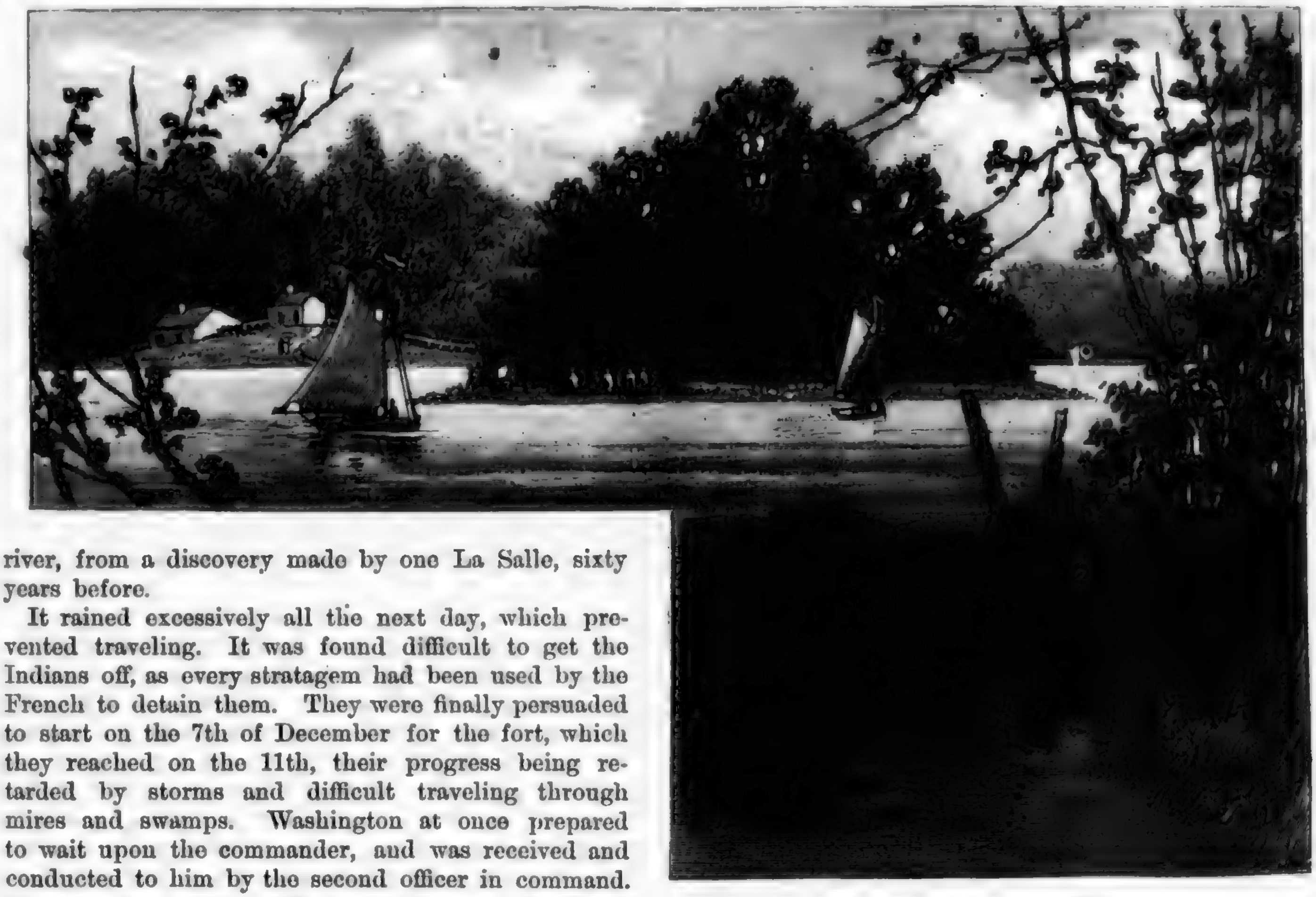
As Washington had orders to make all possible dispatch, and waiting was contrary to his inclination, he thanked Half King, stating his business would not admit of the required delay. Under strong pressure, however, he remained until the morning of the 30th, when he set out with Half King and three others—sachems—on the road to Venango, where they arrived on the 4th of December, without anything remarkable happening but a continued series of bad weather. Venango was an old Indian town (now Franklin), situated at the mouth of French Creek, on the Ohio (now Alleghany) River, about



1. Hoe. 2. Knife. 3. Spade. 4. Hatchet. 5. Bottle. 6. Ax. 7. Tailor's Goose. 8. Gun stock.

RELICS FOUND AT THE OLD FRENCH FORT.

sixty miles from Logstown. Washington found the French colors hoisted at a house from which Mr. John Frazier, an English subject, had been driven. There were three officers, one of whom, Captain Joncaire, informed Washington that he had command of the Ohio, but that there was a general officer at the near fort, on French Creek, to whom he advised him to apply for information. Invited to sup with these officers, and treated with the greatest complaisance, Washington found them unusually communicative, under the influence of the wine in which they had freely indulged. They avowed their absolute design to take possession of the Ohio, and would do it; for that, although they were sensible the English could raise two to men to their one, yet they knew their motions were too slow to prevent any undertaking of theirs. They pretended to have an undoubted right to the river, from a discovery made by one La Salle, sixty years before.



LAKE LE BŒUF IN 1886.

It rained excessively all the next day, which prevented traveling. It was found difficult to get the Indians off, as every stratagem had been used by the French to detain them. They were finally persuaded to start on the 7th of December for the fort, which they reached on the 11th, their progress being retarded by storms and difficult traveling through mires and swamps. Washington at once prepared to wait upon the commander, and was received and conducted to him by the second officer in command. He acquainted him with his business, and offered him his commission and letter, both of which he was requested to keep until the arrival of M. Reparti, captain at the next fort, who was sent for and expected every hour. At two o'clock he arrived, when Washington offered his letter and commission again, which were received and a private apartment repaired to for the captain, who understood a little English, to translate. After this had been done, the commander desired Washington to walk in and bring his interpreter to peruse and correct, which he did. The chief officers then retired to hold a council of war, affording Washington an opportunity to take the dimensions of the fort and make observations. No certain account of the number of men here could be ascertained, but, according to the best judgment Washington could form, there were a hundred, exclusive of many officers.

Many plots were concerted to retard the business and prevent the Indians from returning with Washington; but on the 16th, after receiving an answer to the Governor's letter from the commandant, they consented to go. In his journal Washington says: "We had a tedious and very fatiguing passage down the creek. Several times we had like to have been staved against rocks, and many times all hands were obliged to get out and remain in the water half an hour or more, getting over the shoals. At one place the ice had lodged and rendered it impassable by water, and we had to carry our canoe across the neck of land a quarter of a mile. We did not reach Venango until the 22d, where we met with our horses."

After making full preparations, Washington started on his homeward journey unaccompanied by Half King, who was detained by the serious illness of one of his sachems. On account of the weakness of the horses and heaviness of the baggage he was obliged to leave them behind in the care of a trusted friend, and prosecute his travels on foot. He took his necessary papers, pulled off his clothes, and tied himself up in a watch-coat. Then, with gun in hand and pack on his back, in which were his papers and provisions, he set out with Mr. Gist, attired in the same manner, on December 26th. The following day they fell in with a party of French Indians lying in wait for them, one of whom fired at either Washington or Mr. Gist, not fifteen steps off, but fortunately missed. The fellow was taken into custody and kept for a time, when he was released, Washington and his friend walking all night in order to get beyond the reach of danger. In attempting to cross the river on a raft, which they had constructed with one poor hatchet after a whole day's labor, Washington was thrown, by the violent dashing of the waves, into ten feet of water, saving himself by catching hold of one of the raft logs. Notwithstanding great exertion they could not get to either shore, and were obliged to quit their raft and take refuge on a near island. The cold was so extremely severe that Mr. Gist had all his fingers and some of his foes frozen, and the water was shut up so hard that they found no difficulty in getting off the island in the morning.

On Tuesday, the 1st of January, 1754, Mr. Gist's residence at Monongahela was reached, where Washington bought a horse and saddle. On the 6th he arrived at Wills Creek, after as fatiguing a journey as it is possible to conceive. In his journal he says of it: "From the 1st of December to the 16th there was but one day on which it did not rain or snow incesssantly; and throughout the whole journey we met with nothing but one continued series of cold, wet weather, which occasioned very uncomfortable lodgings, especially after we had quitted our tent, which was some screen from the inclemency of it." On the 16th he arrived in Williamsburg, immediately waiting upon Governor Dinwiddie and delivering the letter from the French commandant, with the essential details of his exceedingly difficult mission, performed in a manner entirely satisfactory to the Government he represented.

Thus closed one of the most arduous undertakings of modern times, bringing into exercise rare judgment, extraordinary tact and courage, and unsurpassed powers of physical endurance.

MARIE STUART.

By F. S. Salters.

Sweet, prayerful martyr of the dull, dead days,
When grave old London lingered in the gloom
Of frowning gibbets and of pyres, whose blaze
Was fed of flesh; and when the Tower bells' boom
Awed the lugubrious calm of streets and ways—
When love, and sin, and crime found one same tomb—
Remember, Queen, thy odious, hurried doom,
Hath found in history an avenging praise!

The cold, sharp ax that smote thy royal head
Sundered not with it thy poetic breath;
For through long ages that have waned and fled
We guard thy name that never will know death;
While thy rich blood still spatters with its red
The hideous wrinkles of Elizabeth!

THE MURDER IN THE BRÜDER STRASSE.

By S. Baring-Gould.

In the early part of the eighteenth century there lived in the Brüder Strasse, Berlin, a merchant, Lampert by name, married to a wife somewhat younger than himself—a handsome woman, fond of dress and amusement. And by her he had a daughter, whom the vain mother did her best to spoil.

Every year Lampert went to the Leipsic fair on business, and in the year 1730 he resolved as usual to attend the fair.

On the evening before he was about to start, he called his wife into their common bedchamber, and asked her to assist him in counting his money, which he kept in a strong iron double-locked coffer beneath his bed.

He always carried his keys about with him, never laying them aside. His wife at his summons came with a candle into the room, and he unlocked the chest in her presence, and brought out his money to the table, where he purposed counting it and taking from it the sum necessary for his traveling expenses and for the purchases he intended making at the Leipsic fair.

The box contained a large purse of leather, wrapped round with cord and sealed with his own signet. The coin it contained consisted of French pistoles with the exception of six Dutch ducats.

Lampert found the lock untampered with and the leather purse as he had left it, bound with the string and with his seal unbroken—in a word, all was in the condition in which he had left it, except the contents of the purse. As he counted the money in the presence of his wife, twelve pistoles and one of the six ducats were missing. This discovery filled him and his wife with dismay. They counted the money again, they searched every corner of the box, turned the bag inside out, but could not discover the smallest trace of the missing coins. Lampert had written a ticket of the amount, when he had inclosed it in the bag before he sealed it up. How had the money been abstracted without breaking the seals, and getting the keys from the merchant?

The room occupied by Lampert and his wife was so situated that no stranger could have entered it unobserved during the day, and it was quite certain that no robbers had broken in during the night.

When the couple had recovered from their first astonishment, they considered who could have done the deed, and they could think of no one at all likely to be guilty of the theft, except their housemaid, Marie Keller, a young woman of twenty-three.

The merchant at once summoned her to the room, and charged her with having stolen the money. He promised her if she would confess and make restitution, that he would forgive her, and though he would dismiss her from his service he would hush the matter up. The girl trembled and nearly fainted, but protested her innocence, and so resolutely refused to allow her guilt that Lampert and his wife insisted on examining her bedroom. They made her lead the way with a candle, and stand in the middle of the room whilst her master and mistress explored every corner: her boxes, her bed, her drawers, in a word, every hiding-place where she could have stowed away the missing coins.

The search had lasted some time without producing any result, when Frau Lampert, feeling in the pocket of an old and ragged dress that lay on the floor, drew forth one of the Dutch ducats. When this was discovered Marie Keller burst into tears, and with vehemence reasserted her innocence. She fell on her knees before her master and mistress, vowed that she had not taken any coin from their coffer, and declared her inability to account for the ducat having been found in her pocket in any other way than by supposing some malevolent person had put it there to inculpate her when she was as guiltless as a newborn child. Her protests were coldly listened to and disregarded. The evidence of the ducat in her pocket seemed conclusive to Lampert that she and no stranger had robbed him.

It was remembered that she visited his bedroom every day, generally, indeed, with his daughter, to make the bed, sweep and clean it. There was absolutely no one else who entered that room, and when Lampert considered that she daily was present in the chamber where the money was, and put in connection with that the fact of some of the coin being found in her pocket, he felt it was not possible for him to doubt her guilt any longer. He locked her into her attic room, from which escape was not feasible, and consulted with his wife below what was to be done.

According to Prussian law at the time, those guilty of theft were hanged if the value of the articles stolen amounted to five thalers—or three dollars and seventy five cents—and the thief was over eighteen years old.

Lampert seems to have been a hard man. He was very angry at the loss of his money, and especially incensed at Marie's obstinacy in denying having taken it. He told his wife that he would communicate with the police, have the girl arrested, and that he would let her suffer the consequences. Frau Lampert urged him to be merciful. Let him pardon this first error in the poor girl's conduct, dismiss her, and try to forget his loss. But Lampert would not be pacified. Then she urged that the law was cruelly severe, and that the sum of money lost was not one so great but that Lampert would scarcely feel it, and that he would be certain, later, to regret his harshness in giving over to death a girl who had yielded to a first temptation, and had taken a comparatively insignificant sum of money.

Lampert was an obstinate man, one of those men who, when they have made up their mind, take a pride in sticking to their resolutions, whatever reasons may be brought to induce them to alter. Perhaps one thing that specially induced Lampert to be severe was that he felt he had been cleverly overreached. He had made his money so doubly, trebly, secure ; and even now, when convinced he had been robbed, he was unable to discover how it had been done—for the crime had been committed with extraordinary ingenuity. Not only had the thief managed to unlock and relock the chest, but also to break his seal, and after having abstracted the money to reseal the bag.

He knew that it was possible to closely reproduce a signet with bread, but this requires considerable time. The bread must be well worked, the impression taken whilst the bread is soft ; then it must be allowed some days in which to harden. This involved a double opening of his chest, once to take the cast of the seal and again to steal the money and reseal the bag. But—how had Marie got hold of his keys ? That was impossible. If, however, she could take the impress of the seal, she could take, also, that of the lock. So, he reasoned, the robbery had been committed ; but this means adopted showed that the girl was adroit in the art, and that, in all probability, she belonged to a gang of thieves. This suspicion was corroborated by the fact that none of the money was recovered except one ducat. The rest she had passed into the hands of her confederates.

Lampert, having turned a deaf ear to his wife's remonstrances, went to the magistrate, obtained an order for the arrest of Marie Keller, and a few hours later she was thrown in prison.

No sooner was this done than Frau Lampert sent to Marie's mother, a poor woman living in Berlin, and requested that she would come to her. The poor woman was in great trouble. She could not believe in her daughter's guilt, but was unable to guess who was the thief. Frau Lampert told her that the girl had been a good servant, and had never hitherto given her an occasion to mistrust her. She added that the girl Marie made a great mistake in refusing to acknowledge her crime, and promised to give the mother the missing sum of money, if Marie would confess her guilt, and refund Lampert through the mother.

The old woman accepted the offer and went to Lampert. She told him that she was heart-broken at the thought that Marie had robbed him. She offered him the money which, she said, her daughter had confided to her, and then implored him to have mercy and withdraw from the prosecution of the charge.

But Lampert was still not to be shaken. He had now got this additional proof against Marie, that her mother had received the stolen coins, and he at once visited the examining judge and requested him to hear the confession of the mother. In Germany the examining judge holds a position to which we have nothing analogous. He is in part public prosecutor, and it is his office to collect evidence against the accused. The most important evidence is that obtained from the prisoner himself. He is questioned by the examining judge, in the presence only of a notary employed to take down his replies. The examinations are numerous, and formerly the most cruel means were had recourse to, to extort a confession. During the inquiry the prisoner is kept in ignorance of the charge against him, and any endeavor on his part to gain information on the subject is an offense in law. He is not allowed to see a copy of his own evidence or of that of the witnesses. But when the judge has failed to obtain a confession the prisoner is unexpectedly confronted with one or more of the witnesses against him, or with an accomplice, if there be one, in the hopes of surprising him into a confession. Should the prisoner refuse to answer, he is put on a diet of bread and water. In cases of murder the accused is led to the spot where the crime was committed, and the bleeding corpse, or, may be, the moldering remains are suddenly shown to him. Torture used to be employed to wring a confession from him. He was subjected to the thumbscrew, the rack and to fire. Sometimes he was kept for months during Winter without fire, and in damp cells, where he was agonized with rheumatism and ague. The cases are innumerable in which false confessions of guilt were thus extorted from innocent persons. Others have committed suicide rather than confess to crimes they had not committed.

The examining judge now proceeded vigorously to collect proofs of Marie's guilt. He took the evidence of Lampert on oath. In that evidence Lampert acknowledged that he could find no signs of his lock having been tampered with nor of the seal having been forced. Nevertheless, he was able to swear, by the date of the ducat found in Marie's pocket, that it was one of those pieces of coin which he had sealed up in his leather pouch and locked in the chest.

Marie was questioned. She acknowledged that every evening she went into the bedroom where the coffer was, to tidy the room and prepare the bed for her master. Usually she had with her the daughter of her master. She confessed that she had been engaged in the room on the evening preceding the discovery. Also, she admitted that the dress, in the pocket of which the ducat was found, was one of her own, and one, moreover, which she had worn on that very evening. Nevertheless, she persisted in her assertion that she was entirely innocent of the charge.

The mother of the girl was next cross-examined by the judge. The poor woman, like so many of the uneducated, thought to save her daughter by having recourse to falsehood. It is a curious fact that the uncultured in a civilized land, like the savage, regards lying as a natural means of protection which it is always safe, and never wrong, to have recourse to. Frau Keller, confronted with the judge, at once, and naturally, fell back on lying. When asked whence her daughter had obtained the ducat, the poor woman said that it was a godmother's present to Marie, which she (the mother) had formerly retained in her possession, but which she had given to Marie when she went into Lampert's service, because she feared lest, in the event of her own death, her other children might seize on the ducat, and refuse to give it up to Marie.

The poor woman, in telling this story, completely broke down the doubt which the judge had felt hitherto

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FOOTPRINTS OF WASHINGTON IN 1753.— GROUND ON WHICH WASHINGTON PITCHED HIS TENT.— SEE PAGE 23.

in Marie's guilt. He looked at the ducat, and it proved by the date on it to have been struck four years after Marie's birth. The judge at once charged the woman with conniving at her daughter's guilt, and showed her how false was her evidence on the testimony of the date on the ducat. This completely upset Frau Keller; she was unable to speak for some minutes, and at last, in a broken and hesitating voice, told the judge that Marie's mistress had sent for her and offered her the money to indemnify Lampert for his loss, if she would confess that her daughter had committed the theft, and persuade Marie to do so as well.

The judge was so irritated at the woman's lie about the ducat that he dismissed this new story as a fabrication as false as the former, and made no inquiry in that direction. He ordered Marie to be brought into the room, and asked her whether she had been given a ducat by her mother which had been a christening present from a sponsor. The girl expressed surprise at the question, and in her simplicity replied that she had never had such a present. Then he confronted the mother with the daughter.

Frau Keller, confused, and in her confusion having recourse to her original falsehood, insisted that what she had said was true concerning the ducat, that Marie was a half-witted creature who forgot the simplest things told her. Marie, on her side, entreated her mother, for God's sake, to speak the truth. She persisted in asserting that her mother never had told her about a christening present, and certainly had given her none.

The end of this altercation was that Frau Keller confessed she had told a lie, and entreated forgiveness, because she had been impelled by love for her daughter to do all in her power to screen her from the charge of theft and to save her life.

The inquiring judge now demanded that Marie should be put on the rack, and be forced to confess her guilt. The Court appointed a counsel for the defense, who opposed this demand.

He pointed out that there was no trustworthy evidence against Marie. It was true that Herr Lampert had lost money; but what proof was there that it had been taken by the accused? Was it possible that a rude, uneducated girl could have contrived a theft so craftily that the smallest trace of tampering with lock and seal was not to be discovered? It behooved the accuser to show that she had had the keys and the signet of Lampert in her power, and this could not be shown. He declared that he always carried both about with him, and had never missed either for a single day. How was she to know that the coffer contained money, when she was never present when it was open? For aught she knew it might have contained legal documents. It was quite true that she was allowed to enter the room where the chest was kept, but she was there almost invariably attended by Lampert's daughter, who always assisted in the domestic duties.

It was also true that a ducat had been found in her pocket; but—how could Lampert swear that it was one of his ducats? Was his ducat the only one coined in that year? Were Dutch ducats such rarities that only his six found their way to Berlin? How the ducat came into her pocket Marie was unable to explain; but was it not probable that the real thief who had taken the money at the same time put the ducat in her pocket, so as to throw justice on the wrong scent, and lead it to suspect Marie, when the real criminal was, perhaps, an experienced burglar? According to law, torture was only to be employed against the accused when evidence against the prisoner is almost conclusive, and only a confession is needed to make it absolutely conclusive. He contended that the proofs of Marie's guilt were wanting; there was circumstantial evidence of the shallowest nature, and none whatever that was direct.

According to a—to us—curious but usual custom in Germany the demand of the public prosecutor and the contention of the counsel for the defense were referred to the legal faculty of the University of Frankfort-on-Oder to decide upon. The University professors examined the evidence, and concluded that it made so heavily against Marie Keller that she must be subjected to torture to extract from her the confession required to finally establish her guilt, and justify sentence of execution. Accordingly the unfortunate girl was placed on the rack, and her nerves and muscles so strained, and her joints dislocated, that in her agony she cried out that she was ready to confess. She was removed from the rack, and admitted her guilt, but every effort that was made to obtain from her an explanation *how* she had managed to extract the money from bag and box failed. She would admit her guilt, but not say how she had committed the theft. But this confession sufficed, and on June 24th, 1731, the unfortunate Marie Keller was executed.

Unfortunately we have such scanty information relative to her end that we can only say that the Lutheran pastor who prepared her for death found her at first a prey to despair, still earnestly protesting her innocence, retracting her confession, which she declared was extorted from her solely by the unendurable agonies to which she was subjected on the rack. After a while, however, the poor creature became more composed, listened to his exhortations with meekness, and submitted herself to the prospect of death, in resignation to the will of God. The pastor was himself convinced of her guilt, and did his utmost to induce her to admit the justice of her sentence, but to this he could not bring her. She would confess again if laid on the rack, but never off it. She forgave her enemies, though she did not know who they could be. Nevertheless, she was sure she had one or more, or else, as she contended, how could the ducat have come into her pocket?

She was hanged in the presence of a great crowd, in the Brüder Strasse, opposite the door of the house where the theft had been committed—before the eyes of Lampert, who had been robbed; of his wife, who had vainly endeavored to save her; and of the daughter, who had been with her daily when the unhappy girl cleaned the room where the money-box was.

The poor girl had not been long dead before, somehow, a feeling arose among the people of Berlin that, after all, in spite of the evidence against her, in spite of her own confession, Marie Keller was guiltless, and that a judicial murder had been committed.

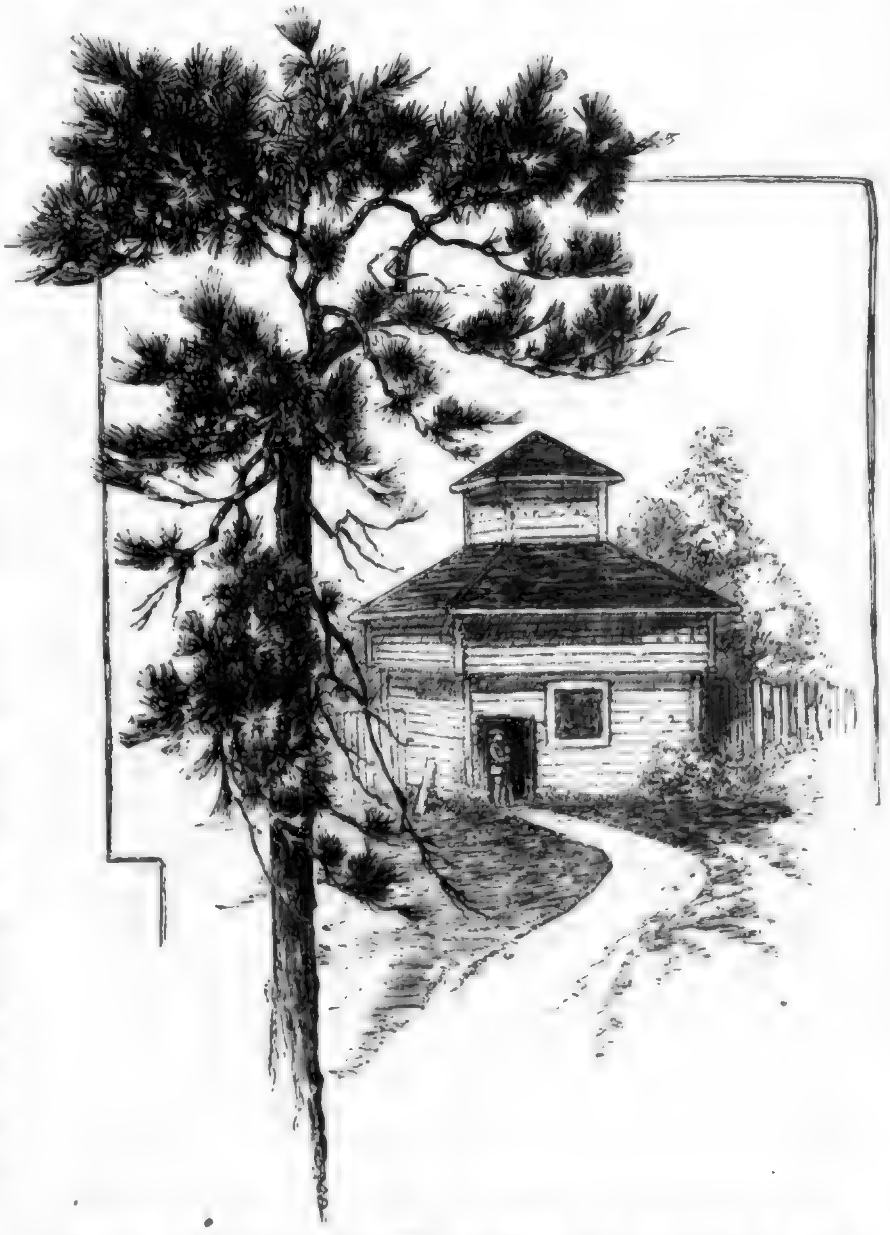
The evidence was discussed, and its weakness was seen. The counsel for the prisoner, the examining judge, the legal faculty of Frankfort, the Court, the public generally, had missed seeing one little feature in the case, which, when caught sight of, completely altered its complexion.

Why was it that the mistress of poor Marie had offered her mother the money to refund Lampert his loss? Was the offer made out of charity? It will be remembered that when Frau Keller narrated this to the examining judge he put the story aside as a lie, and did not ask another question relative to it. Nevertheless, after Marie's execution the old woman persisted in her story, and as she did so people asked—Why did Frau Lampert urge the money on the woman and try to induce her to confess that her daughter was guilty?

There arose among some a suspicion that Frau Lampert had taken the money, and had thrown the blame on Marie Keller. But—was it possible that a woman of her position, so respectable, would allow a poor servant-maid to be tortured and hanged for a crime which she, had she committed it, might acknowledge with impunity?

Others suspected the daughter.

When this young person was questioned in court her answers were eminently unsatisfactory. She was asked whether she had been in the room where the chest was with Marie the evening before the loss of the money was discovered. She pretended that she did not know. She said that she might perhaps have been there, but perhaps she had not. She equivocated, hesitated, refused to be sworn. If she had been in the room, she was sure she was not there all the time Marie was. She had not helped Marie to move the chest. She behaved in court



FOOTPRINTS OF WASHINGTON IN 1753.—AMERICAN FORT DESTROYED BY FIRE NEAR LAKE LE BŒUF.

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with such want of frankness, and was so shifty in her answers, that a good number of persons were suspicious that she had cognizance of the theft.

That Marie Keller had been in league with a gang of robbers no one believed. She was known. Her acquaintances and friends were poor but thoroughly respectable persons. What had become of the rest of the money, if she had taken it? That could not be traced. The poor mother remained as poor as before. Not a French pistole could be discovered in any corner of the woman's house—none were found in Marie's room. They had utterly disappeared; and if she had taken them, she must have disposed of them somewhere.

The robbery in the Brüder Strasse, instead of being forgotten after Marie had been hanged and buried, seemed as if it would not be laid at rest. It continued to be discussed; parties formed. Some accused Frau Lampert, others the daughter, others again said that Lampert had made a miscalculation when counting his money, and had written a wrong sum on the ticket. He had not been robbed, he had lost nothing, he had deceived himself. This latter opinion slowly made its way, and prevailed over the others. It was the only really satisfactory explanation of the mystery, and it was one eminently simple. It was in vain for Lampert to protest that he could not have been deceived; few believed him. That Marie was innocent every one concluded, and that a crime had been committed was universally admitted, and Marie's death was spoken of as the "Murder in the Brüder Strasse"—when, one evening as Lampert came in from his tavern, where he drank beer with a few boon companions, as he opened his house-door, he saw something that made him start back and utter a cry of horror. Before him was his wife's body, hanging from a crook in the ceiling.

Almost before he had recovered himself, and had had the courage to cut her down, the examining magistrate and a policeman arrived. The former had received a letter from Madame Lampert, in which she confessed that Marie had died innocent, and that she had surreptitiously taken the money whilst assisting her husband in counting it. As she counted she had slipped some of the coins up her sleeve. He was going on the morrow to Leipsic fair, and she had been given a sum of money only adequate to meet the ordinary household expenses. This had annoyed and disappointed her. If her husband went to Leipsic he would enjoy himself there, go to the theatre, drink wines, dine well; while she was drudging at home. The temptation took her to purloin a few pieces of money wherewith she hoped to give herself and her daughter some amusements during her husband's absence. He had at once discovered the loss, and, afraid of his temper, she had not dared to confess what she had done, but had slipped one of the ducats into the servant-girl's pocket. Afterward, when Marie was in prison and under investigation, she had been too frightened to confess the truth, lest she should have been imprisoned in the place of Marie and have been sentenced to the gallows.

Thus she had seen the unfortunate and guiltless victim of her crime die under her eyes, and she had been ever since haunted by the sight and tortured by the sting of her conscience.

This letter she sent to the examining judge by a servant, and at once proceeded to hang herself close to the doorway opposite which Marie had been hanged. When she was cut down she was quite dead.

For many years after the people of Berlin pointed to Lampert's house, and spoke of the Judicial Murder in the Brüder Strasse.

HOW THEY PLAYED AT WAXWORKS.

"We must have waxworks to-night," said Ella to Bob on the morning of her birthday party. "Cook has promised me the new saucepan."

"All right!" Bob said. "But what are we to do? Have we to melt a lot of wax first? Do you put wax in the saucepan?"

"Oh, no! I am going to put your head in the saucepan. See—here is my list of figures. And Ella took a scribbled paper out of the little drawer, "You are to be a waxwork figure—a soldier in armor."

"With a tin pot on my head?" gasped Bob, understanding at last.

"Yes," said Ella. "And Tommy Tupp is to be Henry VIII.—he is fat, you know. And Bertie Binks has a big forehead and big eyes—that is all that is wanted to be Shakespeare. Mary Binks is to be the Queen of Scots."

"Well, where are we to get all the dressing-up?"

"The armor is all in the kitchen," said Ella, promptly. "The kings and queens can be dressed out of Aunt Mary's wardrobe and the big old trunk in the boxroom. I can get Aunt Mary's heap of ostrich feathers that are to go to the dyer's."

"And grandpapa's dressing-gown," said Bob; "it would make orange and red coronation-robes. Let us be quick."

The playroom was kept closed all day. Of course the grown-up folk knew that some fun was in preparation, but they were too considerate to ask questions.

Grandmamma, at a turn of the staircase, nearly sat down flat with the shock when she came upon Ella, laden with tin cans and smothered in dish-covers, all clashing like a hardware stall on a windy day.

"Dear, dear, child! what *are* you doing?"

"Oh! don't ask questions, grandmamma, or I shall tumble down."

And up-stairs all the dish-covers fled, battering and clattering, with the little pair of legs under them.

The housemaid could not find the brooms. Had the witches run away with all the broomsticks to take a ride in the sky? And as for grandpapa—not only had he lost his gorgeous dressing-gown and his old garden-hat, but when he laid down his snuffbox for a moment on the table, it disappeared as if by magic.

Up-stairs in the playroom, Bob had everything ready for the Waxwork Show. He had built and covered a long platform, only the height of a step all along one side of the room, for the figures to stand on, and he had cleared the tables and chairs into corners.

In the evening, when the dining-room was full of a merry crowd of girls and boys, Ella beckoned to one and another to come out and up-stairs; and stealing away, singly, to be told the secret, a dozen or more were scarcely missed.

They had all gone up to the playroom, and there Bob was tossing over the heaps of costumes, while Ella directed how the figures were to be dressed.

"Bertie Binks—Shakespeare. Put on Shakespeare's paper collar, Bob, and tie black ribbons on his knees, and stick this pink paper over his forehead to make it higher."

"I won't have that thing," said Shakespeare; "it looks like a plaster."

"Oh! do be quick," cried Bob, plastering on the palest pink tissue-paper. "It is your forehead."

"You want that, Bertie, to make you intellectual," said Ella, gravely. "Now lean your elbow on this pillar, and stand on one leg, and try to see your eyebrows."

She was giving him arched eyebrows with a piece of burnt cork; and he was most anxious to see them, but he found he couldn't.

Ella turned to her list again.

"Henry VIII.—Tommy Tupp. He is to have the big hat and feathers, and the large jacket with fur, and those brown paper shoes."

"Oh! can't I be Henry VIII.?" clamored two boys.

They liked the hat and feathers, and they wanted to make out they were much fatter than Bertie Tupp.

But Bob was already getting Bertie's arms into the furred jacket, and Bertie was stuck in it.

"Here is the sleeve; put your arm in, and take the first turn to the right."

"And now," said Ella, "you are to keep your mouth shut tight, and puff out your cheeks. And his jacket must be stuffed, Bob; make haste and stuff him."

"But I can't keep my cheeks puffed out all the time; I should smother," objected Henry VIII.

"And I can't stand on one leg until all the others are dressed," grumbled Shakespeare, from his corner.

"No; never mind," said Ella. "It will be time enough when they are all coming up to see the waxworks."

Then that mischievous little girl, Hetty Brown, who was to be Anne Boleyn, cried out:

"Oh! do look at Henry VIII.'s legs; he is padded so plump, and his shoes are so big, his legs look like a pair of sticks."

"I can't help my legs," said Tommy. "They must do, if I keep as fat as I can." And what more could any boy say?

Next Ella read out: "Hetty Brown—Anne Boleyn—in papa's shiny white macintosh, Bob, with the sleeves turned back."

Several other kings and queens were dressed. One had an orange and red robe trailing on the ground, of a pattern known to grandpapa. Another had a radiant mantle, worn with the red silk lining turned out. And the queens looked very pretty with long gowns, and beautiful fur cloaks, and lace vails of a large pattern suspiciously like curtains. As for curtain-rings and carpet-rings, they made the most brilliant gold and silver chains for the kings.

There were two soldiers in armor. Bob was one of them. They wore complete suits of pots and pans with dish-covers on their valiant breasts, and their legs thrust through tin canisters. Whenever they walked everybody said: "Hush-sh-sh! they will hear you down-stairs!" And when the two soldiers knocked together, the commotion was terrible.

"Oh, do keep quiet and stand still!" cried Ella, putting them one at each side of the door. "Now come here, Dick, and sit on the chair just opposite the door. You are to be a funny little waxwork man, so very like life that they will want to speak to you, and they won't quite know whether you are waxwork or alive."

Dick was made as slim as possible, with black-tailed coat and tight legs. A black silk handkerchief was tied round his chin, and grandpapa's old garden-hat came down all over his head, so that nobody could know who or what he was, except by his hands, which were the only bit to be seen. In one hand he held a snuffbox, and he was to sit stock still in the act of taking out a pinch.

This old gentleman, then, sat facing the doorway. The soldiers in the tin-pot armor stood guarding the entrance. Shakespeare was in a corner behind the door, and all along by the wall the kings and queens were ranged, with a notice on a card requesting visitors "not to touch the figures."

Some real waxworks completed the show—two dolls sitting on the floor, and keeping much more serious than the kings and queens. A black doll sat at one side of them; and Henry VIII.'s little sister, Kitty Tupp, was sitting at the other side, to take care that the dolls did not lie down suddenly. You see, both kinds of waxworks had their drawbacks. The real waxworks kept serious, but they might tumble over; the kings and queens were sure not to tumble over, but then they were trying to see each other out of the corners of their eyes, and all the queens were giggling; and King John, with the dressing-gown coronation-robe, was poking them with his sceptre to keep them quiet.

Everything was ready. Ella scampered down-stairs with an invitation: "Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, walk up, and see the waxwork show! the most life-like waxworks ever shown in this country—or anywhere else!"

After giving the invitation at the drawing-room door, Ella fled up-stairs to the playroom.

"They are coming! They are coming! Now don't laugh."

Shakespeare stood on one leg, and tried to see his eyebrows. Henry VIII. shut his mouth tight, and puffed out his cheeks. All the little queens coughed, and cast their eyes down.

"Had not we better shut our eyes?" said one of the soldiers in armor, who was laughing so much that his tins were shaking.

"You gander!" said Bob, "can't you keep steady without shutting your eyes? You ought to stare. All you queens over there—open your eyes, and stare hard!"

Now the queens were behind Bob, but the other soldier had to stand looking toward them. So when the poor unsteady soldier saw all the queens opening their eyes to stare, he doubled up with a great clatter. Bob poked him furiously with his broomstick; and Ella was afraid the soldiers in armor would run at each other just as the people were coming in at the door. So she got between them, and kept them and their dish-covers quiet. And all the queens were giggling worse than ever—in fact, Anne Boleyn, who was a mischievous bit of a thing, was pretending that Henry VIII.'s stuffing was coming out; and that made Henry VIII. so uncomfortable, that he implored Ella to hold the door closed while he got Catherine Parr to see to his buttons and pins.

Ready at last!

"Now don't laugh—don't!" whispered Ella, and opened the door.

In walked grandpapa and grandmamma, and the father and mother of the proprietors of the waxworks.

After them came all the boys and girls of the party, with a shout of surprise and delight.

Ella went round, explaining who the figures were, and they all kept as still as possible.

"Oh, there is Shakespeare! Just look at his eyes!" said a group near the door.

Shakespeare blushed as no waxwork could; he was trying not to let his mouth twitch.

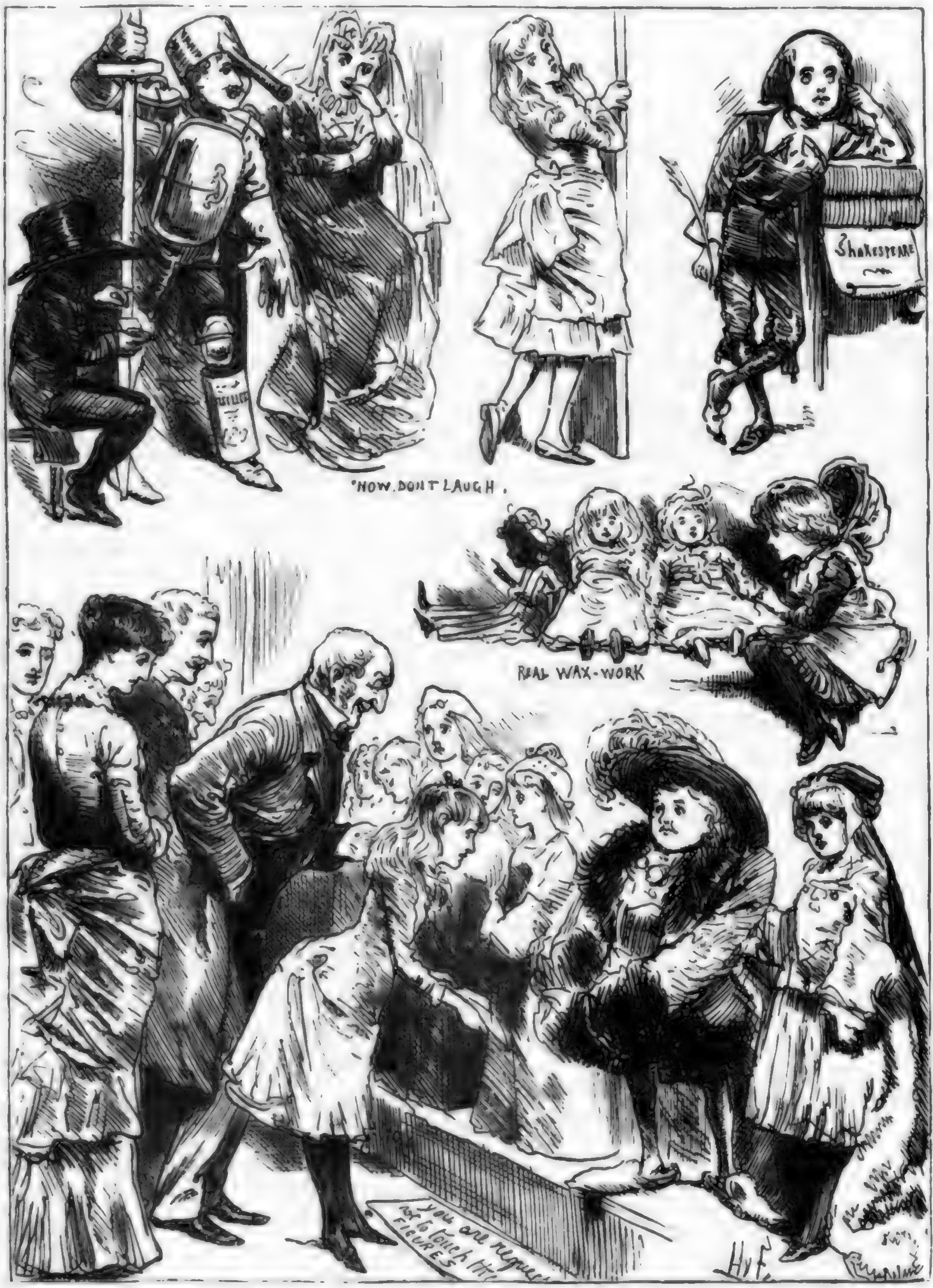
"Is this anybody, or is it all clothes?" said grandmamma, in front of the little old gentleman, who sat taking snuff from the box.

"He has my snuffbox, the rascal!" said grandpapa. "Why, he has nearly gone up, head and heels, into my old hat."

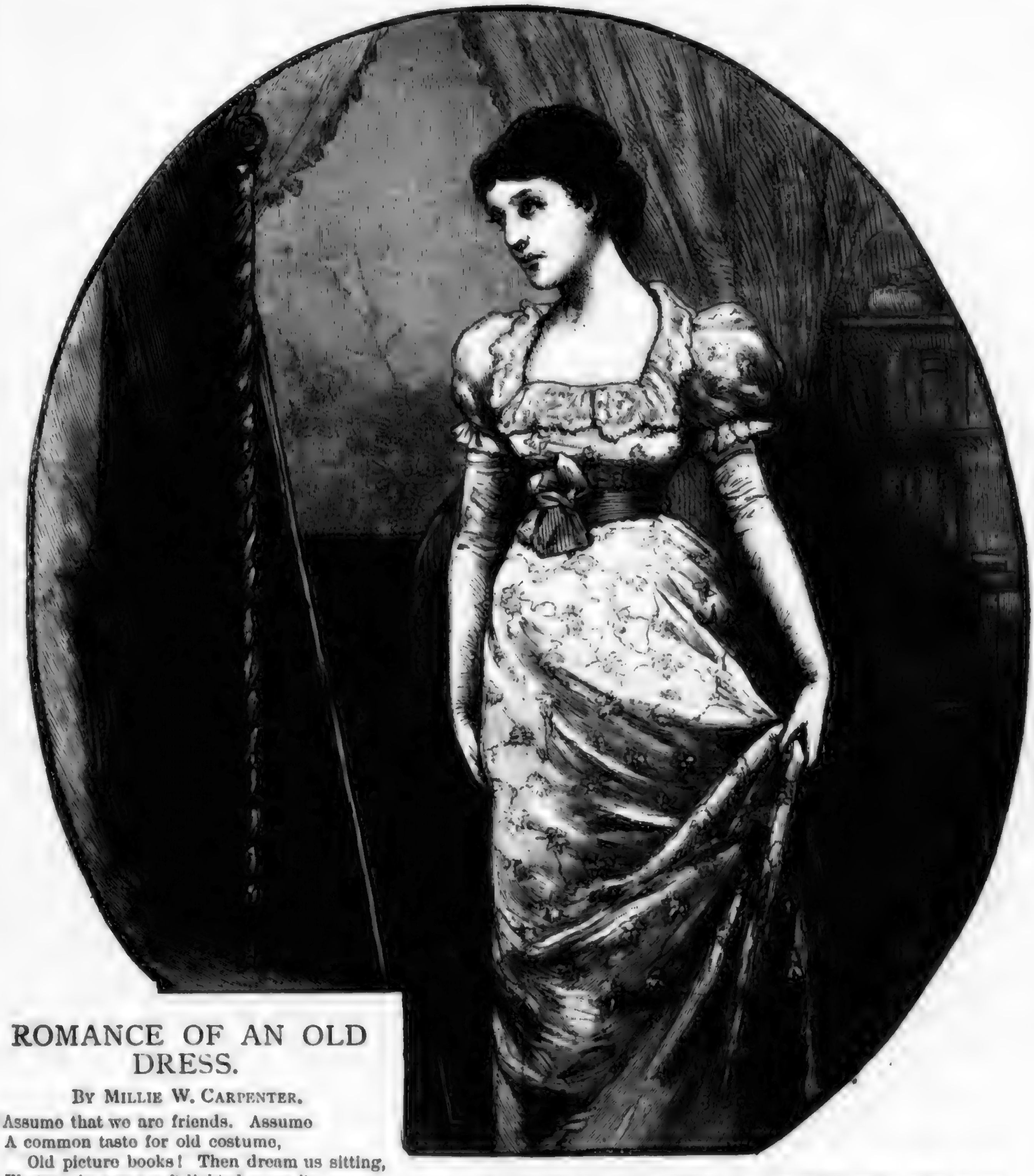
"It is only clothes—but it has hands," said grandmamma. "Oh, children, this does look uncanny!"

But just then the little old gentleman, who sat so still, caught a whiff from the snuffbox, and gave one sudden sneeze like a shot. With a clash and a crash down sat the unsteady soldier in armor, doubled up on the floor. All the queens were laughing, too. Henry VIII. was bursting his coat, and the buttons were flying off. King John leaned on his sceptre (or, rather, his poker,) and flung the tail of his coronation-robe over his face. Shakespeare was on his two feet, hiding his face in the corner.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Bob, taking off his tin pot to make a bow, "the waxworks have become frisky—that is the disadvantage of their being so very life-like. With your permission, we shall close the show."



HOW THEY PLAYED AT WAXWORKS.—SEE PAGE 30.



ROMANCE OF AN OLD DRESS.—"A LONG GLASS REACHED FROM FLOOR TO CEILING."

ROMANCE OF AN OLD DRESS.

By Millie W. Carpenter.

"Assume that we are friends. Assume
A common taste for old costume,
Old picture books! Then dream us sitting,
We two, in some soft-lighted room."

The clock struck five. The soft, low women voices floated through the pretty, chintz-lined room, with its dim light from half-opened shutters showing green vine and blue flowers peeping in.

"It is the loveliest dress, Myra. I never saw it but once. Antique brocade. It makes one think of—of old pictures——"

"Of teacup times of hood and hoop,
Or when the patch was worn,"

helped the other voice.

"Ah, yes! It is made up of other days and modes. Every flower embroidered on it suggests high-puffed hair and paint and powder and farthingale," the first voice continues.

There is a difference in voices. They tell each one its own story. These two are different, telling different stories.

"With, for setting, oriel windows," says Myra, "and broad terraces bordered with tiger-lilies and splendidly plumaged peacocks. Why, I can make a whole romance, Rose dear, out of your brocade dress."

Rose laughed, putting her hands up to twist one of those lovely blue flowers in her sun-gold hair.

"It's like Enid's bridal dress—'All branched and flowered with gold.'"

"Ah, but do you know, I never believed in that dress, Rose? How could she have had a dress like that in such a rude age and country? For my part I think the faded silk she had on when Geraint first saw her was better. I like an old, faded silk dress, half worn out. It has not that vulgar *frou-frou* a brand-new silk is sure to possess to such an exasperating degree."

"Yes, Myra; but you know in King Solomon's time there were silks and cloth of gold——" Myra interrupted her.

"Oh, if you are going back to the Bible—and Solomon's lilies grew in the field—why doesn't Aunt Bessie give you this dress. She has no children."

"Of course not. How should she?" said serene Rose. "But I suppose that could never be urged as a reason why a maiden lady, as the novels say, should give away her old clothes. The dress belonged to Aunt Bessie's mother, who was a great court beauty in her time."

"You don't say! But see, it's five o'clock. Ages gone. Good-by, dear"—kisses. "I hope you will go and have a beautiful time"—the footsteps going down the stairs, the chanting voice floating upward—"a be-a-u-tiful time."

"Five o'clock! Oh, goodness! And Aunt Bessie asked me to help her. What will she think?"

Mrs. MacIvor picked up an open letter lying on the floor and crushed it into her pocket. She tied a pretty lace fichu about her slim shoulders and smoothed back her hair with that blue flower in it. She had always noticed a deeper tenderness in Richard's dark, tired face when she went to meet him with a blue flower in her hair.

"Oh, Aunt Bessie, I forgot—I quite forgot," cried Rose, as she entered the dining-room.

The table was already beautifully arranged. Blue china, old silver, a slim vase of old pink glass holding flowers by one certain plate—not your plate, Rose.

"Eliza helped me. I got along very well," said a tall, gray-haired woman, who stood by a sideboard arranging the glass.

It was all she said. Her voice was quiet; but she did not turn her face. Rose felt cold.

Then there were footsteps in the hall.

"Richard! Auntie, Richard is come!" and the young wife ran to meet him. But her feet felt heavy.

It was something that Richard smiled and touched the blue flower in her hair. Then came dinner. There was some cheerful talk, and a star or two came out in Rose's sky.

"You don't mind, Richard; you don't mind if I go? I'm sure you won't miss me, you are so busy."

Mr. MacIvor was walking up and down the garden path between the rifled flower-beds. He was smoking his last cigar when Rose came down and read her letter to him, and told him what she wished to do.

He listened silently, drawing her hand in his arm, so that she walked up and down too, in the calm Autumn night.

"You won't mind if I go, Richard?"

Richard lifted himself a little from his bent attitude; he looked about him.

"How beautiful it all is," he said, in his quiet voice. "How sweet the mignonette smells. I wish we could keep it all Winter, but it will soon be dead—dead and gone!"

Rose was silent. This was no answer to her question; only she realized now, more than ever, how alien his mood was to hers. Some slow, inward tears seemed to scorch her heart.

> "The sense of tears in mortal things,"

quoted Richard, softly. "Sometimes I wonder, my Rösschen, if you realize how dear all this is to me—the sweet silence, the *home*, after all the worries of business, after the strife, the feuds, the hate of rivals. But I've won; the prize is mine to-night. I've won it!"

His voice grew sharp, his great dark eyes flashed with fierce light, his face grew white, with a fine, keen scorn. Then he turned and looked, with a curious, sad smile, at the beautiful face pressed closer to his shoulder. "So you wish to go away, Rose? You wish to go where?—to New York? to Newport?"

"Aunt Marion urges it," said Rose, almost humbly. You know I have not been down there since—since we were married, Richard. Aunt says they want me for a few weeks, in my old place."

Richard was silent a moment, looking steadily in front of him, a little upward, to the red, evening sky glowing through the tree-tops, then he turned toward his wife.

"So you want to go at once? Well, I am going away too, and there'll be nothing to keep you."

"Going, Richard! you going away!" The young wife's heart leaped; the flush deepened in her cheek. If only he would ask her to go with him—if only he would say, "Come with me; leave the others and come with me, my wife! *I* want you!"

Poor child—poor child! Those hot, unshed tears seemed pressing, burning round her heart.

"Ah, yes, you can go any time, any day; and you must not stay out here any longer in this chill air."

He led her up the steps, holding back a swaying vine that might have caught in her thin lace. The hall was warm, and softly lighted and homelike. Rose hesitated, stopping so suddenly that she saw Richard putting something carefully in the leaves of his note-book, dropping the book in his pocket to turn away, as Rose turned, too.

"Good-night, Richard!" wistfully.

"Good-night, my Rösschen!" calmly.

That was all; but there was something else!

"I wonder what has become of my pretty blue flowers," said Rose to herself, as she brushed out her hair for the night. "I remember feeling them here when I went into the garden."

At last!

At last all the joy of the old and gracious life of luxury back again—the deference of silent service, the incense of delicate flattery, the pride of praise—all these came back again, and made doubly sweet because for a while they had been absent from Rose's quiet life.

Aunt Marion, a portly, handsome matron, took Rose's two hands in hers with warmest welcome.

"Yes, you are changed. I expected it. Not quite so round of outline here"—she touched the young wife's cheek—"a little thinner; I don't say that it is for the worse; and—shall I speak it boldly—just a little rustic—not unpleasantly so, perhaps—but we'll soon do away with that." She kissed her niece on either cheek. "And Maurice Fenwick has come back, handsome and picturesque, and wilder than ever. He is coming here this evening. You won't mind, now you are married."

Rose felt her heart leap; a sudden sense of temptation to come made her feel weak.

"I wish——" she began, hurriedly.

"You wish what?—that you had married a rich man?"

"I wish Maurice wouldn't come," said Rose, with timid decision. "I don't think he ought to."

"Nonsense! He has been off, Heaven knows where, the last two years—theatre parties, a German for Thursday evening, and then——"

"I've forgotten all my dancing, Aunt Marion," said Rose, laughing.

"Nonsense!" said Aunt Marion again. "You will remember it quick enough, once you hear the music and have a good partner. You ought to hear Percival play the 'Faust Waltzes.' I hope you brought some pretty *toilettes*."

"*Toilettes?* Oh, I don't know," said Rose, blushing. "My husband, is not rich, you know, and he has many expenses—but he will be a rich man now," she continued, luckily remembering that scrap of conversation in the garden when her husband had said, so exultingly, "I have won the prize!"

Rose was turning out some dresses, at which Mrs. Clifford gazed in scorn, but all at once she gave a little scream of surprise.

"Why what have you got there, child?"

Rose held it up—a dress, but what a dress! An antique satin, of heaviest, purest texture; white once, but mellowing now into faint, creamy age, and embroidered with clusters of softest, richest, deep-colored purple heliotrope-blossoms.

"Good heavens, child! where did you get it?" And Aunt Marion touched it almost with awe.

"Aunt Bessie gave it to me," said Rose, simply. "I am glad you are pleased with it. She gave it to me the night before I came away. It was her mother's dress."

"Pleased with it?—I should think so! There's nothing like it in New York; and you won't have to alter it any. That short, round waist is all the style. And look at those bows of pale ribbon and that lace, puffed and frilled! Have you just stepped out of a picture-frame in some old tapestried room, Madame la Marquise?"

Nothing would do but Rose must try the dress on then and there. She went, reluctantly. She seemed to see once more Aunt Bessie's sad and tender face, as she brought her offering.

"It was my mother's dress; I am too old to wear it. For Richard's—my boy's sake, I give it to you. Wear it, dear, and be as my mother was, blessed."

The two women had kissed each other, silently.

Rose woke up out of her dream. Mrs. Clifford pulled her into her *boudoir*, where a long glass reached from floor to ceiling.

"Heavens, how lovely! And here are some purple flowers—heliotrope. You must wear the dress Thursday evening. Rose, you have grown handsome, when I fancied you had fallen off. You have got that *pathetic* look, as if you had some secret sorrow."

"I must take the dress off, Aunt Marion, if you talk like that. You praise me too much, and—and I am not unhappy, please; you must not think so."

"Of course not—certainly not!" said Aunt Marion, who had plans. "I was only saying that your style of beauty is just the style now: A shadowy, pensive look. You make me think of—what is it? Oh, that poor *Duchess* of Browning's; after

> —"'Fra Pandolf's hands
> Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
> Will't please you rise and look at her?'"

Neither of the two women had heard that sound of footsteps coming up the stairs—coming always nearer—into the room.

Mrs. Clifford uttered a little surprised cry.

"Maurice, you here! Rose! Here is Rose, too, Maurice."

Rose turned her face—pale at first, faint flushing now, like any rosebud from the sweet heart outward.

"I'll remember Aunt Bessie's words," she thought, as Maurice came closer.

His brow quivered a little, under the heavy hair. But the old quick, subtle sense of approval—the old sure words of devotion—came too markedly for Rose's good.

"I greet," he said, with a low bow, "I greet the Heliotrope Beauty."

Her picture in the shop windows; her praises sung in verse in the society journals; her presence—the Heliotrope Beauty—desired everywhere. For a little time Rose found life sweet. Then she began to be afraid. Maurice Fenwick came too near.

"Will Rose—Mrs. MacIvor—be there? Then, of course *I* shall come." "Rose is not to be present? Then why should *I* come if she stays away?"

Rose began to find this sort of flattery and fine devotion too much for her. In her heliotrope gown, with heliotrope in her breast and in the high-puffed, lovely waving hair, a fan of heliotrope flowers and dark-green leaves in her hand, she was excuse enough for any extravagance of praise. But the biting sense that Maurice Fenwick was near her, watching her, his eyes on her, dancing only with her, speaking only to her, became too keen.

"You will go, and wear this dress, of course? *I* shall be there."

It was a poisonous sweet.

Other men fell back from her side when Maurice came up, as if he alone had sole right. Rose felt her cheek flushing red at times. She would go home; at home she would be safe.

One evening, after a great dinner at a crowded reception in a celebrated house, a noble, white-haired lady came up and spoke to Rose.

"You will forgive an old woman if she takes a liberty!" said this sweet-voiced, noble-looking dame. "I have heard you spoken of. My children have your picture. You are very beautiful, my dear. I hope all this flattery will not spoil you, and make you forget that life has many stern duties."

"I know—I know!" cried Rose, impulsively; "I know this cannot last. I will remember what you say. I will try to help others, too."

Tears came to the sweet, soft, lovely eyes.

"I am very glad to have met you," continued this dignified, proud-mannered lady—what a charm her low voice had!—"very glad." Rose thought how much she would like that flower sweet garden up there in her own cloistered home, the scent of lavender, Aunt Bessie and the dim rooms. "In my younger days I traveled much," continued the old lady, "and I saw the great ladies of the world. You are like them in looks, my dear, in that dress, and oh, my dear, do not forget that those great ladies did much good. They sought the poor and suffering everywhere. They gave not only charity to those sunken and degraded, but they gave kind looks and soothing words. You will not be offended?"

"Offended!" Rose took the speaker's wrinkled hand in her own white, jeweled one, and pressed it to her cheek. "I like to hear you talk," she murmured. "I thank you for speaking so to me. You help me in what I most wish to be."

"I am glad of that. And now," continued the venerable dame, lightly, "I wish to introduce a friend of my own to you. He is here in the city to receive some honor and reward for great discoveries he has made in science. You are not tired of my talk?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Rose.

"He is going abroad soon, this dear young friend of mine, to represent our Government at one of the proudest, most aristocratic courts of Europe."

She stepped aside and Rose waited. Presently some one touched her arm.

"My dear, let me present to you this other dear friend of mine."

And Rose looked up. Richard! To be presented as a

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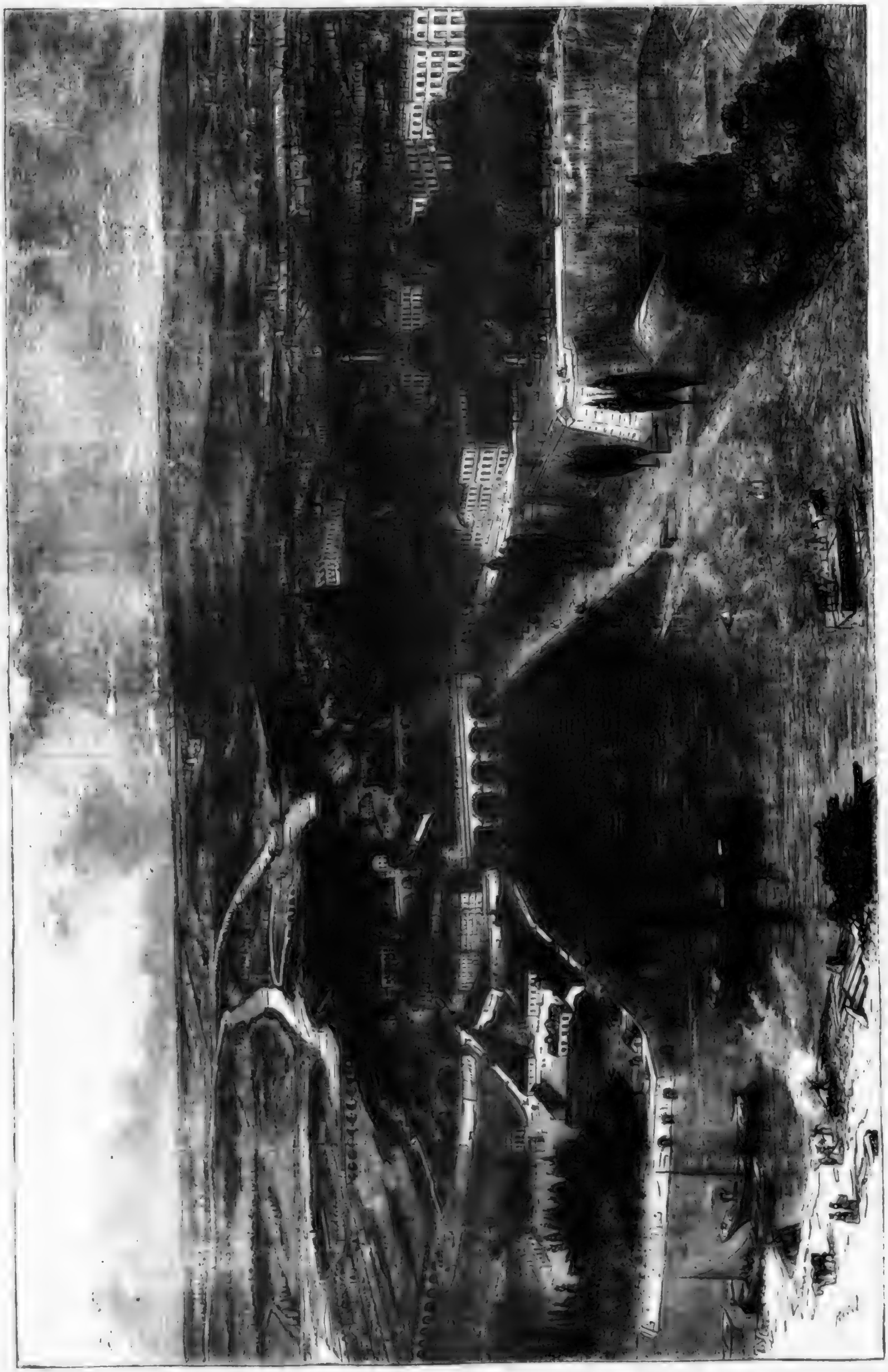


GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF METZ.—SEE PAGE 39.

stranger to one's own husband! To have one's husband brought up as a stranger! The music swelled out, drowning all sound of words. Rose clasped her hands with the old childish gesture. Richard bowed low, so that whatever expression his face wore was hidden.

Some one called the old lady's attention, and a moment after Rose's hand was under Richard's arm, and he was leading her away.

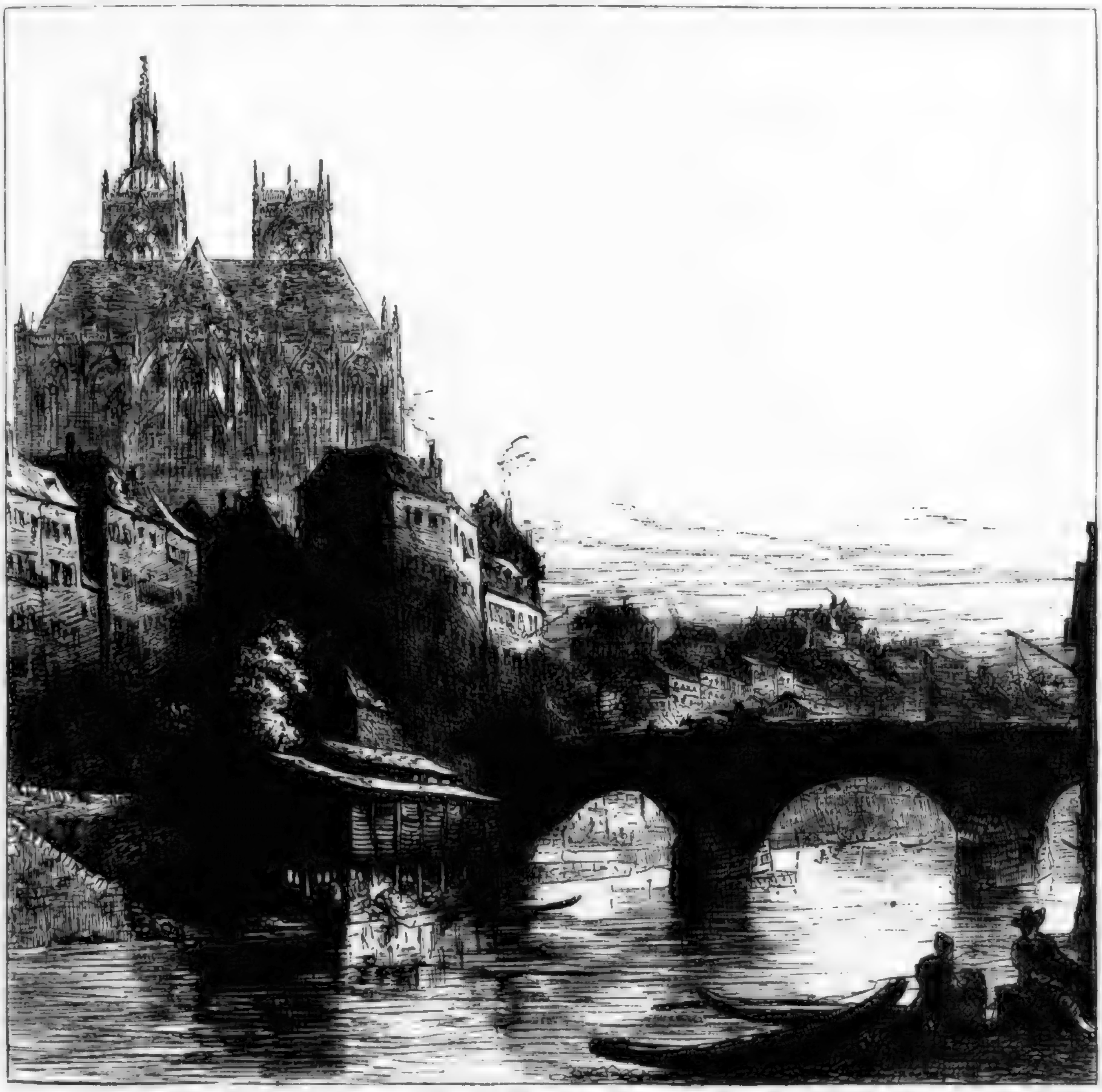
"How white you are," he said, bending his head to hers. "Are you frightened, little one? You must not be frightened now, with me."

Oh, the comfort of having him near! to hear his voice! to look in his face! to feel his touch!

"You are not angry with me, Richard? Ah, how glad I am to have you here!" Rose almost sobbed.

"Angry with you, Rösschen?" the smile in his dark eyes; "angry with you, my Rose?"

His voice was enough—yet not enough. She wished to empty all her heart in wild confession before him. Poor little heart, it was sweet and white enough. Some little vanity, perhaps, and love of others' praise; but love and devotion to Richard to life's far end.



METZ: ITS MONUMENTS AND MEMORIES.—VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE MOSELLE.—SEE PAGE 39.

"My Rose, my little sweet Rösschen; how shy you look at me. I am glad to have you with me once more."

"How good you are to me, Richard! Richard, I have been good." She clasped his arm. "My heart has been good, Richard, it has!"

He smiled at her, touching that little hand by his side. Had he doubted her—he?

They passed out of the crowded parlors into a great, high-roofed hall that seemed to Rose to be all light and flowers and painted glass and tiles, with soft, low sounds of water-spray. The scent flowers was everywhere, and a flutter of plumaged birds. A few people were walking about, admiring the gorgeous scene.

Rose looked up as Richard stepped aside a moment. The springing, lofty dome was heavy with ornamentation. It looked as if——

Ah, Heaven, what was that! From above the table there a huge mass of metal, flaming light and glass and bronze, death-dealing fire and massive carving, came crashing down. Rose gave one quick sigh of agony as she sprang and caught Richard. They went down together, thus.

Out of her pain, out of insensibility, Rose struggled, dimly feeling that they were dragging her clasp from Richard's motionless body.

"No, no!" she moaned; "don't take him away!" Then she heard a voice say, "Dead, quite dead!"

* * * * * *

Dead! In the days of sickness and delirious pain that followed this word was ever moaning from Rose's lips. Dead! Why did they not let her die, too? Her own hurts healed slowly but surely. Of the sorrow and desolation that dreadful disaster brought to other homes she did not ask. *Her* loss was paramount. Dead!

* * * * * *

One day, when she was able to sit up a little, propped in an invalid chair, they came to her, asking, softly:

"Could she bear a little surprise—just a little shock—of joy?"

But Rose shook her head. She turned her face to the pillow, weeping a few slow, feeble tears. Let her alone. She had no strength to live, no wish for life. The spring of joy had run down.

She was looking out of the glass door that had been set open. Beyond the porch was the streak of pale sunshine, a tangle of broken vine, twisted dead grass, dead leaves, and white, whirling wreaths of vapor.

Some one came across the porch with a slow step; some one, looking thin and worn and wan, large-eyed and quiet, as if just risen from a great sickness.

Rose clasped her hands. She saw, but she was not afraid. Nothing but kindness in that pale face.

"Richard," she whispered, "you have not forgotten me in that other life. But say you forgive me—say you love me once more before you go away again into the darkness."

Only out of another life—out of a kind, pitying heaven, could her Richard have thus come to her with those dear, shining eyes.

The shape came nearer.

"Rose! my Röschen." It stretched out hands of life to touch her. "Did you think me dead, Rose?"

"Ah, heaven and earth! Heaven and earth seemed to melt away as these two in each other's arms fled upward from height to dazzling height of supremest joy and supremest love's content.

"Thank God. Oh, let us thank Him!"

And they knelt there, like two white shadows, thanking God for life.

Days after that, when Richard's love and Richard's presence had made her strong enough, Rose asked:

"Who was it that died that night. Some one was killed. I heard them say 'Dead!' and I thought it was you. Why have they not told me? Who was it, Richard?"

Richard pressed her face to his shoulder. There was a tender pity in his voice—the pity a generous soul could feel even thus, as he answered:

"It was Maurice Fenwick!"

THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

The following figures show the strength of the regular Russian Army on January 1st, 1855, viz.: Infantry, 954 battalions, 513,861 men; cavalry, 330 squadrons, 59,262 men; artillery, 368 batteries, 1,640 guns, 57½ parks, 77,571 men; engineers, 30½ battalions, 22 parks, 20,533 men; total, 671,227 men. In addition to these must be added the peace strength of the Cossacks forming part of the standing army, viz.: 285 mounted and 50 dismounted sotnias, with 96 guns, giving a total of 2,169 officers and 44,920 men, out of a total war strength of 158,000 officers and men. The most striking feature in the returns is the large amount of sickness and the excessive number of deaths which occur in the Russian Army, the number of deaths during the year being no less than 6,327, or 7.29 per cent. of the effective strength.

WEARY.

The sun sinks down in a golden cloud,
  And the weary day is done—
Setting alike o'er the poor and proud!
  Untired art thou, O sun,
Of the cark and the care thou look'st upon
  In the course of thy journey west?
But a little while, and thou wilt be gone,
  And to sleep with thee is best.

To sleep with thee! But thou'lt rise again
  At the death of the shadowy night,
And wake sad hearts to their wonted pain
  Once more with the coming light.
Then sink, O sun, in the western sky,
  As the darkness gathers round;
Perchance in the gloom men's cares may die,
  Their burdens fall to the ground.

The burden of life, the burden of death,
  The burden of hopeless toil,
From the widow who hangs with bated breath
  O'er the battered cruse of oil
To the millionaire bending beneath the load
  Of riches too great to bear,
From the beggar who limps by the dusty road
  To the daughter of Dives fair.

Gaze down, O sun, from thy burning height,
  On these pitiful ants below,
For all are equal within thy sight
  Who wearily toil and know
That life is a road where each must strive,
  And some, ere the shades descend,
Will falter and fall, nor keep alive
  With thee to thy journey's end.

'Tis pitiful. Yea, but men's backs are strong,
  The blue of heaven is kind,
There are hedgerows green whence cometh a song
  That all who list may mind;
There are chapels of ease 'neath wayside trees
  Where weary wand'rers rest.
O perishing sun, the strife begun,
  To toil with thee is best.

THE GRAVES OF THE POETS.

Chaucer was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, without the building; but his body was removed to the south aisle in 1555. Spenser lies near him. Beaumont, Drayton, Cowley, Denham, Dryden, Rowe, Addison, Prior, Congreve, Gay, Johnson, Sheridan, and Campbell all lie within Westminster Abbey; Shakespeare, as every one knows, was buried in the chancel of the church at Stratford, where there is a monument to his memory. Chapman and Shirley are buried in St. Giles's-in-the-Fields; Marlow, in the Churchyard of St. Paul's, Deptford; Fletcher and Massinger, in the Churchyard of St. Saviour's, Southwark; Dr. Donne, in Old St. Paul's; Edmund Waller, in Beaconsfield Churchyard; Milton, in the Churchyard of St. Giles's, Cripplegate; Butler, in the Churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden; Garth, in the Churchyard at Harrow; Pope, in the Church at Twickenham; Swift, in St. Patrick's, Dublin; Thomson, in the Churchyard at Richmond, Surrey; Collins, in St. Andrew's Church, Chichester; Savage, in the Churchyard of St. Peter's, Bristol; Parnell, at Chester, where he died on his way to Dublin. Gray is buried in the Churchyard of Stoke Pogis; Goldsmith, in the Churchyard of the Temple Church; Falconer, at sea; Churchill is buried in the Churchyard of St. Martin's, Dover; Cowper, in the Church of Dereham; Chatterton, in a churchyard belonging to the Parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn; Burns, in St. Michael's Churchyard, Dumfries; Byron, in the Church of Hacknall, near Newstead; Crabbe, at Trowbridge; Coleridge, in the Church at Highgate; Sir Walter Scott, at Dryburgh Abbey; Southey, in Crosthwaite Church, near Keswick; Shelley, "beneath one of the antique weed-grown towers surrounding ancient Rome," and Keats beside him, "under the pyramid whic his the tomb of Cestus." Hood lies at Kensal Green.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

THE Berlin *Börsen Courier* has exhumed this amusing anecdote of Frederick the Great: "One Autumn day he was reviewing the annual provincial manœuvres, and, as ill-luck would have it, everything seemed to go wrong. Finally one division of the Hussars made such a bad blunder that the King could no longer control his wrath, but spurred his horse, raised his cane in the air, and galloped after the captain. The latter, not being anxious to feel the weight of the King's cane on his shoulders, also spurred his horse, and after a long chase succeeded in escaping. Next day the general called on the King, and, among other things, announced his regret that Captain So-and-so had sent in his resignation; he did not know why, he said, but the captain had told him that something had happened which made it impossible for him to remain.

"'I am sorry to lose him,' the general added; 'he is one of our best officers.'

"'Indeed!' said the King; 'then tell him to come to me during the parade.'

"When the King espied the captain at the parade he rode up to him and remarked: 'I have promoted you to the rank of major. I wanted to tell you, yesterday, but you were too fast for me.'"

METZ: ITS MONUMENTS AND MEMORIES.

APPROACH Metz from whatever direction we may, it is the Cathedral which dominates the scene. Whether we enter the fortified city by the grim and scarred Porte des Allemands, or by the Porte de France, whether we come up through Longeville, or descend from St. Julien, the eye rests first and longest upon that majestic Gothic pile, with its great windows aflame in the sunlight, or its delicate spires losing themselves in the purple mists of evening.

The Cathedral, of which the nave dates from 1332, and the choir from 1519, occupies the site of the still more ancient Church of Notre Dame de la Ronde, a part of which is incorporated in the present nave. That enthusiastic archæologist, Quicherat, ranks the Cathedral of Metz with that of St. Ouen, at Rouen, as one of the most perfect edifices of the grand artistic epoch of mediæval France. If it is less visited and less written about than most of the great French and German cathedrals, the cause probably lies in the fact that Metz is rather an out-of-the-way place, from the tourist's point of view, not being directly upon any of the great railway routes between Paris and Strasburg, Baden, or Switzerland.

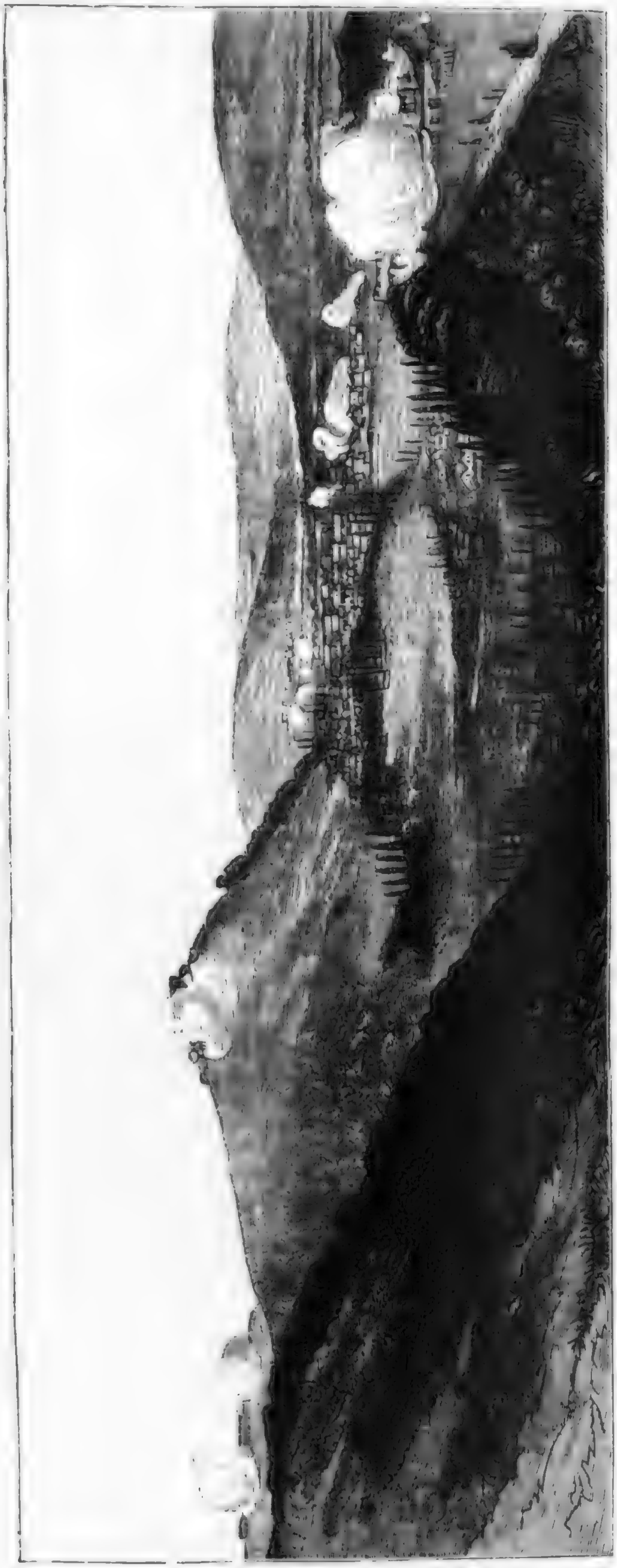
In this Cathedral, the ideal of the mediæval architects is realized in the harmonious alliance of loftiness and lightness. The beautiful openwork spire (built in 1427), 373 feet in height—called the *tour de la Muette*, from the great bell, *Dame Muette*, which it supports in mid-air—is the salient feature of the exterior view from the Place d'Armes. On the opposite side rises the *tour du Chapitre*, which does not, like its brother, terminate in a spire. Entering by a somewhat dwarfed portal, we are struck by the airy boldness of the columns supporting the immense vaulted roof, and by the extent of the glorious stained-glass windows of Valentine Busch. Sculptured doorways on either side of the nave conduct to stairways mounting to the towers. We take that on the right, and climb to the *corbeille* of the steeple, viewing on our upward way specimens of those innumerable fantastic bass-reliefs, gargoyles and sculptured monsters of Carlovingian legendary, which Dr. Bégin describes with such loving minuteness in the two volumes which he has consecrated to the history of the Cathedral.

From the spire, we see Metz and its environs—the *pays Messin*—spread out in a broad and fair panorama, bounded by violet hills. The city itself lies at our feet—a confused mass of red-tiled roofs, with numerous patches of green marking the gardens and parks, and blocks of white, which are the public squares; the whole being entangled in the two silvery ribbons of the Moselle and the Seille. These two streams, with their ramifications, are spanned by nearly a score of bridges, and divide the city into five unequal parts, either islands or peninsulas. The Seille bounds only the parishes of St. Maximin and St. Eucaire. The Moselle winds around old Metz, embracing the quarters of Ste. Ségolène, Notre Dame, St. Martin and St. Thiébault; those of the Préfecture, St. Marcel, St. Vincent and the Fort being relatively modern. The ancient portion of the city is the most elevated, occupying a kind of promontory at the confluence of the two rivers, on the point of which stands the grim old Arsenal. This elevation of old Metz is not, however, altogether natural, being in part the result of numerous rebuildings upon the ruins left by the sieges and fires of former centuries. Victor Simon, comparing the place to Pompeii and Herculaneum, remarks that if it has not a Vesuvius, it has none the less its successive strata of ashes and *débris* burying and preserving the remains of antiquity.

A French historian has called Lorraine "an admirable country, unhappily placed betwixt the hammer of France and the anvil of Germany." The history of Metz, from her Gallo-Roman days down to 1870, illustrates that of the entire province. The fact that the relative positions of the hammer and the anvil have been reversed in our time has not in the least lightened the blows. But in the case of a city, as in that of a human character, adversity oftentimes develops strength. Metz has long been the strongest fortress of Alsace-Lorraine, and one of the strongest in Europe. Its principal exterior defenses consist of eleven forts, which the Germans have strengthened and improved since their occupation of the city.

Fort St. Quentin, which played so important a part during the siege of 1870, crowns Mont St. Quentin, a noble, verdure-clad height, the most striking natural landmark of the *pays Messin*. Often, in Winter or early Spring, during the periodical overflows of the Moselle, the green cone of Mont St. Quentin appears to rise out

XUM



VIEW OF METZ AND ITS ENVIRONMENTS DURING THE INVESTMENT BY THE PRUSSIANS, IN 1870.

of a broad lake. The approach to Metz by the valley of that serpentine, poplar-bordered stream, with its largest bridge, the Pont des Morts, in the foreground, and St. Quentin looming up beyond, has long been celebrated by artists and travelers.

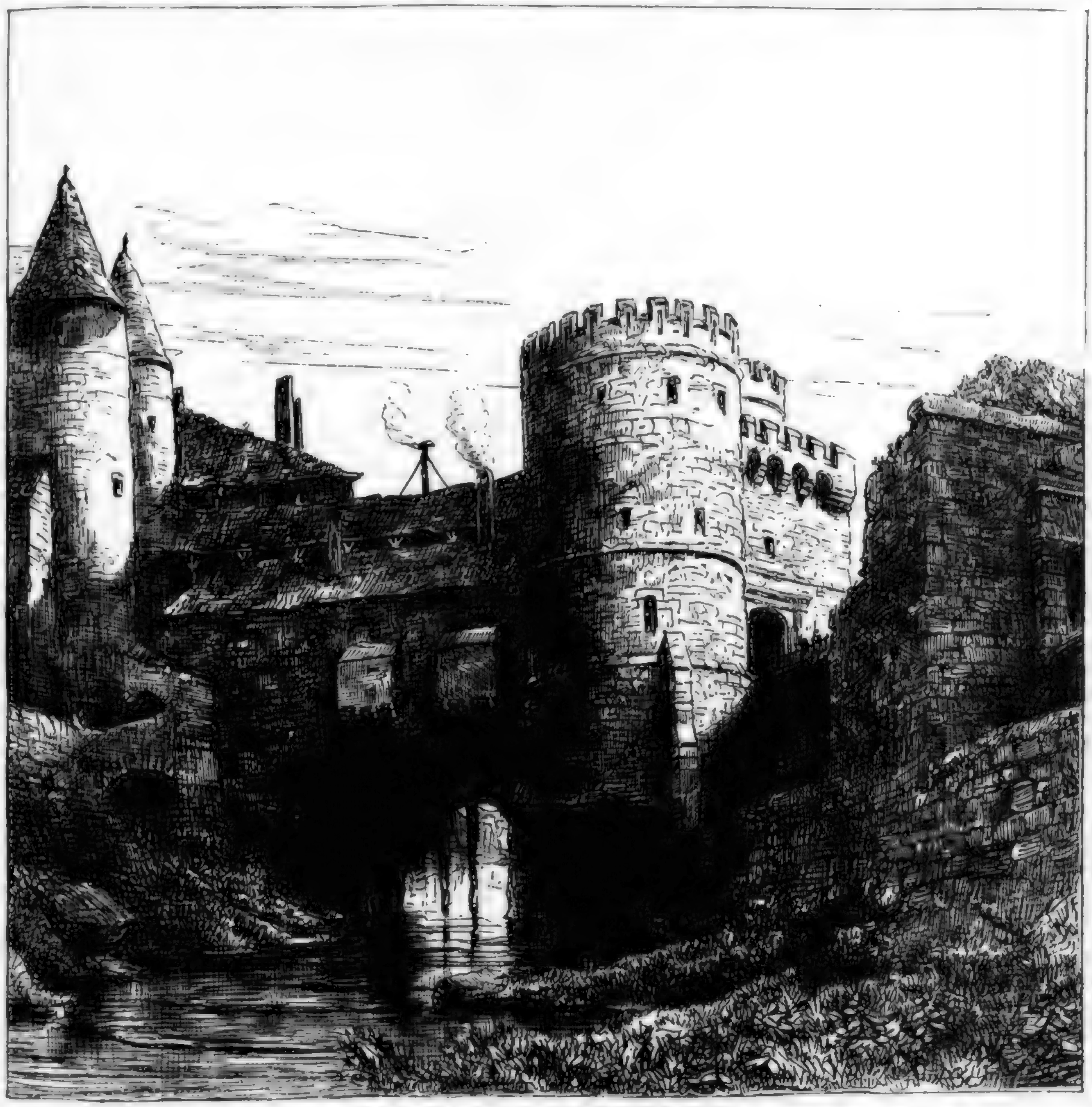
There is a local pleasantry by which any chance tourist is liable to be entrapped, unless his ears have become well acclimatized to French pronunciation. His gaze being attracted at once to the fortress on the height, he asks a native its name, and receives a reply which sounds like "Fort Cinquante-un."

"Fort Fifty-one! And where are the other fifty?" is the natural inquiry of the visitor, who would have recognized the name readily enough as "Saint Kwintin."

The fair panorama of Metz from the cathedral-spire, or from St. Quentin itself, suggests a palimpsest, written over and over again with lines of an eventful history. Along the winding Moselle, and in the heart of the old city, are still to be seen traces of the Romans, to whom the place was known as Divodurum. Later, it was named Mediomatrici, as the capital of that tribe of Belgic Gaul; and by the fifth century this had become corrupted to Mettis, whence its present name. Metz was for a long time the capital of Austrasia, which was afterward called the Kingdom of Metz, and finally Lorraine. Under the Emperor Otho II. Metz became a free imperial city, and the residence of a prince-bishop, the other two episcopal cities of Lorraine being Toul and Verdun. Mediæval Metz was famous for its commerce and society, its love of letters, art and arms; and as the seat of a bishopric it was the scene of many rivalries between the citizens and the clergy. When, in 1552, the strategy of Montmorency turned it over to Henri II. of France, the city contained 60,000 inhabitants, and Charles V. was furious at its loss. He besieged it for ten months in 1553, but it was gloriously defended by the youthful Duc de Guise; and after losing 30,000 men, the Emperor raised the siege, leaving on record the bitter exclamation: "Fortune is a woman, and she favors only the young." The French kept Metz, and it was formally ceded to them by the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648.

Nancy has been called the Athens of Lorraine, Metz the Sparta. The hammer continued to beat upon the anvil, and when at last the crushing blow of 1870 fell, the city did not find in Bazaine another Duc de Guise. The direful and thrilling story of Gravelotte and the last siege of Metz belongs to our own generation. To-day Metz is a German city; and Bazaine, old, misanthropic and friendless, endures a cheerless death-in-life existence in Spain.

The French exodus from Metz after the German annexation caused a temporary falling off in population and general prosperity, which may be compared to that caused by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which cost the city 12,000 of its inhabitants. The population before the war was nearly 50,000; in 1875 it had decreased to 38,000, or, with the garrison, 45,000. The last decade, however, has brought it fully up to the *ante-bellum* standard. There are, it is said, 18,000 German soldiers in Metz. To the casual observer, walking the streets and quays on pleasant afternoons, soldiers and nursemaids appear to form the bulk of the population; and the attraction of these two classes for one another is as noticeable as in Paris and London. What with the soldiers and the fortifications, it is hard to forget the late presence of the war in Metz. The buildings themselves wear their scars; and our very first view of the town, if we approach from the east by the ancient Porte des Allemands—or *Deutsche Thor*, as it is now called—shows us the new patches of the restorer upon the round, machicolated towers and the guardhouse over the moat. These same memorial walls bear marks of the shot fired by Charles V., in the sixteenth century. The Porte des Allemands is the most perfect and interesting of the mediæval remains in and around Metz. Like two or three others of the ancient city gates, it retains the machinery for raising the portcullis. Not far away stands the twelfth-century Church of St. Eucaire, a structure full or architectural interest. To the north are the great Arsenal, the Military Hospital, and the famous Polytechnic School for the education of engineers and artillery officers for the army. The handsome Synagogue in the Rue de l'Arsenal reminds us that the Jews of Metz have been a conspicuous element of its population for centuries. There were, before the war, more Jews, in proportion to the population, in Metz than in any other city of France.


THE PORTE DES ALLEMANDS (DEUTSCH THOR).

The picturesqueness of Metz lies in its lime-tree walks, in the grouping of the venerable buildings which line its narrow, winding streets, and in the bright glimpses obtained from the quaint bridges crossing its two rivers, which flow through the heart of the city, turning busy mills, and mirroring the shadows of historic walls.

The pleasantest outdoor spot is the Esplanade, occupying a corner of the walls, overlooking the great plain of the Moselle to the southwest, where the river enters the city. It is built up high above the banks of the stream, and covered with buildings and acacia-shaded walks. Here one may sit and listen to the music of the military band, while the eye roves over the plain, with its little hedgeless fields, its scattered willows and poplars, its winding streams glinting in the sunlight, and its encircling hills of misty blue—a lovely scene, with just a tinge of desolation and sadness in it.

The Quai Maréchal, familiarly called the Jews' Esplanade, is another picturesque promenade. The Place de la Comédie, where strolling players used to perform during the fairs, and where the guillotine stood in 1793, is full of interesting memories; but the adjacent Parisian restaurant, and the pretty Jardin d'Amour just opposite, are actualities more potent to attract the average tourist.

And this is characteristic of Metz: a place of sinister memories, mingled with pleasant frivolities; half French, half German, but not sincerely either the one or the other; a fair city, surrounded by frowning fortifications; too prosperous and practical to be melancholy, yet without the *esprit* to be genuinely gay.

NOSTRADAMUS AND HIS PROPHECIES.

By Lucy H. Hooper.

In these days, when spiritualism, mind-reading, clairvoyance, etc., are receiving thorough investigation, it is not uninteresting to turn to the noted astrologers and prophets of future events that flourished in past days. Amongst these the most famous, and certainly the most successful, was Michel Nostradamus, who rendered himself celebrated by predicting the moment and the manner of the death of King Henri II. of France.

He was born in 1503, in the little town of St. Rémi, in Provence. His father was a notary, his grandfather, Pierre de Nostradamus, having been physician to the Duke of Calabria, son of René le Bon, King of Navarre. He was educated at Avignon, and was afterward sent by his parents to Montpellier to study medicine. Having given proof of great science and self-devotion during the ravages of a dangerous epidemic in the south of France, he was created professor of the Faculty at Montpellier. He established himself at Agen, and afterward at Salon, near Aix. An outbreak of the plague in Provence gave him an opportunity of distinguishing himself afresh by his intrepid conduct and his medical science. The jealousy of his professional brethren forced him to retire to Salon, where he lived for some years in complete seclusion. He was fifty-two years old when he first gave his famous "Centuries" to the world. They attracted at once the attention of Catherine de Medicis, then Dauphiness of France, who called the famous astrologer to her Court, caused him to cast the horoscopes of the young princes, her sons, and loaded him with favors. He did not remain long at Court, withdrawing after a short visit there to his quiet home at Salon, where he was visited by the Duke of Savoy, to whom he imparted that famous prediction respecting the death of Henri II., which set the seal on his reputation, and which, but for the protection of the Queen, would have caused him to be burned alive as a sorcerer. The lines in question may be translated as follows: "The young lion will overcome the old one in a singular duel on the battlefield; will pierce his eyes in a cage of gold, then will die a cruel death." It will be remembered that Henri II. was killed by a lance-wound in the eye, dealt him by the Count de Montgomery in a friendly joust at a tournament; the "cage of gold" being interpreted as meaning the gilded bars of the King's helmet.

In 1564 Charles IX. paid Nostradamus the honor of a personal visit at his retreat at Salon, where, two years later, the most famous astrologer in modern history died, his tomb being shown to this day in the church of the Cordeliers. He left two sons, the eldest of whom, Cæsar, devoted himself to literary pursuits with much success. He achieved so brilliant a reputation that Louis XIII. created him one of his gentlemen of the bedchamber. The younger son, Michel, attempted to rival his father's reputation as a prophet of the future. Not succeeding in his predictions, he tried to bring one of them to pass in the following manner: He gave out that on a certain day the town of Le Pouzin would be destroyed by fire, and at the appointed time he endeavored to set fire to sundry of the prominent buildings. Being detected in the act, he was summarily put to death by the enraged citizens. He was the author of a treatise on astrology which has sometimes been attributed to his father.

It must be confessed that Nostradamus forms an imposing figure in the annals of astrology. The grave, learned, self-devoted physician, dwelling in studious retirement, though favored by a Queen and courted by princes, is a very different personage from such vulgar impostors as Mother Shipton, Dr. Dee and other charlatans, who pretended to foretell future events. The antique and peculiar tongue in which Nostradamus wrote has prevented much modern investigation of his prophecies. Not only is the French antiquated, but he has involved the meaning of his lines in obscure terms borrowed from the Latin and Greek, in both of which tongues he was a proficient. This he did, it is said, to avoid any future persecution of the nature of that which assailed him after the death of Henri II. A translation of his Centuries into modern French is now in contemplation. It is not, however, to be doubted that amongst his obscure and enigmatical verses are to be found predicted sundry of the great events in French history, such as the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the assassination of the Duke of Guise, the murder of Henri Quatre, the accession of Louis XIV., and the execution of Charles I. of England. Two very curious quatrains seem to refer directly to Louis XVI., and may be thus translated: The first declares that, "When a Bour—— shall be truly good, bearing in himself the marks of justice, bearing a long-descended name in his blood, he will receive his doom from swift injustice." The second runs as follows: "Too good time, too great royal goodness, making and unmaking, prompt, sudden negligence; lightly believing falsehoods against a loyal spouse, himself put to death by his own benevolence." Still more explicit is his description of the advent to power of Napoleon I. "A simple soldier will attain to empire, and from the short robe will attain to the long one in the worst days of the Church, being valiant at arms; and he will vex the priests as water does the sponge." Again he writes of "one who, bearing a name that never before was borne by a Gallic king, more terrible than ever was a thunderbolt, and before whom Italy, Spain and England trembled, and whose great love was given to foreign women—The foremost in Gaul, the foremost in Romanie;

on sea and land, to the English and to Paris, made marvelous by great feats, violent pugnations, will lose the *Norlaris.*" This last word is an enigmatical term often employed by Nostradamus, and seeming to signify power.

Looking over whole pages of obscure verses, we suddenly come upon the following, which is curious: "Nephew and blood of the consecrated newcomer, his weapons sustained and himself covered by his surname, will be driven out to die, and the green will be changed to red and black." (It may be remembered that green is the Imperial color of the Bonapartes.) "The Empire will arise in Germany, and the Ishmaelites will find the places open to them."

In another place we read: "A golden flame will be seen extending from earth to heaven, and, wonderful to relate, many men will be slain. The nephew of the great man, taken prisoner, will escape this spectacle of death."

One of the most curious and explicit of the earlier prophecies is that referring to the Noyades at Nantes, during the Terror. It runs as follows: "The chiefs of the rebellious city, strongly sustaining the cause of liberty, will massacre the people in woful throngs. Then will Nantes be filled with piteous shrieks and cries."

Almost equally singular is the following: "An Emperor will be born near Italy, who will cost the country dear, and the nations that he calls around him will find him less a prince than a butcher. The unhappy and wretched Republic will be devastated by a new ruler; thus great numbers will be sent into a baleful exile."

The earliest existing edition of the "Prophecies of Nostradamus" bears date 1566. There were two earlier ones: the first published in 1555, and the second in 1558; but of these no copies are extant. There was formerly in the National Library of Paris, a copy said to be of the latter date, but it was afterward discovered to belong to the later edition. The work is divided into two parts. The first comprises the Epistle to Cæsar and "seven" so called Centuries; these Centuries being nothing more or less than groups or divisions of a hundred verses each. The second part includes the Epistle to Henri II., and the three concluding Centuries. There is no chronological order whatever preserved amongst these obscure rhyming prophecies. Verses referring to Catherine de Medicis, or Henri of Guise, are to be found side by side with others which have been interpreted as containing prophetic mention of events during the first Revolution, or of the reign of Napoleon. So obscure and involved is the style of these quatrains and so antiquated is the language, that it is a hard matter for a foreigner to translate any one of them into modern French, to say nothing of respectable English.

The volume from which I have taken these facts concerning Nostradamus was published in 1840, and has long been out of print. In a supplementary chapter, the author has collected together a number of curious predictions respecting France. Most of them referred to events that had taken place before the book was compiled, so may be dismissed as possessing but little interest. But what are we to think of this prediction, by Mlle. Lenormant, first published in 1817? Thus writes the modern prophetess: "If the fury of anarchy again breaks out amongst us, I shudder in meditating upon the curses that will descend upon my unhappy country. Paris, above all, will undergo the most terrible of fates, for it is written that the fires of heaven will aid the fury of her enemies. Warriors, women, children, old women, all, without exception, will perish by the sword. The Parisian himself, his breast filled with wrath and with despair, his soul filled with the example shown us by the Muscovite, will aid with furious hands the efforts of the barbarians bent upon the city's ruin, and flaming torches will be applied to the roofs of the houses. Soon Paris will present the aspect of a vast furnace. The bridges will crumble on their shattered arches. The palace of our kings itself will cover earth with its ruins. Mansions, sapped in their foundations, will be devoured by the flames, and will fall, burying their inhabitants under their smoking ruins. The cries of the expiring victims in the agonies of death will pierce the ears of those who have escaped from the terrible conflagration and who tremble lest they become involved in a similar fate. Oh, Frenchmen of all ranks, and of all ages, consider well these terrible predictions!"

Let me again call attention to the fact that the work containing the above was published in 1840, thirty years before the Commune was so much as dreamed of.

The writer, also, refers to a prediction made by Olivarius, in 1542: "In Lutetia, the Seine, reddened with blood, the effect of mighty combats, will widen its bed by ruin and mortality. New seditions of the malevolent plebeians. They will be driven forth from the palace of the kings by the valiant man. After these events Gaul will be declared by all the peoples the great Mother Nation. And he, saving the ancient remains of the old blood of the Capets, will regulate the destinies of the world; will make himself the sovereign counsellor of old nations and all peoples; will sow endless fruit and then will die."

It is noteworthy that all the prophecies include a period no further advanced than that immediately succeeding the foundation of the Third Republic. Can it be that France is about to enter, or, rather, has already entered, upon a period of such peace and calm that her history will cease to afford thrilling incidents for the pen of the historian or the imagination of the fortune-teller?

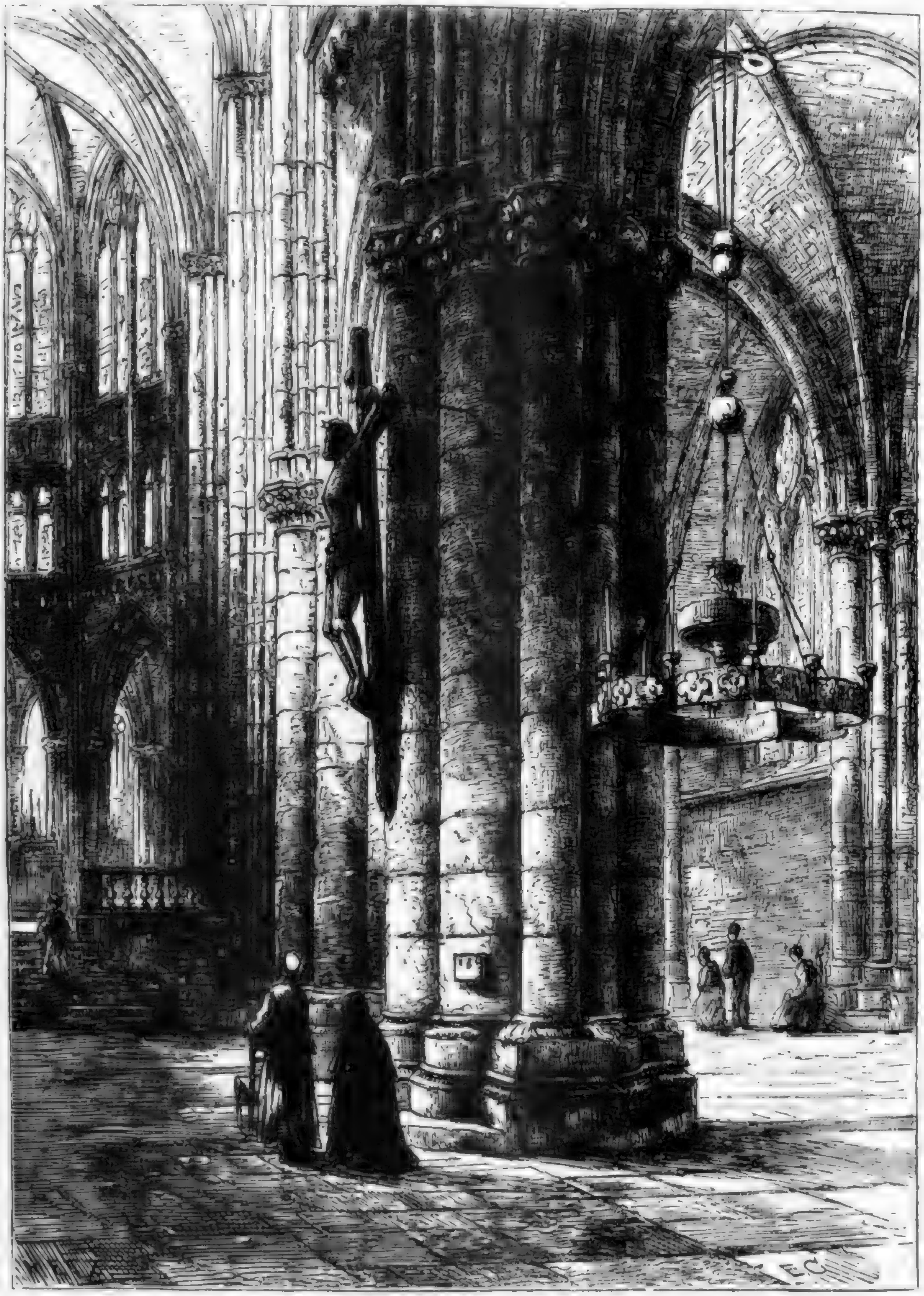
ASPARAGUS.

No VEGETABLE is at the same time so fruitful of delight and so innocuous as asparagus—the *Asparagus sativus* of botanists, and "the grass" or "sparrow-grass" of the London fruiterers. The only discordant note that disturbs the music of its harmonious story comes from the controversy whether its tender heads should be dressed with oil or butter. Fontenelle and the Abbé Terrasson were close friends to the last; but to the last they differed on this important point, Fontenelle insisting on oil, and Terrasson declaring no less firmly for butter. One day the abbé dropped in to dine with the poet, when the latter had just received a superb basket of asparagus. With proper regard for his friend's taste, and a noble sacrifice of his own feelings, the poet ordered his cook to dress one-half of the asparagus with butter, and the rest with oil. This direction having been given, the friends composed themselves for chat till the repast should be served. Half-an-hour later, when the abbé was in the act of uttering a pleasantry, he fell back in his chair, and died instantly of a stroke of apoplexy. With admirable presence of mind, before he dispatched his valet for a physician, Fontenelle opened the door of his cabinet and called to his cook, "*Tout à l'huile maintenant; tout à l'huile*"—"All with oil, now; all with oil."

Fontenelle and the advocates of oil had ancient usage on their side. Terrasson was the champion of a novelty. In Elizabethan England asparagus, when served separately, was always dressed with oil.

XUM

In "The Herbal," John Gerarde says of this vegetable, "It is named asparagus, of the excellency, because asparagi doth properly signify the first spring or sprout of every plant, especially when it is tender, and before it do grow into a hard stalk, as are the buds, or young springs of wild vine or hops, or such like." Gerarde goes on to say, "The first sprouts and tender shoots hereof be oftentimes sodden in flesh-broth and eaten ; or, boiled in faire water, and seasoned with oile, vinegar and pepper, they are served as a salad." But such large asparagus, with thick, stringy stalks, and heads bigger than filbert-nuts, as is nowadays sold in every fruiterer's shop during the season for the vegetable—was unknown in Elizabethan times. "Manured or garden sperage," says Gerarde, "hath at its first rising out of the ground thicke, tender shoots, very soft and brittle, of the thicknesse of



METZ: ITS MONUMENTS AND MEMORIES.—INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.—SEE PAGE 39.

the greatest swan's quill, in taste like the green bean, have at top a certain scaly, soft bud."

And so long as the finest asparagus sticks were no larger than swans' quills, our ancestors ate the stalks (*green* in those days) as well as the heads of the tender vegetable.

The practice of setting asparagus deep in the soil of highly earthed beds, and subsequently covering the beds with dry litter—a practice which, without improving the flavor, changed so greatly the outward appearance of the growth—became general in the early years of the eighteenth century. The date of this horticultural change can be fixed with sufficient exactness by some pleasant anecdotes.

Smarting under adverse circumstances and real or imaginary indignities, which wrought permanent injury to his moral nature, young Jonathan Swift was acting as Sir William Temple's private secretary when he encountered William III. at Moorpark. Whilst Sir William was confined to his bed with gout, the sovereign inspected his host's beautiful gardens, and graciously taught the poor scholar, who officiated as his guide round the grounds, "how to cut asparagus in the Dutch way." Swift had occasion also to see the King eat asparagus.

ELSA IN ELDERLAND.—"THE KING PUT ON A LARGE PAIR OF SPECTACLES." SEE NEXT PAGE.

More than half a century had passed since this meeting of the great King and the great humorist, and Swift, who died in 1745, was lying in his grave in St. Patrick's Cathedral when Leland, the historian, and George Faulkner, the Dublin alderman, met at a dinner-table where the talk turned on the famous dean. During this gossip Faulkner, who had repeatedly printed and published for Swift, recalled an occasion when he had dined at the dean's table in his deanery. The publisher having been detained for some time at the deanery on business connected with some proof-sheets, the man of letters had pressed him to dine with him *tête-à-tête*. Asparagus was one of the vegetables at the repast; and when the guest asked for a second helping of the fare, the host, pointing to the applicant's plate, observed:

"Sir, first finish what you have on your plate."

"What, sir," answered the man of business, "eat my stalks?"

"Ay, sir," the dean responded, in his most imperious manner; "eat your stalks, or you will have no more. King William always ate his stalks."

Whereupon the man of business, yielding to a will stronger than his own, ate his stalks submissively, whilst his cynical host, doubtless, chuckled secretly at another exhibition of a free man's servility.

"And George," exclaimed Leland, with astonishment, when Faulkner had given this illustration of Swift's insolence and his own meekness, "what! were you really blockhead enough to obey him?"

"Yes," Faulkner replied, bridling up and flushing, angrily; "and, doctor, if you had dined with Dean Swift *tête-à-tête*, faith, you would have been obliged to eat your stalks, too!"

Sir Walter Scott tripped in saying that William III. taught Swift "how to eat the vegetables with Dutch economy," implying thereby that the slender, green stalks eaten by the King were no daintier meat than such thick, stringy stalks as the novelist's readers habitually put aside. The fact is, whilst little inferior in texture, the lower part, the green stalk, is even superior in flavor to the head of the vegetables, when grown in the old fashion. A chronic invalid, always under medical care, even when he fought his battles, William of Orange was not likely to load his stomach with a lot of indigestible white stalks. But new horticulture had made asparagus-stalks uneatable, before a load of them was forced down his obsequious publisher's throat by the whimsical misanthrope, whose biography abounds with instances of the morbid delight he took in putting outrageous affronts on his social inferiors, and seeing to what depths of self-humiliation he could goad them.

The literature of gastronomy affords, at least, a score of apocryphal, and extremely improbable asparagus stories, which make fun of persons who were so simple as to imagine that the white stalks were the eatable part of a dish of asparagus. One tells how "a wag" (that supreme social nuisance of our Georgian period), sitting down with a "countryman" to a plate of asparagus, said, "Come, I am not hungry, so I'll cut, and you shall choose," dividing with his knife, as he spoke, the heads from the stalks. Of course the simple and greedy "countryman" seized the larger portion. Another tells how a bundle of the new (!) vegetable was sent in George III.'s time from London to a "country" lady, who was cautioned in a note to "cut off the heads and throw away what was uneatable." Misconstruing the instructions, the old-fashioned matron threw away the heads, and nearly killed herself by eating the stalks. A third anecdote certifies that a worthy woman of the same recent period, living in the heart of Somersetshire, chopped up several pounds of the stringy stalks, dressed them with melted butter and pepper, and then, having eaten them, observed that "she did not think much of the *new*

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vegetable." The originators of such tales were ignorant of the plant's history. A vegetable, commonly grown in Elizabethan gardens, can have been no novelty to the rudest housekeepers of Georgian times. It is not likely that "country" people were less ignorant of the "grass" than town-folk. And even whilst the modern way of growing in it was a novelty, the rustic gormand cannot have needed instruction that the green head was more agreeable than the white stalk.

Far different from these foolish anecdotes is the story told by Brillat-Savarin of the asparagus that raised its head once upon a time in the garden of Monseigneur Courtois de Quincey, Bishop of Belley. The bishop was extremely fond of the vegetable, and evinced significant delight on hearing that a head of unusual size had appeared just above the surface of his asparagus-bed. To ascertain the truth of the news, the right reverend monseigneur hastened, with a party of familiar friends, to the spot where this marvel could be seen. The report was true. The delicately painted and shining head was wonderfully large. A new animation pervaded the bishop's residence. His superb head of asparagus was the talk of all Belley and the surrounding country. Day after day he visited it with his guests, marking its gradual ascent from the bed. At last the moment arrived when, in the presence of a dozen agitated spectators, the bishop, knife in hand, stooped and put the blade's edge to the delicate production. Alas! the knife could not cut it. The vegetable was a thing of wood, which some malicious mechanician had carved, painted and planted. Amongst the witnesses of this comical scene was the Canon Rosset, the irrepressible smile of whose humorous face betrayed that he was the perpetrator of the jest. After the lapse of two generations this ludicrous incident afforded a Parisian confectioner the suggestion for those imitations of asparagus, in cream-ice and water-ice, that are sometimes served at dinner-tables.

WHEN TO FELL AN OAK.

A TREE with only ten feet of timber in it may have quite done growing, while another of five times the contents may be putting on a great bulk of wood every season.

A "ripe" tree has always a "stodgy" appearance, especially about the topmost branches, among which small leafless twigs will begin to show themselves. If the work of selecting trees for felling be left to subordinates, the biggest, not the ripest, trees will generally be chosen. But this involves very serious loss; for the larger a tree is the more wood it will put on every year, if it is still "growing"; and, since an oak is usually not timber at all until it is twenty-five or thirty years old, every additional year's growth, up to fifty or sixty years of its age, ought to be reckoned as containing two years of its entire increase.

THE PIECES IN CHESS.

RECKONING the pawn as unity, Staunton's valuation of the other pieces is: knight, 3.05; bishop, 3.5; rook, 5.48; and queen, 9.94. A recent mathematical investigation, based on the chances of "safe" check—that is, check where the attacking piece cannot be taken by the adverse king—gives slightly different values—namely, knight, 3; bishop, 3.25; rook, 6; and queen, 9.25. In this list the pawn is not rated, owing to its value depending so much on its power of "queening."

ELSA IN ELDER-LAND.

A FAIRY STORY.

By JULIA GODDARD.

I.

"IT'S the time of roses! It's the time of elder-flowers. How white and cool they are!" said Elsa.

Suddenly she heard a voice singing:

"Keep close beside me, little maid;
Hold my hand, don't be afraid."

"But I can't see you," said Elsa; "and I can't tell where your hand is."

"Here."

And Elsa felt a hand grasping hers.

"Raise the latch, open tree,
Let in Elsa, let in me,"

said the voice.

How large the elder-tree had grown! and there was a door in it; and when the door opened Elsa saw a staircase of smooth, white wood, and the scent of elder-flowers rose up around her.

"Mount up," said the voice; and Elsa ascended the stairs. She could hear the footsteps of her guide coming behind her; but she could not see any one. Sometimes the hand patted her on the shoulder, and the voice occasionally made a remark. Elsa felt a little giddy, for it was a spiral staircase, winding inside the trunk of the tree. There were loopholes here and there, but they were too much shaded by elder-blossoms for Elsa to be able to see out of them.

"Quite a corkscrew," said the voice; "but not one that we use for our bottles."

Elsa said "Oh," for her head was beginning to get confused with going round and round; but still she had sense enough left to know that the staircase was not adapted for opening bottles.

"When shall we get to the top of the tree?" she asked.

"We sha'n't get there at all. At least, we sha'n't stop there, for we have passed it long ago; we are now, if you wish to know, mounting a shoot that reaches to Elder-Land."

Elsa walked on a few steps more, then she cried out: "I am falling! I am falling!"

II.

BUT she was not falling; another door had suddenly opened, and she found herself out in the open air in a great forest. The trees were of a height that it made her dizzy to look at; stately avenues branched off in all directions, with paths diverging from them. All the trees were of the same foliage—delicate green leaves with masses of white blossom.

"Why, they are all elder-trees, and this must be Elder-Land," said Elsa, almost in a whisper. Yet though she thought she was but whispering, her voice sounded loud and harsh, quite unlike its usual sound; and it echoed through the avenues and rebounded from tree to tree until she was almost deafened, and wished she had not spoken.

Other people must have heard it, too, for, as if in answer to it, there came a loud clattering noise, as of the smashing of teacups and saucers, and the rattling of many tin trays against each other.

"And what if it is? And what need is there for you to mention it? And, pray, what brought you here?"

And a queer-looking figure stood before her with a china bowl on his head, and a cup and saucer in each hand. He had on a large white apron, and the pocket was stuffed full of elder-blossoms.

"Pray, what right have you here disturbing the King of Elder-Land, just when the elder-flowers are coming to their full beauty, and the least accident may blight them?"

"I couldn't help coming," said Elsa; "I didn't come of my own accord?"

"Who brought you, then? Who showed you the way to our dominions? Describe him, and he shall be hunted out and punished. What was he like?"

"I can't tell, for I did not see him."

"That is nonsense. How could he show you the way if you did not see him? You are not speaking the truth. It is a plot to ruin the elder crop. You are a base conspirator."

Elsa began to cry. She did not know what a base conspirator was, but she thought it must be something very bad, for the sprite shook his head so energetically that the china bowl fell off and broke into a thousand pieces.

"That is your fault, too," said the sprite, dashing the teacups and saucers on the ground, also.

"Oh—oh—oh—oh!" cried Elsa. "I didn't do it; I didn't do it."

"You made me do it, which is just the same," returned the sprite. "If you had not been a base conspirator the bowl would have staid on my head. Now you must come before the King, and I have no doubt he will put you in prison, or, perhaps, have you hanged."

And the sprite took Elsa by the arm, and dragged her along. As he did so, the voice whispered to her:

"You should not have spoken until you heard me speak, and then this would not have happened."

III.

The King was sitting in a bower of elder-bushes. There was a table before him, on which was a great bunch of elder-flowers at one end and a pile of elderberries at the other. In the centre was an hour-glass. The King was looking anxiously at it, for the sand had stopped running. He spoke, sadly:

"The sand stopped at the cry,
Oh why, oh why, oh why?
The elder flowers will die,
Say I, say I, say I."

"Not if your Majesty will punish the offender. I caught her, I've brought her; and if your Majesty does as your Majesty ought to, you will hang her up to the highest tree there is in Elder-Land," said the sprite, dragging Elsa to the table.

The King put on a large pair of spectacles, and when he had fixed them to his satisfaction he looked at her, and said:

"Is this she that I see
Who came up the elder-tree,
Stealing into our dominions
As if she had fairy pinions?
And the china bowl she broke,
And to mend it is no joke;
Caused the teacups to be smashed
As upon the ground they dashed.
Yes, most certain 'tis that she
Base conspirator must be."

Elsa would have spoken, but the King waved his hand to his guards saying:

"Take her away, take her away,
In the deepest dungeon she shall stay
Until the china bowl she pieces;
When this is done her punishment ceases."

"The teacups must also be mended," added the King, in prose.

So Elsa was shut up in a dungeon under the palace, with a pitcher of milk, a loaf of bread, a heap of straw, and the pieces of the bowl and the teacups.

It was all very wrong and very unjust, thought Elsa; but what could she do? She would be obliged to stay there for ever and ever, for she could never mend the broken china. It all came of going up corkscrew staircases.

IV.

Elsa sat down on the heap of straw, and looked gloomily at the broken bowl. Then, feeling very hungry and thirsty, she thought she would have some milk and bread.

But just as she was raising the pitcher to her lips she heard a disconsolate mew, and a large white cat put its paw upon her arm.

"Elsa," said the cat, "I have four beautiful kittens dying for the want of milk; will you not give them a little?"

Now Elsa was very fond of cats and kittens, so she said "Yes," at once.

The cat rubbed her face against Elsa's cheek, and then ran away for her kittens. Elsa poured some milk into part of one of the saucers for them. The kittens lapped it up, greedily; and she gave them more and more, they seemed to enjoy it so much, until not a drop was left.

Then the cat and her kittens frisked round Elsa several times, and disappeared.

"As the milk has gone, I must eat the bread without," said Elsa, breaking off a piece of the loaf, which she was just going to eat, when a low whine at her feet made her look down. There lay a miserable-looking dog.

"Poor fellow, poor fellow!" said Elsa, patting him; "are you hungry?"

"I've not tasted food for a fortnight," answered the unfortunate dog.

Elsa's heart was touched at once.

"I'm shut up because some one else has broken the King's pipe," said the dog; "it's very unjust."

"I'm shut up unjustly, too," said Elsa, as she began to feed the dog. He was, indeed, hungry, and she fed him until all the loaf had disappeared and there was none left for herself.

It had certainly done him good, for he looked quite strong and well now, and he licked Elsa's hand many times before he went away.

"Well, I've neither milk nor bread now," said Elsa, "so I may as well go to sleep, for I am very tired."

But no sooner had she lain herself down than she heard a feeble voice calling to her:

"Elsa, Elsa, I have been sleeping on the stones for a week, and I am so cold. Do let me lie on part of your straw."

Elsa opened her eyes, and beside her stood a pale, forlorn-looking child, clothed in rags, and looking so hungry that Elsa wished she had had a little bit of bread left to give her.

As she had not, she did the best she could and made room for the child, giving her the best part of the bed.

The child soon fell fast asleep, and Elsa felt herself gradually pushed off the straw out on the stone floor. But she was so tired that she soon fell into a deep slumber.

Was she dreaming or was she awake?

V.

There was a great lamp hanging up in the dungeon that gave as much light as the sun, and the cat, the kittens, the dog, and the child were seated at the table,

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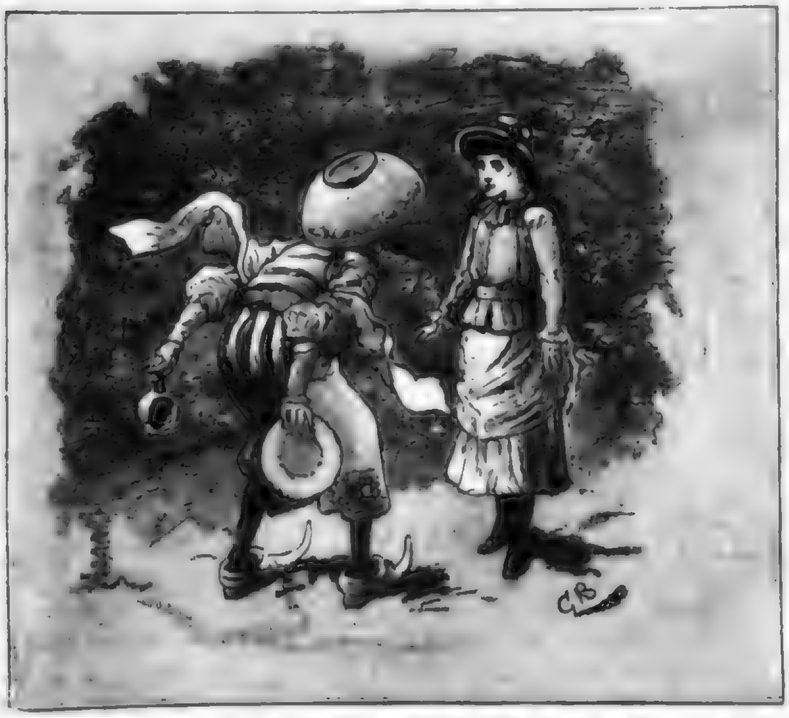


ELSA IN ELDER-LAND.—"A QUEER-LOOKING FIGURE STOOD BEFORE HER."

busily at work piecing the bowl and the teacups. The young kittens were quite amused with finding the pieces, and once or twice laughed merrily.

But the child put her finger on her lips and said:

"Hush! do not disturb her; she is very tired."

"And very hungry," said the dog; "we have eaten all her supper."

Elsa watched, eagerly. She could not be asleep, as she could see the child fitting in the pieces of the china bowl, and then the dog licked them, which seemed to fasten them together.

Suddenly the child looked round and said, "She is awake."

Then the light went out, and Elsa was left in the darkness. When she awoke the next morning she looked about for the child, but the child was not there.

She looked at the ceiling, but there was no lamp there; she glanced at the table, and, behold! there stood the china bowl and the teacups and saucers, all neatly mended, with no cracks in them.

Elsa sprang up; she examined them; she rubbed her eyes; she exclaimed:

"They did it, they did it, and it was not a dream!"

VI.

No, IT was not a dream; the cups and bowl were mended.

"Kindness always, little maid,
Should by kindness be repaid;
Dog and cat, and kittens too,
Willingly have worked for you;
Prison doors shall open be
And we all shall soon be free."

It was the child who spoke. She no longer looked pale and thin, but was plump and rosy, and was clad in a silken robe. She took Elsa by the hand.

"I brought you to Elder-Land; so I will take you home again."

"Were you the voice?"

"Yes. I ought to have told you not to speak until I told you. However, it has all come right, and you have seen Elder-Land," the child said.

"But not very pleasantly," said Elsa.

"Wait till you get out of the dungeon," said the child.

And when Elsa came into the open air, she felt that it was very beautiful to be in Elder-Land and see the giant elder-trees that the King took so much care of. And then the King and Queen and all their train rode forth on white steeds, saddled and bridled with gold.

And when they had passed by, the child led Elsa through the forest to the spiral staircase, for, of course, Elsa could not have found it herself.

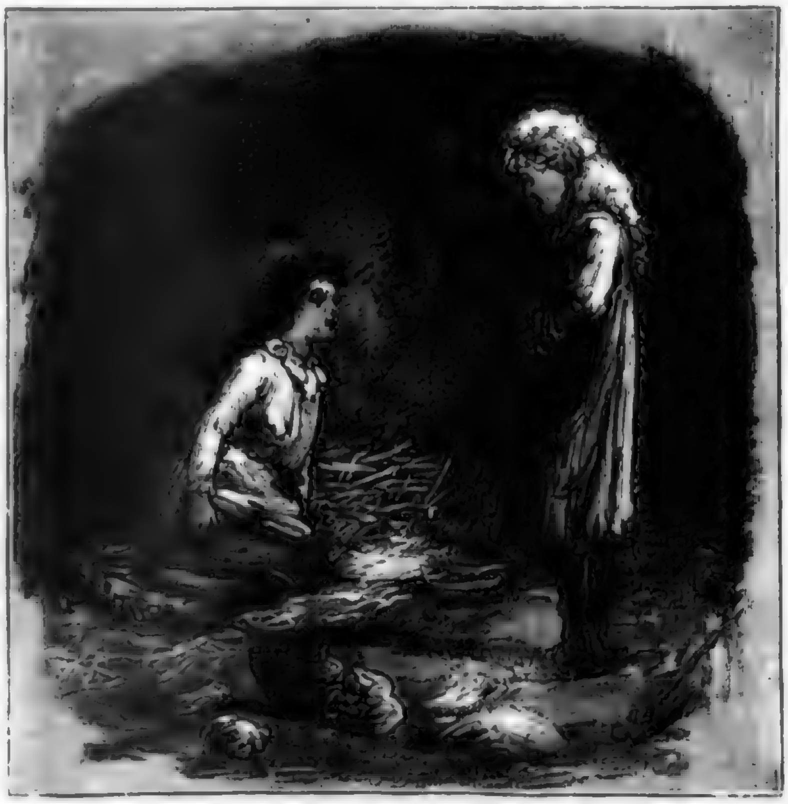
Going down was quicker work than coming up, and when she stepped out on the green sward, she found the roses blooming and the elder-flowers looking like ivory in the moonlight.

She turned to speak to the child, but the child was not there, and the elder-bush had shrunk into its usual size, and there was no trace of a door to be seen.

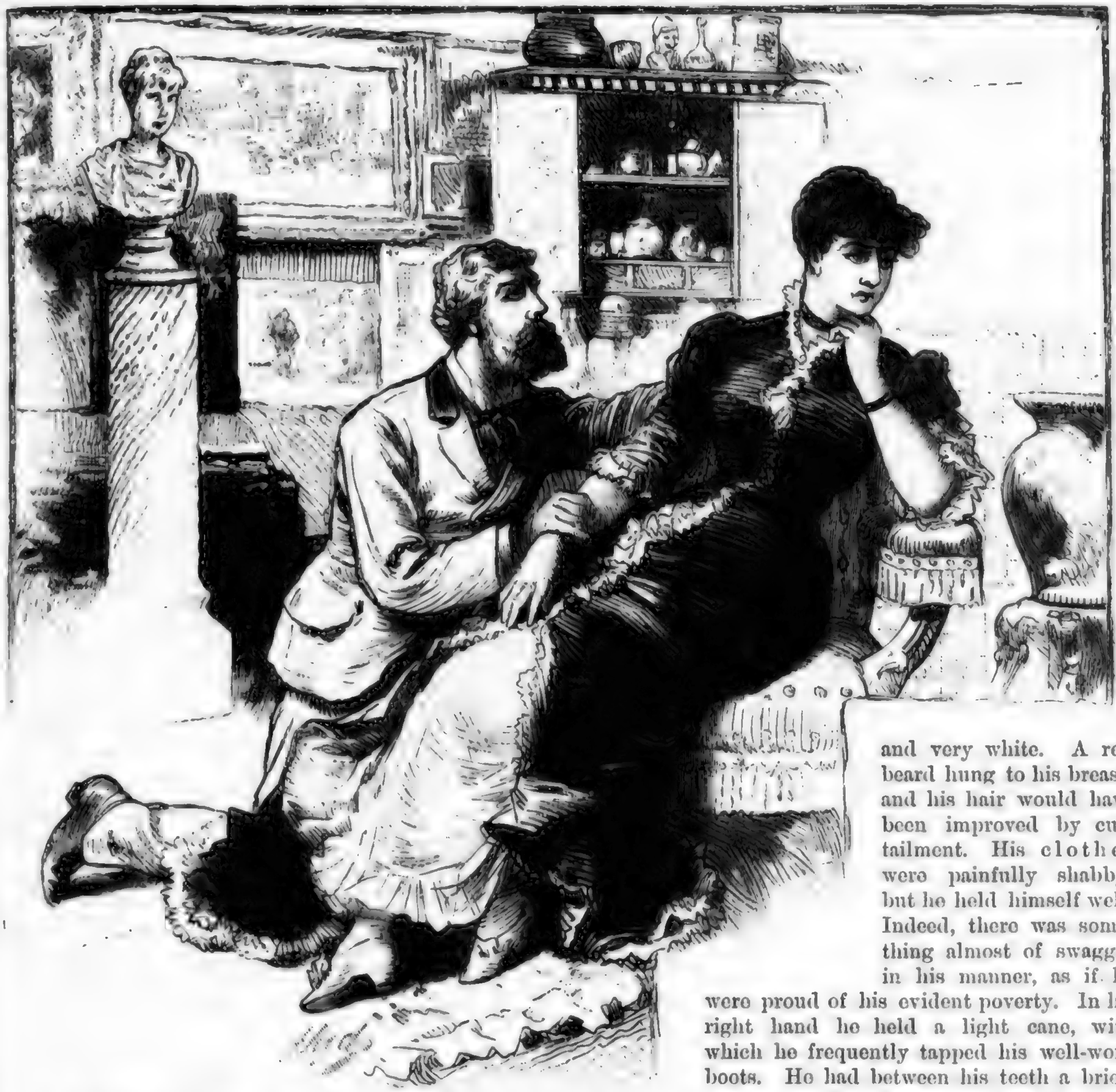
"And I never thanked her," said Elsa, softly; "I suppose she was a fairy; she must have been one."

IF you will remember that each of these large, torpid flies who emerges from the crypt behind a window-sash, or the dust-heap in the back of a book-case, may lay 2,000 eggs, that in less than six weeks these eggs may represent 2,000 flies, you see the importance of putting him out of the way.

GENUINE comedy—the true tickling scene, exquisite absurdity, soul-rejoicing incongruity—has really nothing to do with types, prevailing fashions, and such like vulgarities. Sir Andrew Aguecheek is not a typical fool; he *is* a fool, seised in fee simple of his folly.



"BESIDE HER STOOD A PALE, FORLORN-LOOKING CHILD."



A WOMAN'S JEALOUSY.—"FALLING BESIDE HER ON HIS KNEES, HE CRIED: 'STELLA, HAVE PITY!'"

A WOMAN'S JEALOUSY.

By Philip Bourke Marston.

"It was just the day for the Derby." So every one said who took any interest at all in the great national horse-race. "There was a breeze; not so much breeze, but just breeze enough." The sun shone through a soft, transparent mist, and early in the morning a brisk shower had cleared the roads of dust without making them in the least heavy.

I have no intention of describing the Derby, for has not that been done by Dickens and Thackeray down to a whole host of nobodies? Pretty and prettily dressed women gave charm and animation to the scene. They seemed happy as butterflies flashing in the sun, and most of the men there seemed cheerful, whether they were or not.

One man, however, formed a noticeable exception. He was, probably, about thirty-five. His clear-cut face was deeply seamed, and his large, gray eyes had in them, as it were, the relics of what may once have been a devil-may-care kind of look. His hands were long and slender, and very white. A red beard hung to his breast, and his hair would have been improved by curtailment. His clothes were painfully shabby, but he held himself well. Indeed, there was something almost of swagger in his manner, as if he were proud of his evident poverty. In his right hand he held a light cane, with which he frequently tapped his well-worn boots. He had between his teeth a brier-root pipe which he smoked steadily. Occasionally he produced from the side-pocket of his coat—it had been a good coat once—a flask, from which he drank, saying, "I need it to-day, if never in my life before." Then he would muse to himself, "The favorite scarcely ever *does* win, but I think he must this time. Harlington thinks he will beat, and Harlington is a knowing hand about horses."

Just then a young man with eyeglass fixed in eye, as well dressed as the other was ill attired, came up behind him, and, slapping him on the shoulder, accosted him with:

"Well, old man, fallen into a reverie! A penny for your thoughts; the same as mine, I suppose—centred upon our friend the Flying Dutchman?"

"Your shrewdness does you credit."

"I thought you would say so. But knock that horrid pipe out, and have a cigar. You'll look twice as respectable then."

"I don't care whether I do or not."

"No; but I do."

"All right, then; I'll oblige you. Anything for a quiet life."

"I shall be surprised if Quicksilver, our enemy, licks

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the Dutchman," went on the other, whose name was Harlington; "good action, plenty of go, but no staying power, and then she isn't suited to his man. Arnold is a good, bold rider, but in all his horsemanship there isn't one grain of *finesse.* Now, Quicksilver wants harboring; but Arnold will let him go, and trust to his doing it with a rush. Well, I couldn't give you better earnest of my opinion than by doing it myself, as I have advised you to do; not to speak of lending you fifty to pay your man with till you have sold your last. I told you at the time, you know, I thought it a mad proceeding on your part."

"Perhaps it is," assented the other; "but, as I told *you* at the time, I am in debt all round, and all the betting men say the result of the race seems a foregone conclusion."

"I know," responded Harlington. "Still you can't always put your faith in betting gents any more than you can in gents who write reviews for the Press, but we will hope for the best, and I'm in the same boat with you, as you know, if that's any comfort. I know if one is laid up with some beastly complaint, it always comforts one to think that the man in the next house is suffering from the same malady; but the worst of this is, if the Flying Dutchman plays us false, it will mean some retrenchment on my part. Maud will have to do with fewer dresses, but it seems to me from what you tell me, it will about knock you into a cocked hat. Suppose that is so, what are you going to do?"

"Oh, I don't know; go to the deuce."

"Oh, you've done that already. Well, but seriously, what *are* you going to do?"

"Well, as seriously as you like, I haven't the faintest idea. I wish I had back all the money I have spent on hansoms and champagne. We came of an extravagant stock. My father shot himself dead because he couldn't meet his creditors. My grandfather was wiser in his generation. *He* gave them the slip and got away to America, but he had more to go with than I should have. I sold and sold and sold, and always thought that when it came very near the end something would turn up, but nothing showed the faintest sign of moving. You see the market is so confoundedly overstocked, and there are so many much better men than I in it vending their brains, that I have scarcely a chance, and quite right, too. When I go into a fruit-market, I go at once to the man who will give me the best for my money. I never got on well with Latin and Greek at Oxford, and, as for mathematics, I was out of that altogether, so I'm not much good by way of a tutor. Then I tried my hand at reviewing, being introduced to the editor of *The St. George's.* I thought what I wrote uncommonly smart, but he wrote back to say he was sorry to have troubled me for nothing. He wanted a more French style of criticism; so there you are, you see."

"Yes," rejoined his friend, flicking the ash off his cigar; "it is true, 'there you are.' But put your trust in Flying Dutch, and he will pull you through. Come, it is time we should be taking our places." And they made their way to the stand where they had secured their seats. "I hope it won't come down and let us all through."

"Shouldn't much mind if it did."

"No, I don't suppose you would, but I should. I haven't spent my money on riotous living."

"No, you are too careful even to have been jolly," responded his friend Jack Maythorp.

"Oh, I don't know; I haven't drunk champagne before breakfast, and my cigars have not been from the swellest crops. I have not given fair ladies expensive dinners, nor done the same thing in a house which I bought at a high figure to occupy wholly myself, nor bought pictures to hang on the walls; but, in spite of these cruel privations, I have been as jolly as I wish to be, and my pals have, I hope, had many a jolly night at my chambers, though the supper did not run to very much; mostly a couple of cold chickens and cheese, and for drink, Bass, or a modest, unassuming claret."

To which responded Maythorp, with an attempt at gayety:

> "'Come, then, let come what may,
> I shall have had my day.'"

"As you like it,' said Harlington; "but, really, what about that confounded house? It is much too big for you and the Missus and the small boy. I should have thought you would have let it long ago."

"Can't afford the cash to do it up; it's all gone to pieces lately for the same reason."

"Let it on a repairing lease, then."

"Should get scarcely anything for it, and at least we do live there rent free."

"Sell it, then."

"House property in that part of London goes for very little. It's so remote. There is a house next door to mine with a board on it saying it was to be sold, and it has been in that forlorn condition for, I should say, at least a year. I like the neighborhood because it is quiet, but I suppose most people are not so susceptible to noise as I am."

"Yet it seems," said Harlington, "as if something ought to be done with the house."

"Yes," mused Maythorp, "something must be done with the house."

Then they sat still, hearing all round them a very sea of voices. All round them, below them, every spot where people could stand or sit was jammed. At length the time came, and amid a deafening roar the horses started. The air was stormed with cries of "Dutchman! Dutchman! Quicksilver! Quicksilver! Quicksilver!"

The two friends rose and shouted for the favorite, as if he were their good angel, and must respond to their entreaties. It was not long before he got away from the rest, then the shouting ceased and the suspense became as dumb as an infinite despair. Maythorp heard his heart beat distinctly. The Flying Dutchman held on his course, resistless as fate, and it seemed to Maythorp the victory was already achieved; but Harlington was alarmed to see Quicksilver held in, as firmly as if his rider had overheard and benefited by Harlington's remarks. Suddenly Arnold called upon his horse, who answered nobly, and with a rush like a whirlwind joined the Dutchman. For a minute the contest between the two was desperate, and a very frenzy of shouting burst forth on all sides. Quicksilver led, as it were flying over the ground. It would have been impossible to have kept up such a pace but Arnold had harbored his horse's strength, as Harlington had anticipated he would not do, and it was but a short distance now to the goal. The favorite made a gallant but fruitless effort, and midst a thunder of shouts Quicksilver came in by a half a neck.

"By George, what a beat!" said Harlington, "I never did see a horse go like that. Nothing could stand against it for a little while, but he nearly dropped when he got in. Two minutes more and he would have been out of it altogether, and then that brute Arnold did just as I thought he would not do, as if to spite us."

"No doubt he did," sneered Maythorp, who was surprisingly calm, "but come to the Eagle and let's have a drink."

"On condition that I stand."

"On condition that I stand."

"That shall be as you like, but I've got two sovereigns here, really."

"And you will need them."

"Well," said Maythorp, "if you put it in that way, as a matter of fact, I suppose I shall."

Then the two men walked away together, through the hot afternoon and all the buzz of the time. Harlington knew his friend was ruined, but, as most of our dear friends do, he believed that, catlike, he would fall on his feet.

"I suppose I may tell Maud?" he said. Maud was his sister. "She'll be awfully sorry to hear. What a lot of pretty women there are about to-day; it really quite bowls a fellow over. I wish I had the braining of Quicksilver. It would be a relief to one's feelings, though I must say that Arnold trotted him out A 1. I had no idea the man had it in him. Had I known, we might have been richer than we are just now. A fiver any good? Yours to command, if it is."

"No, thanks," replied Maythorp, taking a cigar from his friend's case. "It would be just like trying to get to the North Pole in a row-boat."

"I suppose it would be," answered Harlington, "and but for that I should make you swallow it on the spot."

With such like talk did the two friends beguile the time till the noted "Spread Eagle" was reached.

"Hang it!" said Harlington, "let us split a bottle of champagne together over this matter. I can stand it. They turn out their chops as well here as at any place I know."

Nothing loath, for he was hungry, Maythorp assented; and to all appearances they made quite a festival out of their failure. It was evening when they got back to London, and then Harlington said, if they never did such a thing again, they would go to the music-hall.

"All right," said Maythorp, "I am with you." And so they went. The place was crowded, many ladies with very golden hair being present, and not a few young men who with advantage might have withstood the pangs of thirst during the day.

The great song of the evening was one of those topical ditties in which our music-halls delight. Two stanzas, for no special cause, branded themselves dreadfully on Maythorp's memory. They were these:

"We're all so happy now, because we have a cow
And three acres of good land.
Happy, happy we, born beside the sea,
On this happy, happy English strand.

"We'd rather have some geese, or of piggy a good piece,
So that it all came round;
But happy, happy we, born beside the sea,
Born on this English, English ground."

The depressing entertainment over, the two separated, Harlington to go back to his sister, who kept house for him; and Maythorp to go back to his wife, who *played* at keeping house for him, though she loved him but too well, if jealousy be any sign of love. Maythorp loved his wife quite as much as she loved him, if, indeed, he did not love her better; but, while they were engaged, and separated, Stella being in attendance on a sick relative abroad, Maythorp became acquainted with the Harlingtons. He took to Maud Harlington at once—a dark-haired, bright-eyed little woman, who dressed pre-Raphaelitely and talked under her breath when much moved, and was altogether very sympathetic and very charming. He talked of Stella—his wife to be—and told Miss Harlington how lonely he was, she being away. She said how sorry she was, and wouldn't he come sometimes in the evening and have some music?"

"Yes, he liked music very much. Did she sing?"

"A little; not very well," a statement which he found subsequently to be scarcely consistent with truth; but the end of it was that he came in pretty frequently to the apartments rented by the Harlingtons, at South Kensington. Maythorp was no more in love with Maud Harlington than he was with her brother; but when Mrs. Maythorp to be came to know of the friendship, which, indeed, he had taken no pains to conceal, then trouble began between them, for she would have none of it. Now, Maythorp, who was even then beginning to feel the end of things near, had borrowed money from Harlington which he was not in any particular hurry to repay, and so kept on to brother and sister, writing his engaged wife that he loved her, and only her, which was quite the truth. For the time the fair lady—and she *was* a very fair lady—was pacified, and the two were married, he having promised never to see Miss Harlington again. But, alas! he did; and the worst of it was that she wrote him a letter, which he, like a fool, neglected to burn, and it fell into the hands of Mrs. Maythorp. I think all my readers can imagine what happened better than I can ever hope to describe it. Alas! what was the unfortunate man not? He was a liar, he was a coward, he was a dastard; he was the meanest thing crawling under God's sky; and then, when he was about to leave the room, she flung both her beautiful strong arms about his neck, and cried herself nearly blind upon his breast, after which, being very short of money, they went to a swell restaurant and had a champagne dinner. Alas! do many of us not know this kind of thing too well? I think most of you would have been in love with Mrs. Maythorp, could I paint her as I have seen her. She was about the average height, with a divinely shaped figure—her face if anything, was a trifle too pale, but beautifully cut. One of her admirers, a sculptor, told her she had just the mouth they were trying, but in vain, to give to their Venuses. This pleased her, for she liked, as most women do, to be worshiped. Her hair was brown, shot with gold. She wore it low upon the white, fair forehead, Her eyes were changeful in color, sometimes purely gray, at other times with such green lights flashing in them as a diver knows as he goes down under sea-water. She was one of those women who seem to make fragrant all the air about them. Could she but have known herself as other people knew her, she could never have been jealous. But, alas! she was.

Maythorp walked back that night to his house with a dreadful sense of everything being played out. His wife might get a post as governess, but he didn't believe she could do much in that way, educated though she was, if indeed she could find such a place. There were a few pounds, and then the end; and then he remembered, and sickened to remember, just as he was passing over London Bridge, and pondering the advisability of jumping into the water beneath:

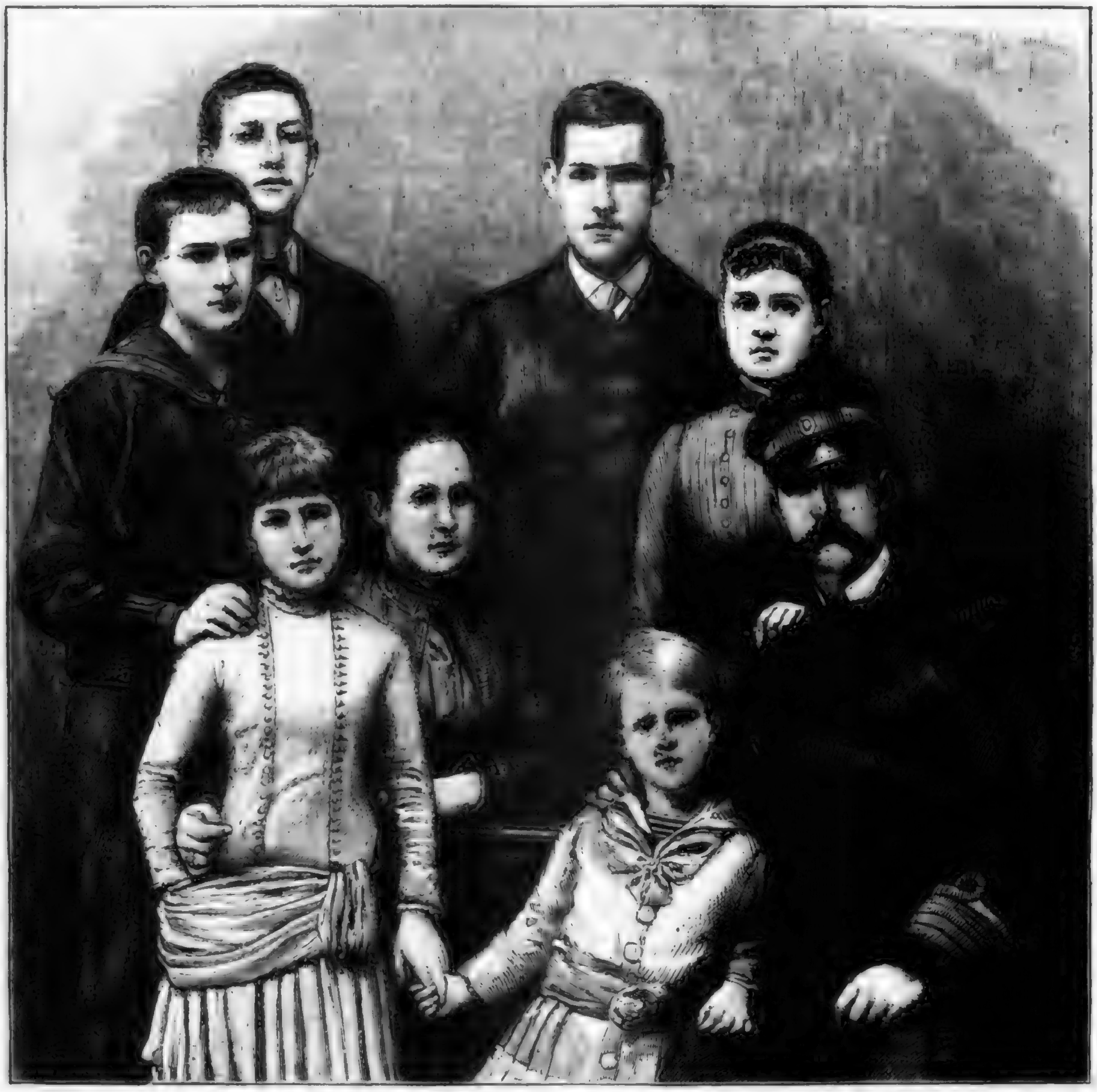
"We're all so happy now, because we have a cow
And three acres of good land.
Happy, happy we, born beside the sea,
On this happy, happy English strand."

There is always, or nearly always, a certain calm born of facing the worst, and this calm had in a measure come to him. Still, how should he break to his wife Stella the

XUM

dreadful news that they were ruined? He could not tell the whole extent of it at once. He must cast about to see if nothing could be done. Meanwhile she must visit some relatives in the country, the servants must be discharged, and he depend on the tender mercies of cheap French restaurants to get along as best he could.

While the husband was making his way through the crowded streets, his wife was pacing up and down, her heavy dress of silk and velvet making a soft *frou-frou* as she went to and fro in a large, well-furnished room.



THE KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE AND THEIR CHILDREN.—SEE PAGE 56.

The clock on the mantelpiece chimed the hour in a tone as if it had heard a cathedral-clock chime, and were trying at a humble distance to imitate it. A great cart went by and jarred the window-frame a little, then all was still again in that part of the world. Stella continued her walk, but the hands that worked in one another were cold. There was a fragrance of flowers in the room. Back and forth, back and forth she walked, not even staying to glance at herself in the mirror which hung over the mantelpiece, and on either side of which candles were burning. Presently, however, she did pause, as she heard a step, which she knew for her husband's, coming up the stair. I don't think she noticed with what a heavy tread it came.

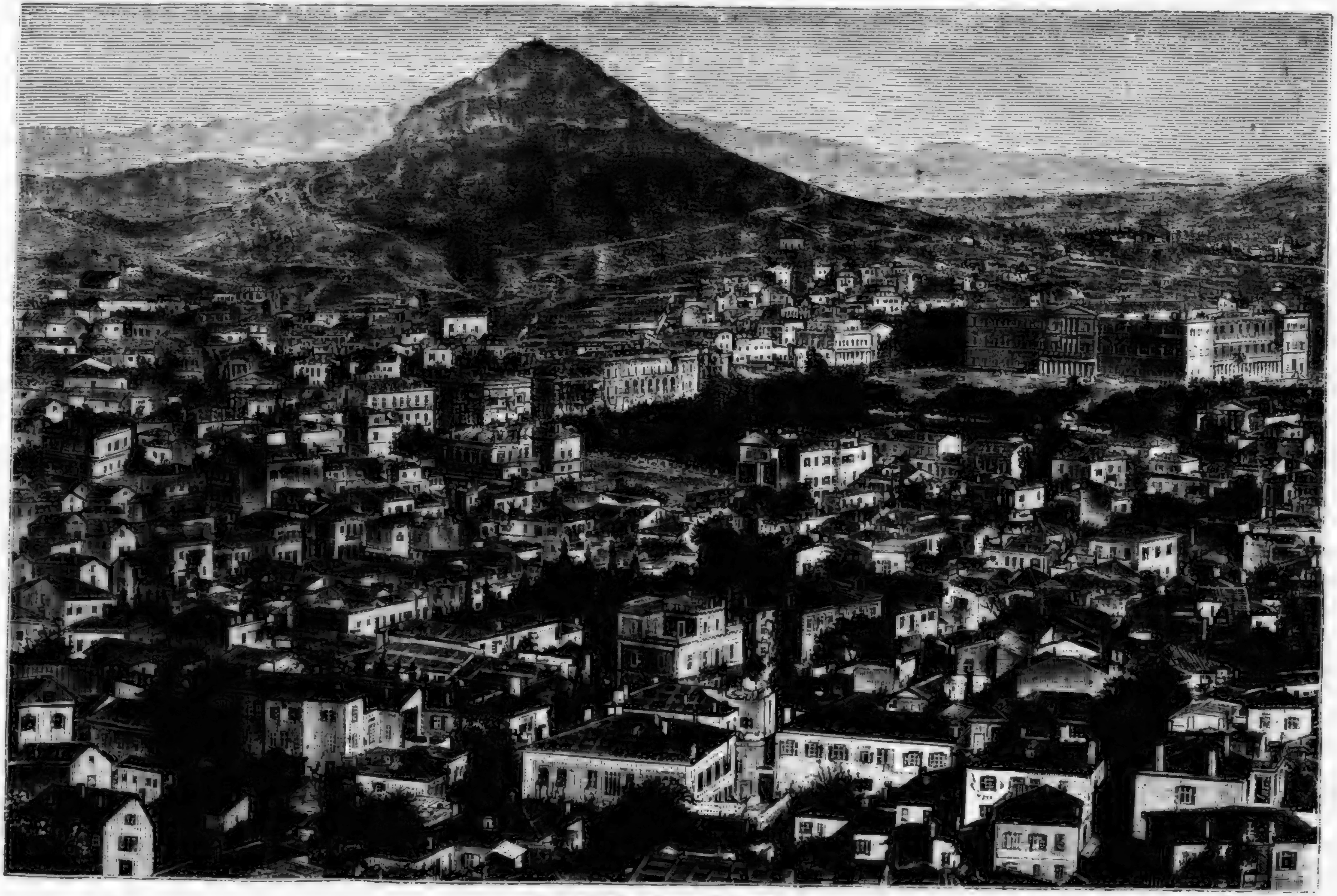
"Not in bed yet, darling?" he said, assuming a little of that gayety which he certainly did not feel, "and wandering up and down."

And he went to her as if to kiss her, but she darted back, and said:

"I am not your darling, and don't you dare to touch me." In spite of what she said he grasped one of her ice-cold hands, but, with what seemed for the moment greater force than his, she wrenched her hand away, and said: "I command you not to touch me. I may have the misfortune to be your wife, but not the curse to be your slave."

Her breasts were rising and falling quickly, her eyes flashing. It is true that she looked very handsome. Perhaps his temper was scarcely less quick than hers, and then he was not in a mood to be tampered with. He replied, with a sneer:

"Let us get to the bottom of this with no more



GENERAL VIEW OF MODERN ATHENS.

queen effects. If you were my slave I should know how to deal with you in these tantrums; but as you are unfortunately my wife, if you wish to explain your behavior, and will not be more than three or four minutes, I will listen; but I cannot give you more, as I am tired out with my day, during which it seems you have had nothing better to do than to lash yourself into a rage—one of your rages which I am getting accustomed to. Oh, the joy of married life under given circumstances."

"Such as being my husband."

"I never said so."

"But you thought so."

"If you know all about my thoughts, I wonder you think it worth while to ask any questions."

He moved toward the door, but she intercepted him with a bound, and set her back to it.

"No, you don't go like that!" she cried.

"I can't fight with you, of course," he rejoined. "There's where what we call the lower classes have the best of us. I am your captive. Proceed; only as you love me be as brief as you can," and he threw himself into a chair, she resuming her walk to and fro.

"Kate Lea was here this afternoon," she began, fixing her fine eyes upon him.

"Oh, was she? I hope you enjoyed her visit. I should have done had I been in your place."

He assumed indifference, but he could not help a start. He knew now what was coming. Mrs. Maythorp resumed, with constrained calmness:

"She lately became quite intimate with the Harlingtons, and who do you think she met there on two occasions?"

"The Prince of Wales? He does go to odd places."

"Can you refrain from being insolent?"

"Yes, really I will try; but remember I have been out all day, and it is late."

"You know as well as I do it was yourself she met there."

"Oh, yes, so she did; but I never thought you would try and make a game of twenty questions out of such an insignificant person as myself."

"And that, on the second day, when you left, she showed her beautiful flowers, and said you had sent them to her because it was her birthday, and how charming and Frenchman-like she thought it of you. Nice words for me to hear from a woman whom you swore before you married me never to see again, because, as you said, 'You knew too well what I had suffered on her account.'"

She ceased, and, dropping into a seat, began to fan herself violently.

"May I speak now?" said her husband, looking down, not quite as guiltlessly as he might have done.

"I will trouble you for only one word, Yes, or No?"

"Yes."

"Thank you," she said, quickly, and moved toward the door.

But this time *he* intercepted her, and, catching her hands, forced her back into her chair; then falling beside her on his knees, he cried:

"Stella, have pity! It was by the merest chance that I met Harlington again. Our affairs were getting desperate. I saw, or thought I saw, that he could be of great help to me. He said it was too bad of my wife to make me cut old friends. I had to go and see them."

"And you had to send flowers!" put in Mrs. Maythorp. "Let my hands go, please; you hurt them."

He loosened his hold, but did not release them. Then he went on:

"I own that the sending of the flowers was a weakness, but you know that an attention like that from me means nothing; whereas when I give you one or two of your favorite flowers, it means everything."

"You would have made a good special pleader," she said, still holding herself back from his embrace. "Will it never happen again?"

"Never."

Then, as in times gone by, her arms went round his neck, her head dropped upon his shoulder, and he felt her bosom shaken by her sobs. Then, with her hand in his, his arm about her neck, they went up-stairs.

The next day, after a late breakfast, he gave Stella a pretty good inkling into the state of their affairs, but he did not inform her just how bad they were. News like that she could take composedly; most women can contemplate money troubles better than men, perhaps owing to the fact of their being less practical, and failing to realize what ruin means. They believe in a Providence which will provide them with Paris hats and good gowns. When Maythorp disclosed his plans for his wife visiting a relative at Richmond and their discharging the servants at once, she started and turned pale, but when he urged the necessity of it, if only for a short time, she gave a reluctant consent. It was arranged that she should write to her relation and leave the following day. Then Maythorp went cityward to see Harlington, who had offices there.

"Headache?" asked the latter, when the two were alone.

"After yesterday's dissipation?—not in the least."

"Well," went on the other, unlocking a drawer, from which he drew a roll of notes, "here is what I said I would advance you, and, after all, I find I can lend you twenty more, so you had best take it for personal expenses."

"Thank you awfully," said Maythorp, "I think I will, since you are so good."

"Don't mention it, my dear boy, don't mention it. I only wish I need never ask you for it back. I think I must have taken a chill last night coming out of that hot music-hall. I seem to have taken cold."

The other assented, thanked his friend again for his loan, and, pushing back the great swing-door, descended the flight of steps and went out into the brilliant May afternoon—brilliant even in the city. He walked westward, and experienced a feeling of relief in getting into that part of the town. Then an immense craving to see his wife, from whom he was so soon to be separated, came upon him, and he hurried home.

"I couldn't keep away any longer, Stella," he said.

"Why should you have gone, my dear?" was her quiet answer, a look of pleasure in her eyes as she reached one hand to him while the other laid aside a book she had been trying to read.

"Have you written your letter to Richmond, sweetheart?"

"Are you in a great hurry to get rid of me?"

"Stella!"

"Well, then, you won't want to."

Then they went to the park and sat under the trees, in the boughs of which the birds were chirping, and the sunlight fell through and made bars on Stella's gown, and they watched the carriages roll by and made little histories out of their occupants, and for the time they half forgot they were ruined. Then, because she would have it so, he took her to the restaurant which he should frequent during her absence, and the Frenchmen and the Italians who chiefly frequented the place looked up in surprise as they saw the beautiful and fashionably attired woman enter. Poor Stella! she had to own that it was not over-clean, that it was very noisy, very full of smoke. Still the cooking was fair, and certainly cheap. How glad she was to get into the fresh air again, though just then she would have liked to have had that iced.

Two or three days after this, Maythorp saw his wife off to Richmond.

"Shall you be out all day?" she asked, as he stood leaning by the carriage-door.

"Yes, I shall be out all day, so the time will be occupied. It will be very lonely at night."

He spent all that day trying, but trying vainly, to raise money. In the evening he dined, very inexpensively, where he had dined the previous evening, and, to rouse himself from the lethargy into which he seemed falling, he partook freely of brandy till it fired his brain and blood. Then he went to the house of which he was now the sole occupant. He sat down on a couch in the drawing-room where Stella had so often reclined, and it seemed yet fragrant of her. There was her favorite low easy-chair, by which he had knelt so often in their happy times. The room seemed pervaded by a ghost-like sense of her presence. He clinched his hand, and said, under his breath:

"It might have happened years ago. It may mean everything to us by giving us time, and time can mean nothing to them. What is a hunted man to do?"

And it seemed to him as if a ghostly voice, like his wife's, growing weak and thin and far away, said, "Endure and struggle."

"Nonsense!" he said, and drank from a flask which he had filled before leaving the restaurant. He left the room and went to his wife's bedroom. There was the wardrobe with its mirror for door, in which she must often have surveyed her fair shape. He opened the door and looked in. Some of her gowns, which seemed yet to hold the impress of her shape, hung upon the pegs. He raised the quilted hem of one skirt to his lips and kissed it. He remembered what a favorite it had been of theirs in its days of pristine glory.

"You must go, my darlings, I suppose," he said, as he shut the door and turned away. He would like to look at the trunks which had accompanied him upon so many journeys. These were in her dressing-room, which adjoined the bedroom. He tried the door, but she had locked it and taken away the key. He was not a superstitious man, but it seemed to him as if the house were haunted; as if he felt his wife's hand upon his shoulder and she kept whispering, with dreadful entreaty, in his ear, "Don't, don't, don't! for the love of God, don't!"

He could bear it no more, and closing the door, he fled to his own room, which was on the lower floor. Relighting the candles, he placed one on a table by his bedside and one upon the mantelpiece, then quickly undressing, he assumed his night-shirt, over which he cast a long dressing-gown. For a minute he hesitated; and then with the one word "burn!" he cast both the candles among the bed-curtains and clothes. The bed-curtains at that time of the year were of silk and muslin. In a minute the flames were half-way across the room. Then he darted from the apartment and rushed down the stairs and out of the house, raising the cry of fire; but as I have said, his house stood in a strangely isolated position, and, as he had hoped, it was long before his cries, which were not too violent, it must be said, attracted any attention. Meanwhile his eyes, greedy for the spectacle, saw the flames burst forth. At length the cry was taken up, it seemed to him with dreadful rapidity. The quiet neighborhood was at last beginning to rouse itself. Suddenly a wild shriek for help rang over, or, rather, seemed to pierce through, every other sound to the heart. Maythorp shrieked in his turn, for he saw at the window of the front room, on the third floor, flash the wild face of his wife.

"The flames are at the door!" she cried. "Can no one save me. Shall I jump?"

"Keep where you are!" cried Maythorp. "I will save you or die with you."

Then a roar of cheers announced that the engines were arriving, and so they were, and began playing in good earnest. An escape was placed against the wall. Just then Mrs. Maythorp, my beautiful Stella, who had held out so bravely, was choked by the smoke, and fell back, as it were, into the arms of the flames. Like a rocket up the sky, Maythorp burst through the crowd and darted up the escape. He seemed to plunge into the heart of the flame and smoke, from which he issued bearing his precious burden. Then help was sent, and they were brought safely down amid deafening cheers, and at once conveyed to the nearest hospital, where their wounds, which proved to be of an alarmingly severe nature, were dressed. Here is poetic justice if you like it. Maythorp had set fire to his house that he might get the insurance money for it. For this his punishment was to bear to the end of his days a face all seamed and scarred. Stella, who in her mad jealousy suspected that he had sent her and the servants away in order that he might see Maud Harlington better at his own house than he could elsewhere, when half-way to Richmond had returned and concealed herself in her dressing-room, with a view to prying upon his actions. For this her right hand was so burned in the fire that it had to be amputated. Maythorp got the insurance money, and thought if the company knew, they would have been satisfied, though it is probable they would not.

Nothing now remains to be said except that with that ill-gotten money they took some land out Far West, which prospered under Maythorp's direction as if Fate thought she had punished them sufficiently. Had he given her the greatest cause for jealousy again, which he never did, Stella would have been more jealous than ever, for he could have said that she was a cripple. And when she was alone, where no one could see or hear, she shed bitter tears over the fact. My poor, passionate Stella. But she strove to be all sunshine for him when he, in his farmer's great top-boots, would come tramping in, for she knew how he reproached himself for the doings of that dreadful night.

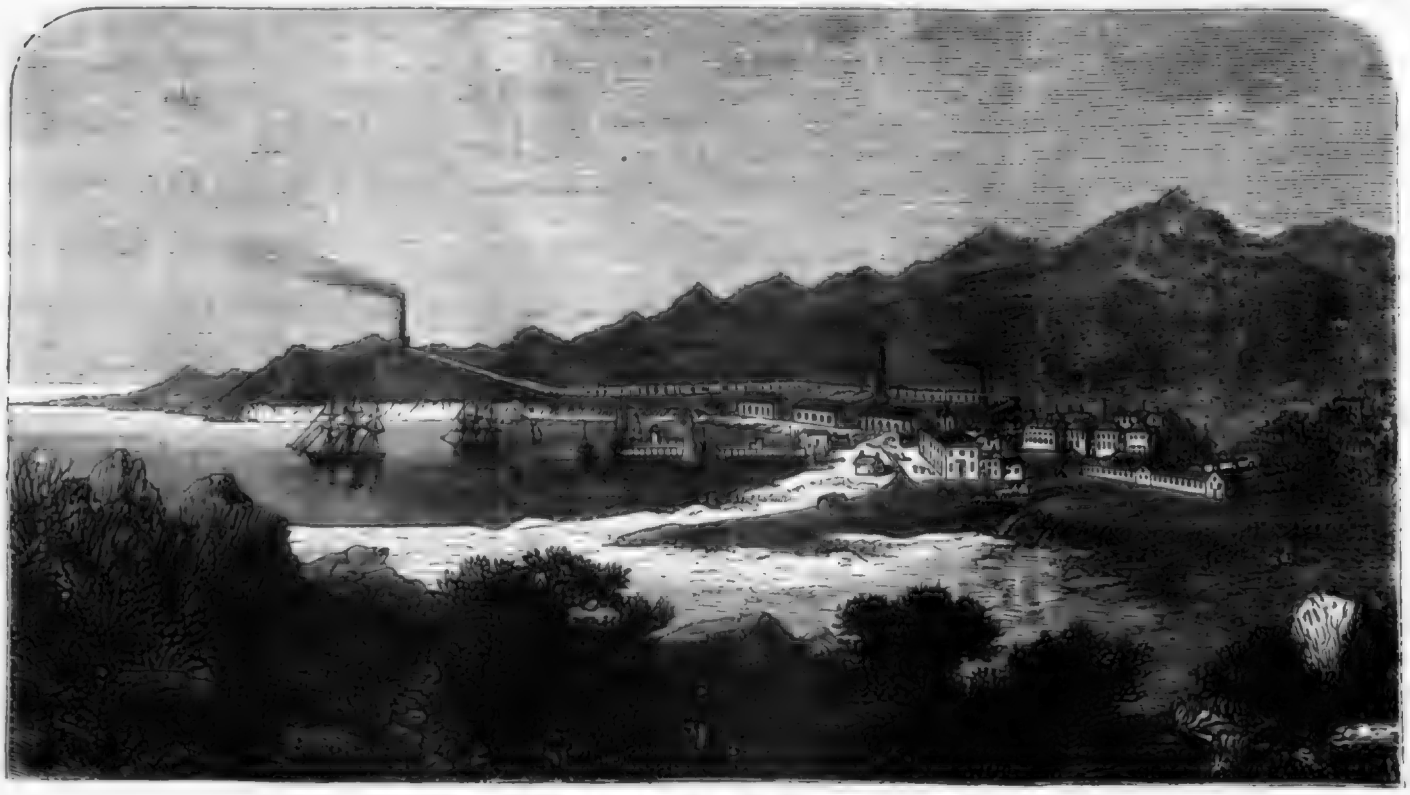
Sometimes Maud Harlington, who is married, and speaks less under her breath than she used to do, perhaps because of having children to speak to, will say to her brother, who is *not* married:

"I wonder how those poor Maythorps are getting on?"

And he answers:

"Oh, all right, I believe. It's not such a great while since I heard from them."

According to the latest consular report from Mewchwang, in Manchuria, Seoul, the capital of Corea, is now in telegraphic communication with Pekin, and so with the outer world. The line runs through Moukden. Six years ago no European was allowed to visit Corea, and those who ventured to disregard Corean seclusion generally paid for their temerity with their lives. To-day a merchant in London might telegraph direct to the capital of the Hermit Kingdom.

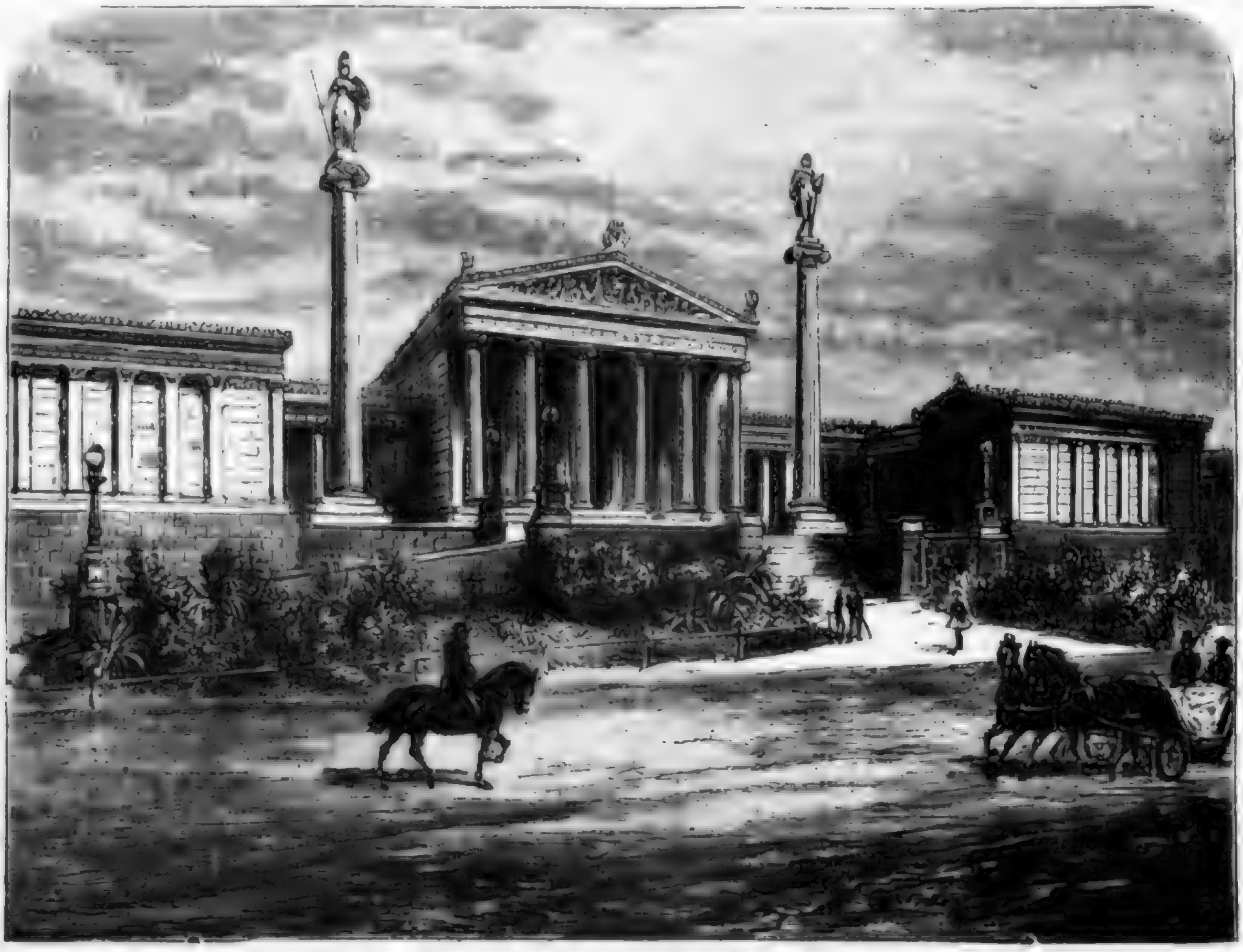


GENERAL VIEW OF THE PORT OF ATHENS, GREECE.

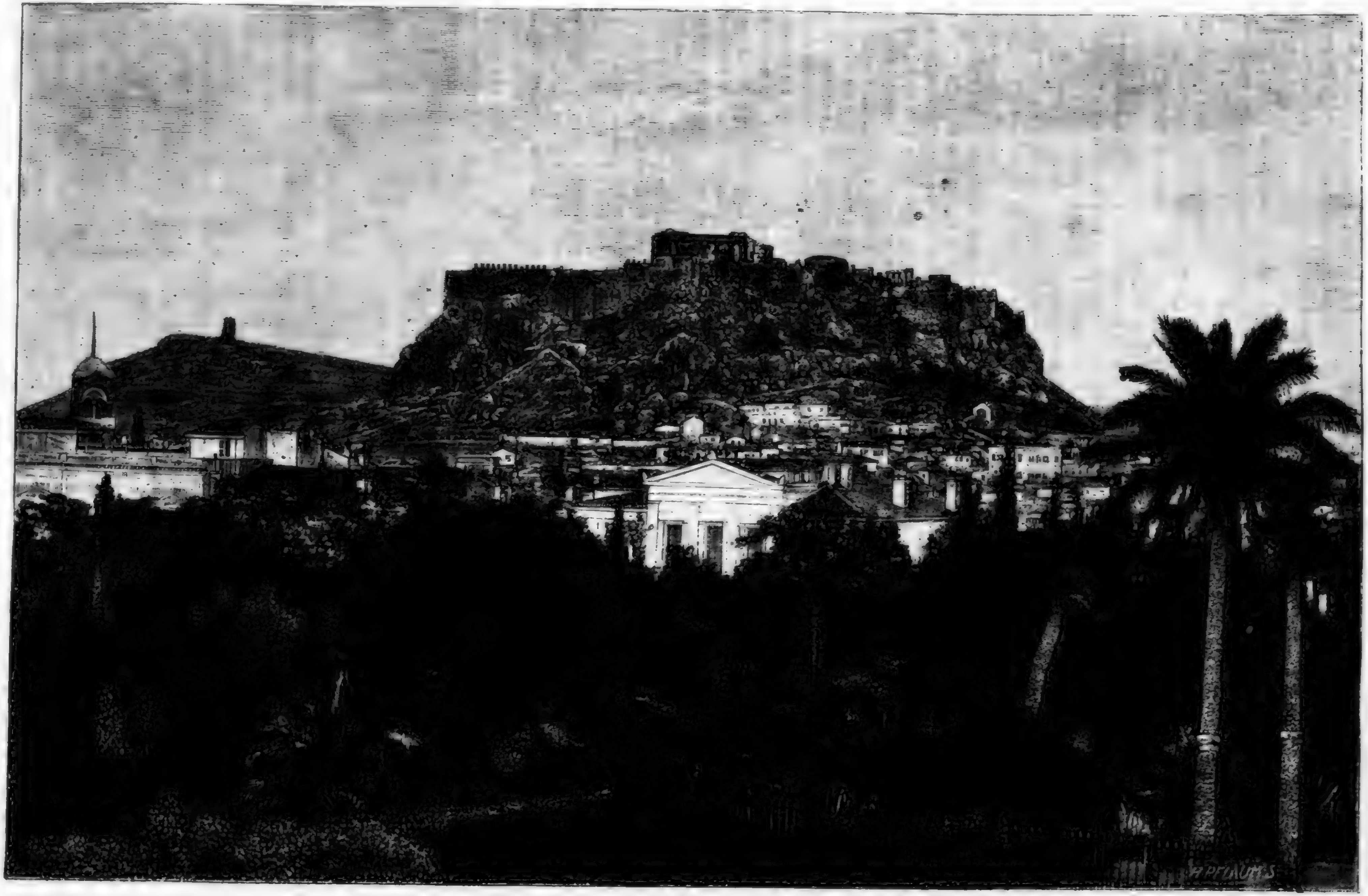
WHEN GREEK MEETS TURK.

By Oscanyan.

When, in 1821, Greece revolted against Turkey, the whole world was in sympathy with her cause. The Powers aided her, and the people everywhere went to her rescue. Even America sent Dr. Howe to assuage her sufferings and help Greece in her efforts to attain her freedom. But when that freedom was attained, Greece



THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCE AND ART, ATHENS.



THE ROYAL GARDENS, LOOKING TOWARD THE ACROPOLIS.

was left to herself, to work out her own salvation under peculiar difficulties.

With a limited territory assigned her, sufficiently large to form a respectable shire or county, containing a population scarcely exceeding in number that of the City of New York of the present day, Greece was expected to work wonders in the way of progress.

The fertile lands lay fallow through Turkish misrule and anarchy. The inhabitants were demoralized and debased. Long despoiled of the fruits of their labor, and driven to despair by unrelenting taskmasters, the people had become disgusted with life, and to avenge their wrongs had turned into klephts and pirates.

To reclaim the land from waste and make it productive, so as to yield a revenue to the state, and to regenerate a people who were

> "Stain'd with each evil that pollutes
> Mankind, where least above the brutes;"

to recall them from their evil ways, so as to become once more industrious husbandmen and loyal citizens, was a herculean task, and required means which the nation did not possess.

Two elements of economic life are needed everywhere —capital, and that initiative element of great industrial enterprises by which a country receives a transforming impulse. These desiderata were wanting, and, were it not for the timely aid of the Hellenes abroad, the independence of Greece would have proved problematical, if not a failure.

The Greeks whose families left Constantinople after the Ottoman conquest took refuge, some in Venice or Crete, the greater part in the islands of the Ægean Sea, such as Chios and Psara, where the Turks exercised an authority more nominal than effective. When the revolution broke out the descendants of those families emigrated anew, and established themselves at Odessa, at Alexandria, at Trieste, at Leghorn, at Marseilles, at Vienna and at London.

Everywhere they opened brokers' offices or banking-houses. Everywhere they thrived and became opulent. In their prosperity they did not forget the love they bore to the country of their ancestors. Great contributions were made by them, not only to help the revolution, but also to sustain the Government when that point was gained. But donations could not constitute a regular income to meet the exigencies of the new kingdom. The Government, therefore, had to struggle hard for an existence.

In view of the needs of Greece, the cession of the Ionian Islands by England in 1864 was not only a timely boon, but proved also an immense benefit. The annexation brought into the country a new element of industry and loyalty, which inspired the people with confidence in the Government and their own ability to improve their condition. Accordingly, Greece made more progress from 1864 to 1877 than she had made from 1830 to 1864. Education spread in all sections; agriculture took a new start; industries sprang up; commerce was developed; roads, where none existed before, threaded the country; new towns were built; brigandism disappeared, and piracy was turned into channels of legitimate commerce.

The result of the annexation having proved most beneficial to Greece, the Greeks were inspired with the idea of *expansion*—not, however, with the view of establishing a new empire like the one of Byzantium, but the annexation of those territories that contained Greek population —and a new principle of national policy.

In these latter years a grand economic fact, which may have the consequences of a grand political event, has taken place in the history of modern Greece. It is the return of the *homogenes*—a love for those of the same race; in other words, pan-Hellenism, like that of pan-Slavism, or the gathering of all the Greeks into one fold. Their enthusiasm was intensified by a singular and most unexpected incident. The revolution in Roumelia establishing pan-Slavism militated greatly against pan-Hellenism, and forced the Greeks to energetic action. Thus the Greeks would have asserted their rights and gained their point had it not been for the interference of the European Powers, who thought their interests jeopardized by the conflict.

During the year 1877 Turkey had to face Russia, Servia, Roumania and Bulgaria. Her troops fought in the Balkans and the Caucasus. On the Turkish confines of Greece there remained scarcely more than a few detachments of regulars and a few bands of Bashi-Bazouks, the scourge of the land, who only indulged in atrocities. Events urged the Greeks to begin a campaign, the Russians inciting them to this step. Never had so propitious an occasion offered itself. The Greeks had 18,000 men under arms, and in less than one month the first corps of the reserves doubled this effective force. Moreover, the Greeks of Epirus and Thessaly were only awaiting the passage of the frontier by a battalion, bearing the blue flag with a white cross, to rise *en masse* and lend their aid. Crete was almost without a garrison; it only needed the landing of a small force to start an insurrection there, so that the advance of more than 60,000 combatants, composed of Greek regulars, Epirote, Thessalian and Cretan insurgents would have created an important diversion. The Turks, who had all they could do with their whole army to resist the Russian invasion, would have been placed in a dilemma.

A few successful engagements for the soldiers of King George—not an improbable hypothesis—and the armistice of 1878 would have found the Greeks masters of a great part of Epirus and of Thessaly, and of the Island of Crete. The Russians could not have overlooked the timely aid of Greece, and they would have stipulated for her in the Treaty of San Stefano the possession of the territories her troops occupied at the time of the armistice. These preliminaries could not have failed to be ratified by the Congress of Berlin in virtue of the principle of the *fait accompli.* At least, the Congress would have assigned to Greece an important part of the territories now in dispute, as it did in the case of Roumelia, or it would have constituted Crete, Upper Thessaly and Epirus into autonomic governments under the suzerainty of the Porte. But the Greeks failed to avail themselves of the opportunity and profit by the immense advantages afforded them by the occasion, through the selfish and treacherous diplomacy of the European Powers, who were jealous only of Russian successes.

When Russia took up the cause of Servia and Bulgaria against Turkey, the European Powers urged Greece not to take part in the conflict, and, as a reward of their neutrality, they guaranteed her the possession of those territories which the Greeks coveted, saying that when hostilities terminated, diplomacy would have to regulate the question of the Danube Provinces, and Greece would then be rewarded. Moreover, the Cabinet at Athens was assured that Europe considered Hellenism as an essential factor in politics, to be used against Slavic ambition and growing interest. Confiding in these promises and plausible assurances, aided by their natural aversion to Slavism, and furthermore disliking to pass as the instrument of Russia, the Greeks readily yielded to the counsels and abstained from aggression, and the war was thus confined to the North of Turkey.

Meanwhile, the Russians, without the anticipated Hellenic aid, arrived at the very gates of Constantinople. An armistice was soon after concluded, followed by a treaty of peacé, by which great advantages were secured for the Slavic race, and Greek interests were totally ignored.

When the settlement of the affair was carried to Berlin, Russia, who bore a grudge against the Greeks for their non-participation in the war, naturally opposed the claims of Greece. Moreover, she was less than ever disposed to look with favor on the progress of Hellenism. The Western Powers, for the sake of peace, did not insist in carrying out their promises made to the Greeks. The war was about to end, and diplomacy asked nothing more. Besides, "Hellenism forgot itself"—such were the words used—did it devolve upon the Powers to substitute themselves in the place of the Greeks and espouse their cause? thus adding insult to injury!

The question before the Congress was already very grave and complicated, and a speedy arrangement and settlement was necessary. The claim of Greece was acknowledged, but was patched up to terminate the affair.

Greece, owed its independence to two causes—the general sympathy of all Christendom for the sufferings of the Greeks from the tyranny of the "unspeakable Turk"; and the requirements of the European states for their own safety and general peace. So, Greece was freed from thralldom, and made a barrier to the aggression of the Turks. But neither of these conditions now existed. The sentiment of the community in favor of the Greeks had long subsided, and recent events had carried the "scientific frontier" further East; so that the claims of Greece were not as potent now as heretofore with the ruling diplomats, whose sole aim was to fight Russia through diplomacy.

Nevertheless, the very legitimate protests of Greece would, doubtless, have remained inoperative had not the Greeks at this juncture shown great energy. When their case appeared desperate, the Greek Government lost no time in seconding the aspiration of the people, and bringing their just claims to the notice of the European Powers. At the very moment when the preliminaries of the peace were being signed, a band of Greeks entered the frontier of Thessaly with the view to establish their deferred claims. This incident produced the desired effect. For, scarcely had the news been telegraphed to the Quai d'Orsay and to Downing Street, when France and England, alarmed at the incident, interfered. They demanded the immediate recall of the Greek army; and, in compensation they promised that Thessaly and Epirus should be considered in a state of insurrection by the Congress about to convene. The plenipotentiaries would give their attention to the Greek populations of Turkey, who would be considdred on the same footing with the Slavic populations.

Greece made no difficulty about withdrawing her troops; her object being only to recall the minds of both France and England to their engagement.

When the Congress convened at Berlin, the Marquis of Salisbury proposed that Greece should be admitted to take part in the deliberations of the Congress as a mandatory Power. His proposition was not adopted, but a restricted right was accorded to the plenipotentiaries of Greece to be present at certain meetings to offer observations, and to state their demands. Beyond this, instead of having to defend the interests of all the Greek population of the Ottoman Empire, Messrs. Deliyanii and Rhangabé had to limit themselves to the frontier provinces only, and on this point the Congress gave satisfaction to Greece. For, at the sitting of the 5th of July, on the motion of M. Waddington, it was decided that a rectification of frontier should take place, in favor of the Kingdom of Greece, as indicated in Protocol 11. This was ratified by Article 24 of the Treaty of Berlin, which restored to Greece a territory of at least 22,000 square kilometers, and a population of more than 500,000 souls. In signing this treaty Turkey had formally acquiesced in Article 24, and by the act of her signature was estopped from any reservation. But it is not for nothing that the diplomacy of the Sublime Porte has become renowned. It is a saying with them, "Two hands are made for a purpose: to sign with one and efface with the other." And what is a compact, but an instrument to be broken, when occasion requires it? So, they began to procrastinate, and finally to refuse absolutely to hold even "*pour-parlers*" on the subject, and to dilly-dally with diplomatic skill, till some change in European politics should occur by which they could profit. This chance occurred by the change of administration in France.

France and England, who, having been the first to support the claims of Greece at the Congress, were particularly affected by the attitude of Turkey, could not tolerate the condition of affairs, and undertook a new arrangement.

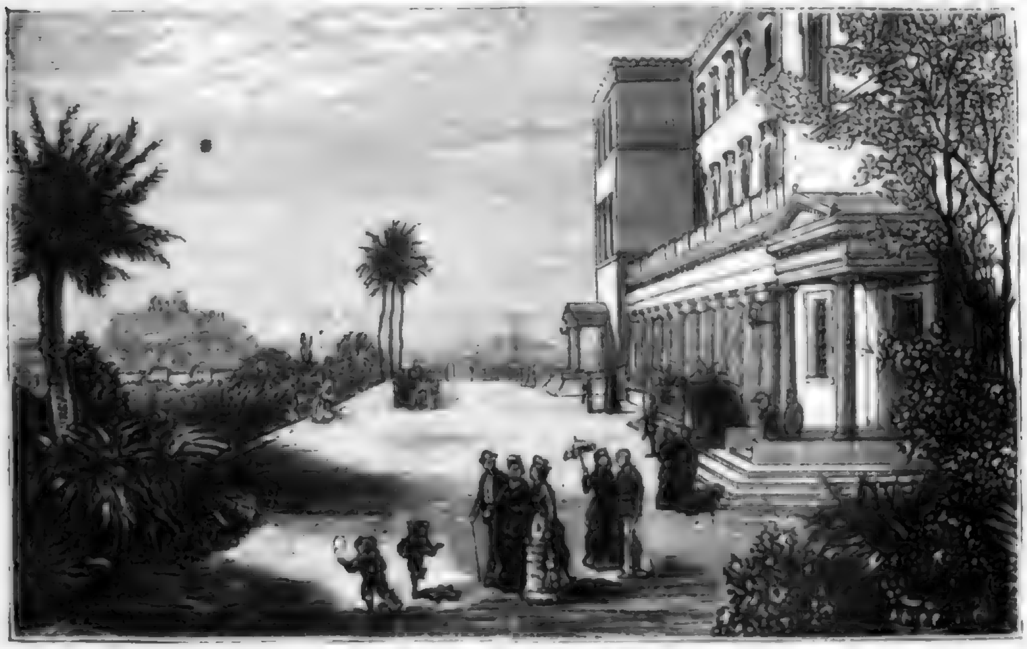
The Earl of Beaconsfield took the initiative of a new international Conference, "charged with determining by a majority of voices the line of Greco-Turkish frontiers which it would be suitable to adopt." This proposition, strenuously seconded by M. de Freycinet, received the approbation of the cabinets of Europe.

The Conference met at Berlin. With the plenipotentiaries were joined a military commission of ten members, who, keeping in view the hydrographic conditions and strategic exigencies, were expected to trace the frontier lines generally indicated by Article 24 of the Treaty of Berlin.

This commission, however, with the design of accommodation, proposed a new frontier line, by which the claims of Greece were greatly reduced. This delimitation was adopted unanimously by the Conference, and declared as its final act, obligatory on Turkey as well as upon Greece, as "the solemn manifestation of the will of Europe."

Yet the Turks were not satisfied, and affected to consider as null the work of the Conference, which, they said, had in nothing advanced the solution of the subject. With cunning diplomacy they multiplied notes and circulars, protesting at the same time both their ardent desire to defer to the wishes of the Powers, and their firm determination not to accede to them; bearing in mind the phrase, "Beati possidentes." Turkey, above all, sought to temporize, with the view to gain time and wait for eventualities.

At last a change of Ministry takes place in France. The new Ministers hasten to undo what their predecessors had done. At his entry upon the conduct of foreign affairs, M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire seemed at first to approve the measures taken by his predecessor, but it soon appeared that he did not bear the Greeks that profound and legitimate affection which he possessed for Aristotle. The irrefragable title of Greece becomes, in his estimation, nothing more than "the claims of Greece," the European verdict a simple "council of

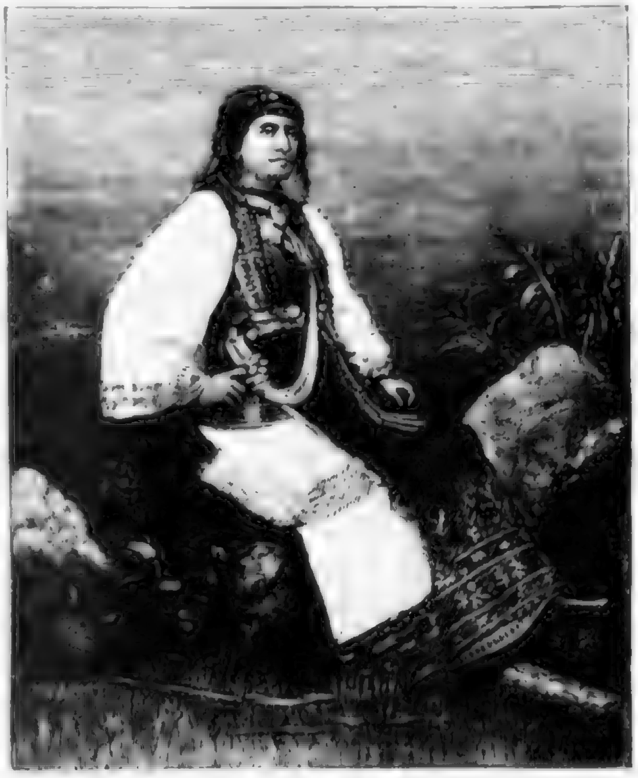


THE ROYAL PALACE, ATHENS.

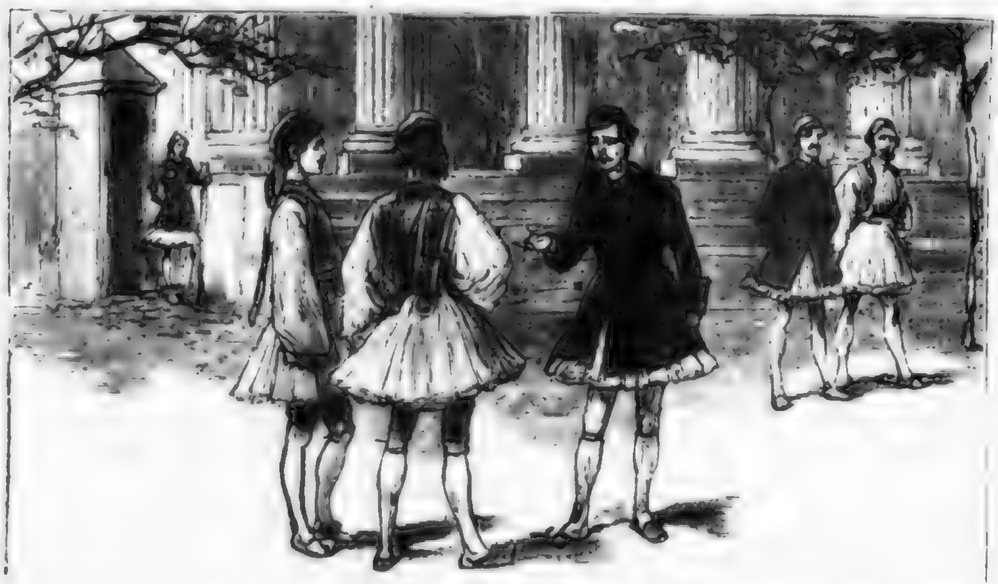
Europe," and the obligatory decision "a doctrinal deliberation!"

After the six ambassadors near the Sublime Porte had declared by a collective note that "Europe could accept no discussion on the tracing of the frontier," M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire asserted, that "the deliberation fixed by the Berlin Conference was made in order to serve as a basis for *pourparlers*." To constrain Turkey to submit to the decision of the Conference of which France and England had taken the initiative, it required a complete agreement between these two Powers. But the Cabinet of Paris abandoning suddenly all policy of intimidation toward Turkey, the Foreign Office found itself partly disarmed, and could no longer dream of a demonstration.

The Greeks meanwhile, seeing themselves abandoned by the defection of France, in desperation set about making war, a casualty greatly desired by Turkey, who felt certain of crushing the Greeks. But the Powers, who feared the dangers of a conflict in the East, desired an arrangement. Once more they interfered, and stopped the Greeks by advice and fresh promises. A proposition of arbitration having fallen to the ground—Turkey only being willing to accept it on the condition that it should decide in her favor!—Germany now stepped in, and advanced the idea of *pourparlers*, to be held at Constantinople between the representatives of the six Powers and the Ottoman delegates. These negotiations, which were of the most laborious character, for the Turks insisted at first in yielding a zone of territory only four kilometers wide, resulted in a compromise. Turkey was to keep almost the whole of Greek Epirus, and the fertile country which extends between Salamvrias and Olympus. So that by this arrangement Greece, instead of receiving 22,000 square kilometers and a population of more than 500,000 individuals, had her territories extended scarcely to 13,500 kilometers, and her people augmented by 300,000 Thessalians; and Janina, the hotbed of Hellenism, still remaining in the hands of the Turks. Disparaging as this arrangement was to Greece, she submitted to it, because her spirit had been broken by the long delays, so many vain promises and hopes deceived. The Turks, on the contrary, made every effort not to fulfill even this engagement; for it took the Greeks three years before they were able to take possession of half the sections, the whole of which had been assigned to them, and that, too, under ruinous conditions,



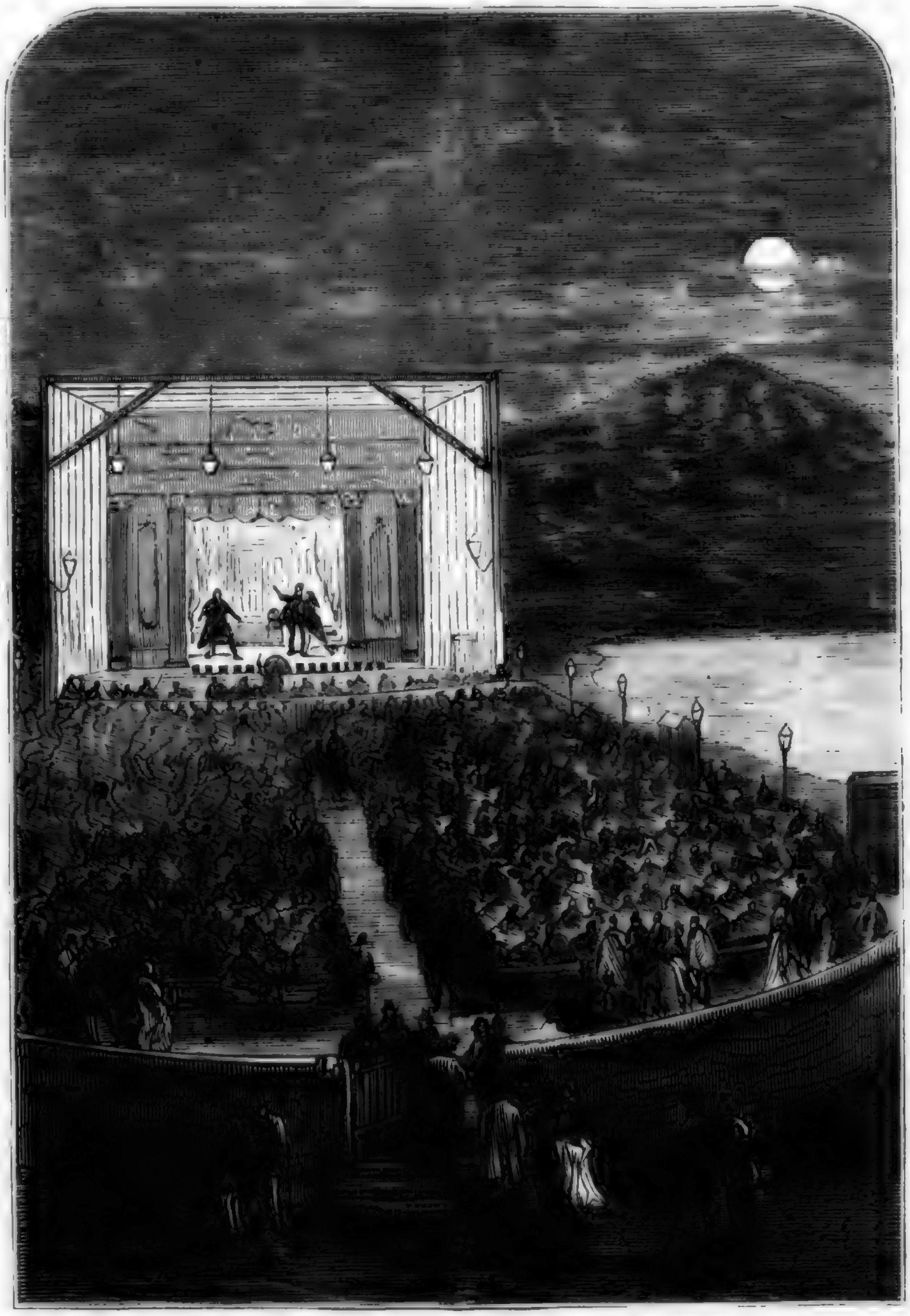
A GREEK WOMAN.



ROYAL GUARDS AT THE PALACE, ATHENS.

being obliged to keep an armed peace for its accomplishment.

It will thus be seen that the present difficulties between Greece and Turkey owe their origin to Turkish procrastination, and even bad faith, in the fulfillment of a compact made by her concurrence and signature, beginning at Berlin and ending at Constantinople. Yet, strange to say, the Greeks are held responsible and threatened with coercion.



A SUMMER THEATRE AT PHALERUM BAY, NEAR ATHENS.

The Greeks were not talking idly when, in 1878, they declared to Europe that the possession of Epirus and Thessaly was necessary to the existence of Greece, which, by the act of the signatory powers of the Treaty of 1830, had *the obligations of a state with the revenues of a province.* Did they deceive themselves when they imagined that the increase of territory would be also an increase of resources? Then, again, Greece brought forward a reason still more decisive — the interests of the Epirote and Thessalian populations themselves.

According to the Greeks, the reunion of these provinces would be merely the return to the mother country of almost a million of Hellenes. It would also be their return to the common rights of all the peoples of Europe to liberty, administrative order, security and justice. In penetrating these countries civilization would develop, industries would increase commerce, and the products of agriculture would augment the public wealth. The construction of the Thessalian Railway, of which three main lines are already open to traffic, and which in a few years will bind Greece to Central Europe by way of Salonica, Sofia, Nisch and Vienna, is also an inestimable boon to the country. In Thessaly, where the crops greatly exceed consumption, and where, on the other hand, there is a lack of raw materials, and industries are as yet almost nothing, there is necessarily a movement in importation and exportation. To a country in this condition a railway is a serious factor in the attainment of prosperity. Not only does transportation become more prompt and easy, but, furthermore, the cost is reduced seventy-five per cent. Freight being carried upon the back of mules, a charge is made of fifty to sixty *leptas* per ton and per kilometer; by rail the charge is fifteen *leptas.* The four years which the Thessalians have passed under the government of King George have already realized their hopes.

The Thessalians of the Greek faith are not alone in congratulating themselves upon the new order of things by annexation; but the Mohammedan population also do not underrate the advantages. They, moreover, appreciate the fairness of the Greek Constitution, which proclaims the civil and political equality of all citizens without religious distinction. Sherif Bey, a Mussulman deputy from Larissa, gave public testimony to the excellence of the Greek administration of the laws. What an anomaly!

Prior to the cession of the Ionian Islands the receipts of the Greek Government were, in round numbers, 27,000,000 drachmas.

In 1878 they had increased to 38,000,000 drachmas. During this period the extent of cultivated lands had wonderfully expanded from 700,000 hectares to 1,100,000 hectares. Vineyards which scarcely comprised 64,000 hectares now extended to over 103,000 hectares. During

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these twelve years, in fine, a great number of factories were established: notably, the extensive tanneries at Syra, which drove French-dressed leather goods out of the Eastern markets; and commerce, both domestic and foreign, was augmented in enormous proportions. The receipts of the *octroi* had increased from 843,000 drachmas to 3,340,000 drachmas; exportations and importations were raised from 141,000,000 to 195,000,000 drachmas, so that the Greeks of to-day can rightly say that they have not only kept pace with civilization under most trying circumstances, but have a promising future before them.

Since the annexation of a part of Thessaly the increase of commerce, of industries, and the development of the public wealth, has been still more marked. Greece has done, within four years, to Thessaly as she had done to herself since 1830, or even within the past decade. This will astonish certain parlor travelers and library political economists, who know nothing of actual Greece except through About's "La Grèce Contemporaine."

The progress attained by Greece is mainly due to private initiative, the work of the people; but since 1882 the state applied itself seriously to the task of advancing the interests of the commonwealth. Their aim has been, for the past few years, to establish the credit of the state by just assessment of taxes, opening new avenues for the productions of the country by treaties, favoring new industries, reorganizing the army and navy, and undertaking everywhere considerable public works. At Syra the harbor has been enlarged; at Andros, Kalamata and Patras new havens have been constructed; at Katacolon a dike 700 meters long has been raised under the direction of French engineers; 600 kilometers of carriage roads have been constructed, and plans are laid out for 3,000 more kilometers.

While General Türr is piercing the Isthmus of Corinth, railways are beginning to cover Greece. Four years ago the only railway in the country was from Piræus to Athens, five miles. Now there are five lines opened, namely, from Katakolon to Pyrghos; from Piræus to Laurium; from Piræus to Kioto *via* Athens, Megara and Corinth; from Volo to Larissa and Kalabak, and from Larissa to Frikkala, representing a distance of 350 kilometers. There are also other lines projected and under construction, which will extend to a total of over 600 kilometers in length.

In fiscal affairs Greece has made great reforms. Tithes in kind—a reminiscence of Turkish practice—have been entirely abolished, and duties on tobacco and alcohol substituted, the revenues therefrom enabling the Government to restore the credit of the State by the regular payment of the interest due on loans effected since 1824.

The army and navy have been reorganized under the directions of General Vosseur and Admiral Lejeune.

The example of productive activity set by the Government has been followed by the people in a noble manner. Agriculture, the industries, and commerce have, in consequence, developed to a remarkable degree, and great enterprises, due to private initiative, are transforming the country.

The extent of cultivated land to day has attained 2,000,000 hectares. The vineyards which, years ago, yielded only 37,000,000 francs' worth of grapes, now produce over 60,000,000. Numerous factories, spinning and grist-mills and distilleries have sprung into existence at various points. A few years ago there could be counted only 100 steam-engines; there are now three times that number. The mines and quarries employ 20,000 workmen. The tanneries of M. Kabouta, at Syra, keep 450 men at work, and those of M. Salistro, from 350 to 400. The shipyards of Piræus, Syra, Galaxidi, and of Hydra, construct annually 100 sailing-vessels, some of which measure 600 tons. It must not be forgotten that the Greek merchant marine holds its place with honor among the mercantile navies of the world.

The Bulletin of the Ministry of Public Works of France, published in 1884, assigns to Greece the eleventh place as a maritime power. Greece comes immediately after Holland, and precedes Austria and Denmark, which in number and tonnage she surpasses by nearly one-half.

The Hellenic Steamship Navigation Company has a fleet of vessels plying in the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. Thus, from the development of industry, from the increase of productions of the earth, and the enhanced welfare of individuals, it has resulted that the exports and imports have, within a short space of time, almost doubled; that is, from 152,000,000 francs to 246,000,000 francs. Such encouraging conditions naturally invited capital, which was not slow to pour into the country, but, above all, incited those influential and wealthy Greeks who were abroad to repair to its shores. Is this sudden impulse to be attributed to a patriotic love of country, or is it because those cosmopolitan Greeks, always so shrewd and keen of perception, congregate instinctively where there is money to be made? This must remain a mystery. But it is none the less certain that the flocking home of those influential persons has been for Greece one of the greatest benefits that could have been hoped for. It is to their presence that all the economic development of the realm may be attributed. It was through their efforts, and owing to their relations with the highest financial circles of Europe, that the Hellenic Government was enabled to effect those loans at various periods, amounting to 360,000,000 francs, without which the administration of the kingdom would have been paralyzed. The fact is also significant, that of the 28,000,000 francs of interest that Greece pays every year, only one-quarter goes to strangers. Through their energy and practical efforts, banks, railways, mines, and other industrial enterprises, sprang into existence everywhere, and became in active demand; for whatever one touched turned to gold.

In a few days the stock of the National Bank went up from 1,000 to 5,000 francs; the shares of the Hellenic Bank, from 300 to 425 francs; those of the Piræus Railway, from 100 to 600 francs; those of the Mines of Laurium, from 70 to 225 francs; and lands that were worth less than a franc per meter rose to eight francs.

Like profits being made on house-building, this industry has of late acquired a great stimulus, and many fine edifices, both public and private, are the consequence. The National University at Athens is a magnificent structure, built of Parian marble, and the mansion of Mr. Schliemann, the famous archæologist, stands pronounced and attractive.

Athens, the capital of Greece, had formerly a population of 67,000 souls. Within five years it has increased to 125,000, and the vacant lots are in consequence being fast covered with dwellings. The insignificant seaport town of Piræus boasts now of its being a great city with 40,000 inhabitants and full of factories, besides being a great shipping-place. Other cities have increased in like proportions; such as Syra, Patras, Volo and Pyrghos, and many others have, like our Western cities, sprung from the earth into existence; such as Laurium, which sixteen years ago had only 500 inhabitants, has now 16,000 souls, and has become the Colorado of Greece.

Nor has the cultivation of literature, arts and sciences escaped the attention of the Greeks. As the descendants of Homer, Xenophon and Thucydides, they evince a *penchant* for learning quite characteristic. The University at Athens stands unrivaled. It is well endowed, and has more than thirty professors. Its greatest patron is the renowned banker of Vienna, Mr. Sina.

The law branch of the University is as complete and effective as those anywhere, and in medicine some have evinced a degree of ability quite surprising. M. Panas has distinguished himself in Paris as a surgeon, and is a member of the French Academy of Medicine. M. Metaxas, an intimate friend of Gambetta, is a renowned oculist, established at Marseilles. In painting and sculpture, they have produced works that compare favorably with those of their ancestors, so that it can no longer be said

> "'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more."

Under these circumstances, then, is it a matter of wonder that the Greeks should aspire to the noble ambition of being ranked as peers among the civilized nations? With this object in view, the leading men of Greece have been led to take an active part in politics. Financially deeply involved in the progress and prosperity of the country, and, filled also with sentiments of patriotism, these men have urged the Government to measures of expansion based on pan-Hellenism; expansion involving an increase of population and consequent augmentation of revenue, increase of population bringing numerical strength. They have, accordingly, insisted that the Government, in view of the violation of the Treaty of Berlin by the Bulgarians, should persist in their demand and execution of the clause in the treaty relating to Greece, or return to *statu quo ante*, for both the honor and interest of Greece demand it.

The leading statesmen of Greece of the present time are, decidedly, Messrs. Deliyanii and Trikoupis. These two differ in politics as they do in character. M. Deliyanii is sincere in his conviction and stern in his purpose; that is, to a Gladstonian honesty he adds the stubbornness of a Jackson; so that when he is convinced of the moral right of a measure there is no swerving from it. He goes at it with a straightforwardness and even bluntness that has gained him the nickname of "Deli Yanni," or "Cranky Jack," whereas M. Trikoupis is of a diplomatic nature, patient and enduring, and given to temporizing, waiting for favorable opportunities and eventualities. It is plain, then, that with such diametrically opposed views and principles, when one is in function the other becomes the opposition in the Vouli, or House of Representatives, for each has his respective partisans.

When M. Deliyanii undertook the execution of the will of the people, to exact what was due to Greece, *vi et armis*, the Powers again interposed, and threatened coercion by blockade.

It may seem strange that Greece should be held responsible for a breach of the peace, brought about by the non-fulfillment of a compact on the part of Turkey. The fact is, the Powers could do nothing to Turkey, because the latter, conscious of her vantage over the European Powers by holding Constantinople, that great bone of contention, has become defiant, and determined not to depart from Europe without creating a general war, so the Greeks must be coerced.

Under the circumstances M. Trikoupis steps forward to relieve the Greek nation from the dilemma. In one of his speeches on the situation, he said: "For a long time to come Greece ought to think of developing her territory rather than of increasing it, of finding laborers rather than soldiers, and of constructing more railroads than ironclads." And, since Greece owed her prosperity to a long-continued peace, he recommended strenuously the continuance of pacific measures rather than those of aggression, and a conciliatory policy toward the European Powers. As for Greece, the *rôle* was marked out—to await with patience the last days of the Ottoman Empire, so establishing herself in peace as to be strong for war. The richer Greece shall have become at the hour of the final partition of Turkey, the more, either by arms or by diplomacy, would she receive of the spoils of the Empire. The whole Legislative Assembly and the country at large rallied at these ideas, and M. Deliyanii had to retire.

Moreover, Greece had nothing to fear from Turkey. Although Turkey had done her utmost to paralyze the effect of the Berlin Treaty, yet the Greek Government, after the settlement of the frontier question, had sustained the best relations with the Porte. More than one Greek politician actually dreamed of what would formerly have been considered a monstrous anomaly—an alliance of Greece with Turkey—because, if Turkey be the enemy of Greece, Greece sees no longer the worst enemy in Turkey. The true, the sole enemies to be dreaded by Greece are the Slavs. The danger lies with those who menace Constantinople and Salonica, and not with those who hold them.

On the part of Turkey, where is the peril for the Greeks? Turkey may occasion great injury to Greece and retard her progress, but she cannot take Greece from the Greeks any more than she can take Bulgaria from the Bulgars, or Servia from the Serbs. Her only hope, which each year weakens, is the maintenance of the *statu quo* in the East.

The only thing left Greece, under the circumstances, is to patiently and philosophically bide her time and continue to improve, so as to show Europe at the opportune moment her awakening powers, and prove that she is fully capable of filling the mission which history, ethnography and the political interests of the Occident, assigned to her in the Orient.

"*Nationalité satisfaite*" has become a fixed principle in politics, which will be observed in the case of Greece, and her claims will be admitted sooner or later.

CHINESE SIGNBOARDS.

MR. W. SIMPSON, in "Meeting the Sun," writes: "I saw in Pekin a list of signboards, and a few samples of them will illustrate their general character: 'Shop of Heaven-sent Luck,' 'The Shop of Celestial Principles,' 'The Nine Felicities Prolonged,' 'Mutton Shop of Morning Twilight,' 'The Ten Virtues all Complete,' 'Flowers rise to the Milky-Way.' In these signs we can see that the Chinaman can combine the soul of a poet with the pocket of a shopman. Contrast such efforts with 'The Noted Eel-pie House,' of the London streets, and one must feel that we are outer barbarians. Carlyle quotes a Chinese signboard, 'No Cheating Here,' but I could not find anything like it in the list. 'Good and Just according to Heaven' ought to satisfy the ideal notions of the author of 'Sartor Resartus.' 'The Honest Pen Shop of Li' implies that other pen shops are not honest. The 'Steel Shop of the Pock-marked Wang' suggests that any peculiarity of a shopman may be used to impress the memory of customers. Snub noses, squint eyes, lame legs, or hump backs might all be used in this way. A charcoal-shop calls itself the 'Fountain of Beauty,' and a

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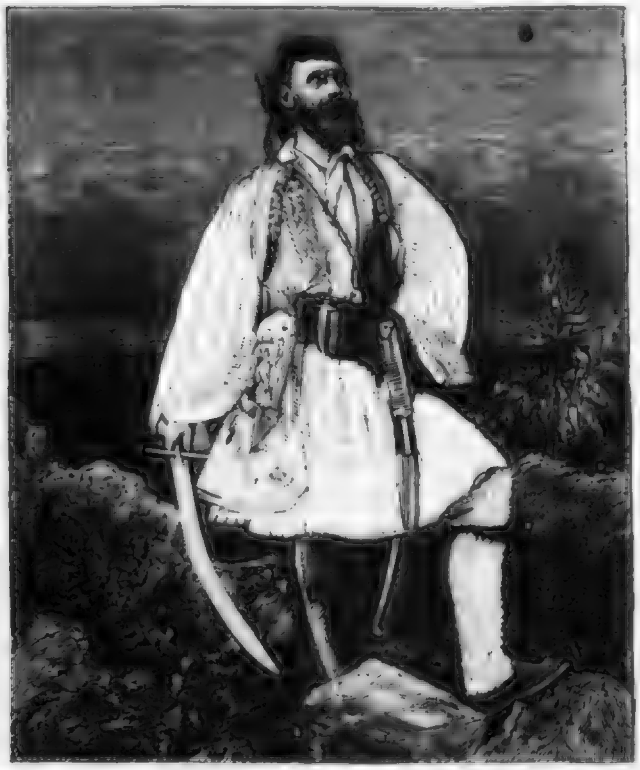
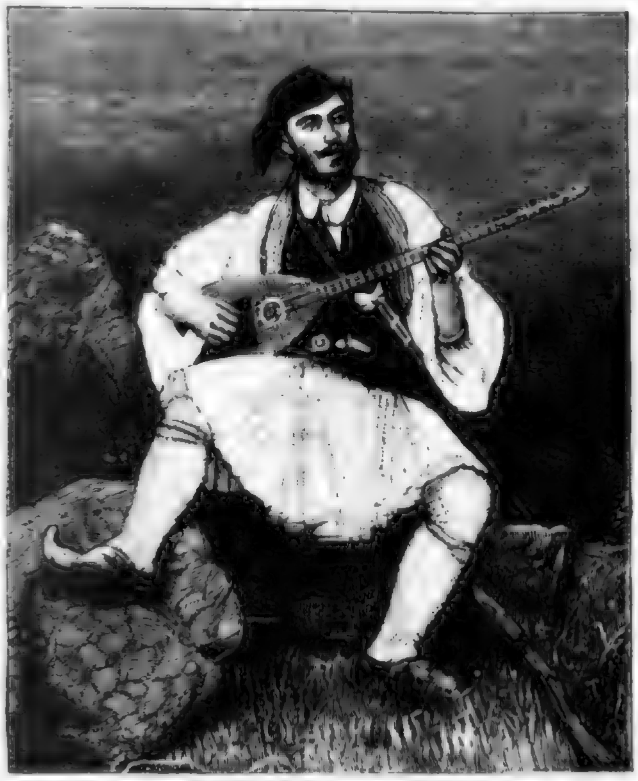




GREEK PROVINCIAL TYPES.—SEE PAGE 56.

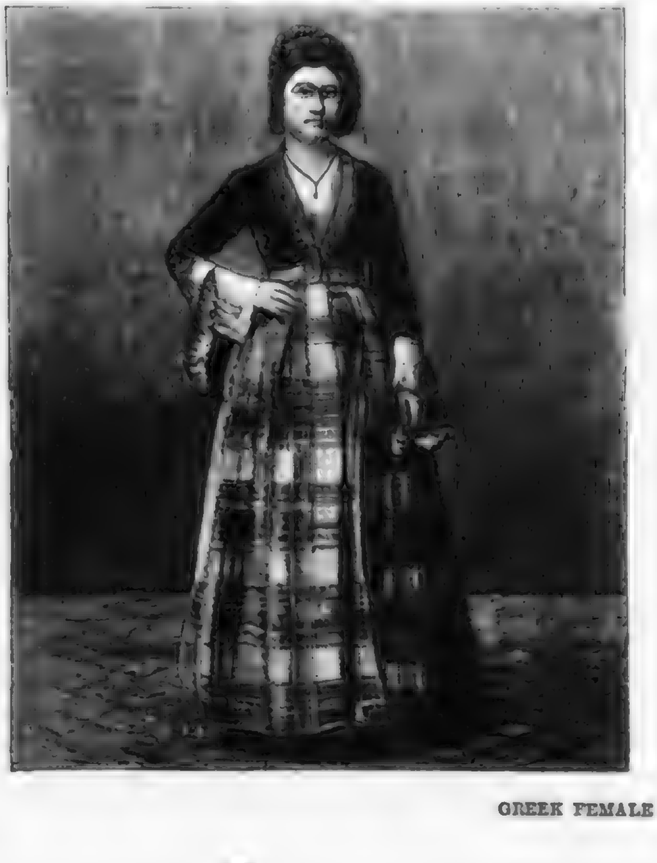
place for the sale of coal indulges in the title of 'Heavenly Embroidery.' An oil and wine establishment is the 'Neighborhood of Chief Beauty,' a description the realization of which it is hard to conceive anywhere in Pekin. 'The Thrice Righteous' is a pretension one would scarcely expect from an opium-shop."

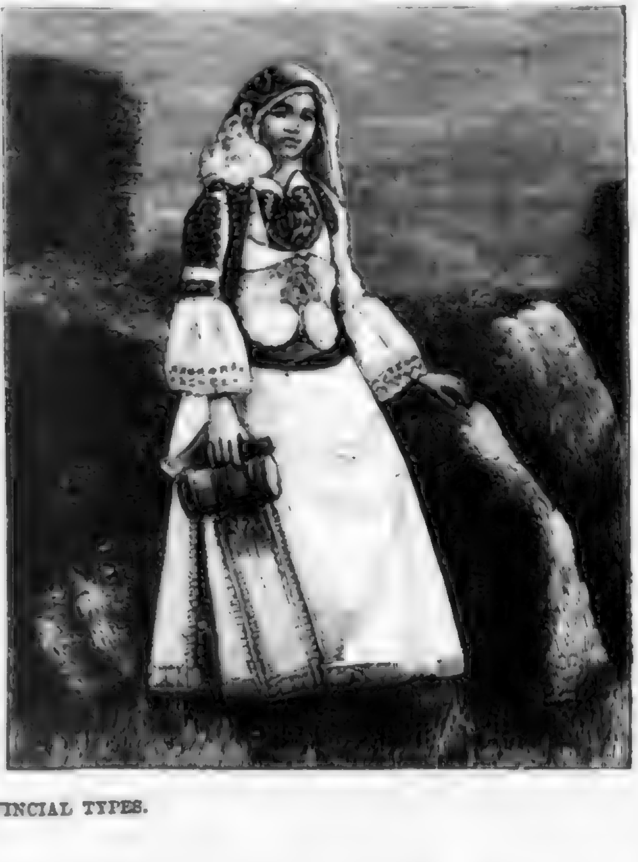
OLD MORTALITY.

Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, in his "Life of Sir Walter Scott," mentions a curious fact in connection with the original of "Old Mortality." According to the Doctor, the old man, whose pious task it was to repair the defaced monuments of the Cameronians, was named Patterson.

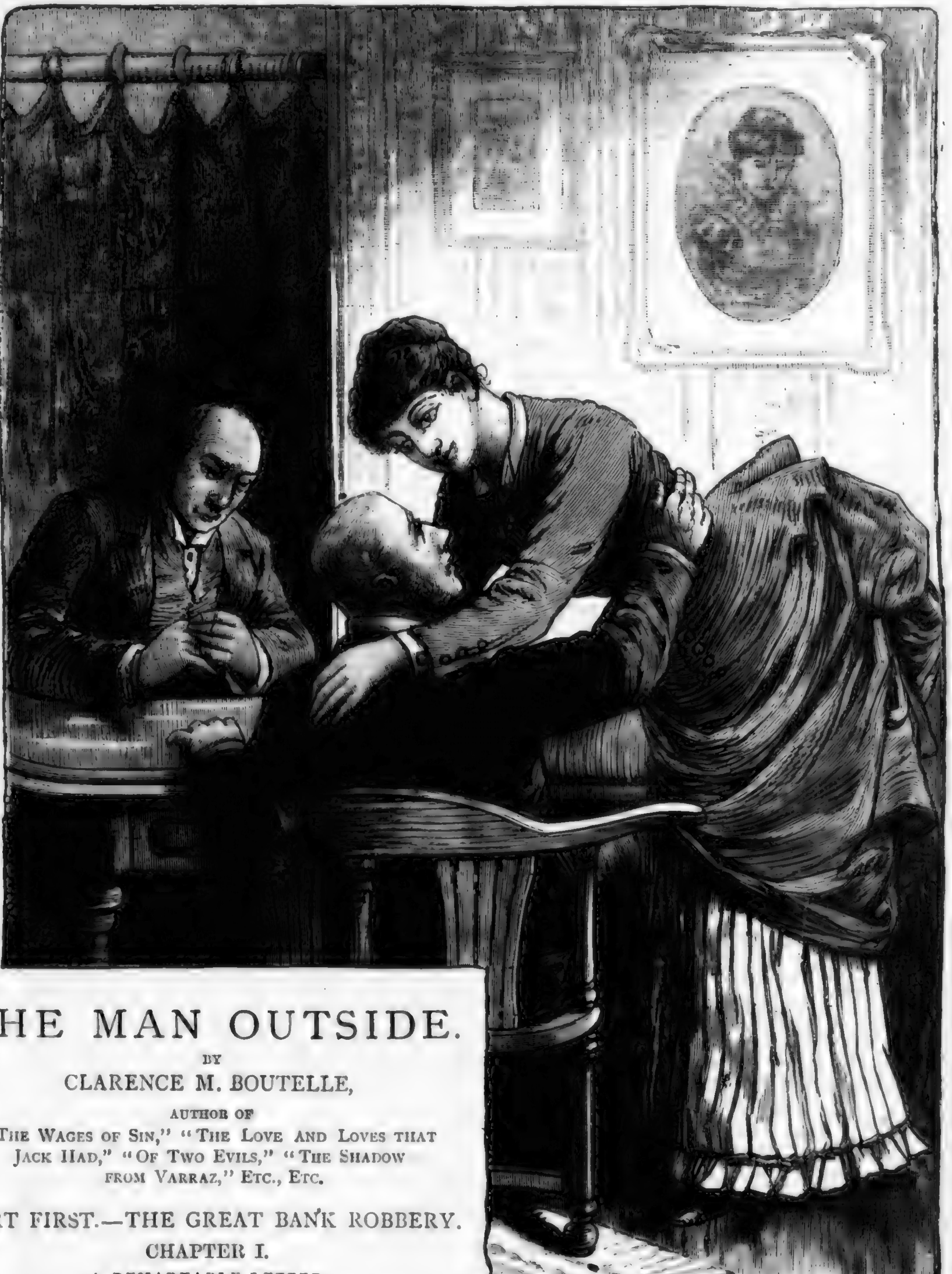
John Patterson, a son of Old Mortality, emigrated to America some years before the breaking out of the War of Independence, and settled in Baltimore, where he accumulated a large fortune by trade. He died, leaving two daughters, famous for their extreme beauty.

One of these ladies, according to Dr. Mackenzie, married the Marquis of Wellesley, elder brother of the Duke of Wellington; while the other captivated Jerome Bonaparte, the brother of Napoleon. He married her, greatly against the wish of his Imperial relative, who afterward did his best to annul the marriage. This lady died some years ago at Baltimore.





GREEK FEMALE PROVINCIAL TYPES.



"SHE LAID HER ARM CARESSINGLY ALONG HIS SHOULDERS. SHE STOOPED AND KISSED HIM, WITH MR PRIER LOOKING AT HER."

THE MAN OUTSIDE.

BY

CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF
"THE WAGES OF SIN," "THE LOVE AND LOVES THAT JACK HAD," "OF TWO EVILS," "THE SHADOW FROM VARRAZ," ETC., ETC.

PART FIRST.—THE GREAT BANK ROBBERY.

CHAPTER I.

A REMARKABLE LETTER.

JASPER JAHNWAY sat in his library, a worn and faded letter spread before him, his heart beating a little faster than had been usual of late years, as he prepared to read it. There were several pages of it, and they were closely written. But it was only a fragment, after all, for the first and last pages were missing. It was a letter without date or address or signature.

Jasper Jahnway drew the lamp a little nearer to him; he turned its light a little higher; he smoothed the letter down with his white and nervous hand.

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Then he carefully read the fragment from its beginning to its end.

"—And so it was murder! That is a very frank statement. *Murder* is a very ugly word. Never mind that. You know how very frank I am, sometimes; you know how much I love truth, when truth will serve my purpose as well as a lie would; it serves me as well now; so I use it. It was murder—*murder!* Pray tell me what you think of that.

"There was really no other way. I would gladly have done what you demanded, just that and no more. Indeed, I had no thought of doing more; had you? And yet I knew (did you not know, too?) that there was a risk—nay, many risks—in trying to do that which we had planned to do. The victim awoke. I was recognized. Between a long imprisonment for robbery and other allied crimes, and freedom, though with a stain on my soul which nothing can wash out—that was the choice I was called upon to make. I made it. I made it in a moment. Yet never—never to you—never at a human bar of justice—never before God's final tribunal—can I say that my choice was other than deliberate. A moment was long enough. A heartbeat was time enough. I made my decision. I acted upon it. Henceforth you have nothing to fear—nothing, while you are true to me. If you are false—false in the slightest degree—false in word or in thought even, beware! My muscles are as strong, my nerves are as steady, my heart as hard now as then. I have given much for you—much. Let me tell you that you must not ask more. Let me assure you, once for all, that I must have life and freedom left—left always.

"I talk of life and freedom. Possibly I talk foolishly. It may be that my freedom will be gone to-morrow, and my life found forfeit within a month. I say it may be. It may. But you must not dare to be the cause—you must not dare! You must not think me a mere tool, to be used at your wicked pleasure and then thrown aside. When danger comes, if it does come, you must stand bravely by me to the end. When I die, your death shall follow. Be coward enough to put me out of your way, and words I have said and written shall rise up between you and any earthly future you have fancied possible. If I hang, you shall hang on the same gallows with me. It is not a pleasant thought? Very well. Be true to me, then.

"Why do I write as I have done? Frankly and truthfully, because I do not trust you; because your silence is a necessity; because I am *sure* of that silence only as I am sure of your fear; because I believe I have made it impossible for you to dare break over the limits I shall set around your life and actions. When I tell you that I am going to write the plain and straightforward truth to you—think of it, the truth, *and from me*—you will begin to see how serious a matter this is likely to be for you. I warn you, then; I warn you fully; I warn you in time. Never say, when my vengeance may have followed your treachery, that you did not know the consequences of your act. Between us must be the everlasting bond of a common guilt and a common danger. If any one hunts me to my death, it must be *the man outside*——

"But I am getting incoherent. My pen is in the hand of Passion and—and—— It is not Remorse! *It is not Remorse! It is not Remorse!*

"Don't think me mad. I am not mad. If I were—if I only were; but—but I am as sane as I ever was. I can never claim a clouded intellect nor a diseased brain for my excuse, here nor hereafter.

"But I must prove my calmness by a calm story. I left the railroad station in the early evening. The rain was falling steadily. It had fallen in a deluge for hours.

"The mud was knee-deep. Every stream was swollen and dangerous. The darkness was intense, save when the lightning showed me my way.

"Three miles! Three miles across a rough country, cut up with brooks and rivulets, and seamed and fissured with rocky ledges and deep ravines. Was it not fortunate that I had known the road so well when I was a child?

"Three miles is long to one who is in a hurry. Three miles of conflict with the elements and their work is very, very long. But it came to an end at last. I reached the house. I walked slowly and noiselessly around it. I found a window which was not fastened. I went in. The owner of the mansion and myself were alone, at last, in this dreary, solitary house. If it came to a contest, it would simply be a question between the strength and endurance of the two of us.

"I looked through the lower part of the house. It took much time. I emptied boxes and drawers and cupboards. I hurriedly repacked every place I explored. I did not lose a moment. It was one o'clock, though, when I went up-stairs.

"I found the room where the owner slept. There was a lamp burning dimly within the apartment. I tried the door. It was not fastened. Strange, is it not? Strange that any one ever forgets the sort of world we live in, and the manner of persons who people it! Strange that any one fails to remember the story of Cain! Strange that any dare sleep in forgetfulness that such as *I* live—that there are men like *you* in the world!

"I searched the other rooms first.

"Thoroughly? Thoroughly! I expected to find nothing. But I gave earnest and painstaking effort to the task. I found nothing. But I could not have satisfied myself in any other way than by beginning elsewhere than where the sleeping one I meant to wrong lay in unconscious and innocent slumber.

"Why?

"I scarcely know how to say. I have never been so weak as to believe in presentiments. And yet—perhaps I had a ho—— a *fear*, I mean—that the end would be as it was.

"I hurried more than I had done below-stairs. I felt certain that I should find that for which I searched only when I went into that room where the light was burning. There, my lantern would be needless. There I could rob at my leisure, pleasure, using the facilities provided by the one whose treasure I—you, I mean—coveted.

"I went into the last room. Slumber should shrink away from one so wronged as the peaceful sleeper was about to be. Could *you* sleep while some one searched your room to see what he could find? Pardon the question. *I fear you may lose a night's rest from pondering it!*

"I searched carefully. I searched hurriedly. I put everything away in perfect order. It was three o'clock when I went into the room. It was four when I found that for which I looked. I slipped it into a convenient hiding-place upon my person. I turned to go.

"Fate had ordered other than a peaceful ending for my night's work. I glanced toward the bed. The occupant was sitting bolt upright, wide awake, watching me. Those deep black eyes, I shall remember them until I die; those stern and scornful lips—I shall never forget them—no, nor the words they uttered—'Coward, thief!' These, *and my name!*

"You see the alternative which circumstance offered me. You cannot blame me—blame circumstance. If I was secretly glad of the opportunity before me; if I had a private grudge to satisfy and a personal vengeance to feed; if those black eyes had done work which I could never forgive; if yonder heart had felt and yonder brain schemed beyond my power to pardon, that is nothing to you. It is none of your business. You have the hint, though, and much of comfort may it bring you!

"The crime was yours. The guilt is yours. I promised to find and bring you certain things. I have found them. I have them. They are yours whenever you choose to come for them. And the price I paid for them was no more than I had to pay. I only digress enough to say that when I struck a blow for you I struck one for myself as well. If it eases your conscience any to know that, know it. But if you have any curiosity regarding me, check it, or, better still, stifle it. Find out why I did gladly what even you would have shrunk from—try to find out my reason for it—and I will strike again! A word to the wise is sufficient. Do you understand?

"I sprang to the side of the bed. I did my pleas—— my *duty*, I mean.

"Pistol? No. Only a fool calls attention to an evil deed which fate necessitates.

"Knife? Ah, I was tempted! To disfigure that face; to leave a mark upon it which friends could never forget—that would have been heaven to me. But I used no knife. I was too wise for that.

"One shriek rang out on the startled air of the stormy night as I forced the frightened wretch down upon the bed and covered the face with a huge pillow. Then the struggle began. It was fierce and long. Sometimes I feared I should fail. I shall carry the marks on my throat for many and many a day which those strong hands left there. But I won. Resistance grew less—less—less—and ceased altogether. I held the thick pillow in its place for many minutes. Then I raised it. The black eyes were staring horridly at vacancy; their days of mischief-doing were for ever over. I drew the bedclothes up about the dead body of my—*your*—foe, I mean. Death had come in a troubled dream, for all that face or posture could tell. You had your wish. I had mine. And we were both safe. Safe, because the stolen things were unknown to others than their owner, and would never be missed; safe, because there was no evidence of murder or violence anywhere.

"I could have wept for very thankfulness. I laughed aloud for joy. And then, stooping over the bed for one last look at the vanquished, I raised my eyes to a mirror on the opposite side of the room. I scarcely knew my own face, so pale and drawn and changed was it. I gazed at it with a sort of fascinated wonder. And, as I gazed I heard a noise behind me. I did not raise my head. I did not turn around. I only looked toward the reflection in the mirror of the window which was behind me. The rain was beating upon it in a torrent. The wind was rattling the open blinds outside. For a moment that was all. Then—I saw a face pressed close against the pane. A man outside was watching. He was not looking directly toward me. He was, rather, gazing upon the face of the dead.

"I watched his reflection in the glass—watched it for more than a minute. I tried to catch some expression, or to have memory and attention grasp some peculiar feature which would enable me to recognize the man outside if I should ever meet him again. Perhaps you can guess the use I meant to make of the information I craved——

"But no matter.

"I failed.

"He wore a soft hat, drawn low down over his face. He wore a coat with a broad collar, and the collar was turned high above his chin and cheeks. His unkempt hair was all about his face. I should not know him again if I were to meet him face to face. I should not have the right to be even suspicious of his identity.

"Perhaps you have guessed that I was the victim of an optical illusion, and that there wasn't any man at the window behind me at all. It would be a very natural and philosophical conclusion to reach, and I believe you can rise to philosophical heights when sitting before a roaring fire with a good cigar between your teeth, and a bottle of something strong at your elbow. It is easier to be logical and critical under such circumstances (your circumstances as you read this, I doubt not), than it would be in a lonely room, in a lonely house, with the dead body of one who an hour ago was full of life and vigor lying within reach of your cruel hand, and with an unknown man watching you. But the idea of illusion occurred to me—even to me—and I almost dared pray that the thought was based on truth. The face would fade out, fade away in a manner that was strangely startling, and, at first thought, explainable only on the theory I have mentioned—the theory that I had overtaxed my powers; the theory that I had given my mind a staggering blow; the theory that I could no longer trust my senses; the theory that, having done you such service as made you my debtor, and myself such service as made life worth living, I was going mad.

"But I was not mistaken. I was not losing myself in the mazes of lunacy. The face was real. The man was real. When he drew back from the window—drew away from the rain-washed glass—I lost sight of him in the outside darkness; when he pressed close to the window I could see him again.

"I bore his watchfulness as long as I could—his watchfulness of the dead rather than of me. I suddenly sprang to my feet. For safety I would do anything. I rushed to the window. I threw up the sash. I faced the storm, the light from the dim lamp falling all about me and turning the falling raindrops into a shower of glory.

"The man sprang from the balcony on which he had stood. I heard him crash away through the flower-beds and shrubs. That was all. I came away. I got to the station. I excited no suspicion. I don't believe my face was seen at all by the spy who watched me.

"They will talk of a sudden death to-day, never dreaming that it was other than a natural one. But some one, somewhere, knows that there was murder done—knows it as well as I do—knows it as well as you do. His life is a perpetual menace. His freedom is an eternal shadow. Found, he must die. Living, he must be hunted. Unknown, he must be watched for and waited for. Curses—curses—curses—on *the man outside*——"

Jasper Jahnway pushed the letter from him as he finished it.

"A remarkable production," he said, reflectively. He was right. It was a remarkable production.

"A fitting end to such a day as this has been," he said, a little bitterly; "a fitting evening's entertainment after the gloom of the afternoon."

He rose and looked out at the night.

He shivered. The evening was too much like one of which *some one* had written to some one else, too much like the evening when a wicked heart had prompted a steady hand to the commission of a terrible crime, to be perfectly pleasant. Mr. Jahnway drew down the curtains. He sat down close by the open fire. He faced the window as he sat. He muttered something about the man outside.

The day, Saturday, November, 5th, 1870, had been as thoroughly disagreeable a one at Jahnway Park as any which Jasper Jahnway could remember. It is true that Jasper Jahnway was young; it is true that he had not been the fortunate possessor of the Jahnway estate for a very great number of years; and it is true that his roving life, prior to coming home to enjoy his unexpected inheritance, had left his knowledge of the possibilities of November weather in New England, in sight of the Atlantic, little more than a matter of theory and imagination.

But little as he knew of what had been or what might be at Jahnway Park, narrow as his experience there had been, he had seen many unpleasant days elsewhere; and his memory had failed to show him anything to compare with what this day had been.

From long before the earliest and faintest beginning of dawn, the rain had fallen in torrents; all day long the trees had tossed and writhed in the rushing gale; from morning to noon, and down the steep slope of the declining day to night again, the sound of the sea had been louder than the beating of the rain or the roaring of the wind. It is quite possible that "the oldest inhabitant," that garrulous encyclopædia of ancient wonders and lexicon of superlatives, would have agreed with Jasper Jahnway in his estimate of the day. Or, perhaps——

Perhaps the owner of Jahnway Park had come to it as to a place of peace and rest, and a haven of refuge; perhaps he found storm and tempest more annoying than they had been in the days when they had been his frequent companions, the days when he had taken his life in his hands and hunted fickle fortune half around the world. The soldier at home—loves peace; the orator at his own fireside—loves silence. It is the way of the world, you know. And Jasper Jahnway, at Jahnway Park, whatever may have been true elsewhere in his past, loved cloudless skies, bright flowers, warm sunshine.

The old Jahnway mansion was an old one indeed. There had been Jahnways and Jahnways. The particular line from which Jasper came had been poor; there were no portraits of *his* ancestors, until one traced the pictorial history of the Jahnways back for many generations, on the walls of the picture-gallery which was now his own. If there had been portraits of these Jahnways, the Jahnways whose blood flowed in his veins, they would have been painted with a far-away look in their eyes—painted with swords in their hands—painted with sails above their heads and decks beneath their feet—painted with the ocean or the wilderness about them, and with the world of ease and culture and civilization unhinted in garb or posture—workers, fighters, pioneers—those, and of those who wait—always. Should one inquire regarding them and their past, he would find their swords drawn, sometimes, in causes whose merits would be difficult to explain; he would find their ships engaged, sometimes, in a questionable traffic; and find, above the head of some one of the bravest and most devoted of the Jahnways, a flag he would not have looked for—or none at all! The questioner, reading, pondering, studying the history of their past, would find hope and faith and earnest valor; but Jasper's fathers for generations had gone no emptier-handed to their graves than they had gone to the best years of their lives.

And Jasper Jahnway had been true to the traditions of his race, until——

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Until he came to stand in the home which had belonged to another line of Jahnways; a line who had had money always; a line who had filled the old house with books and pictures and statuary; a line who had spread ease and comfort and luxury everywhere in the great house and in the spacious grounds.

Jahnway Park had been a paradise to Jasper when he first came. He knew that then. He did not deny it now. He wondered, nevertheless, how he could ever have enjoyed it as he did. It was a very unsatisfactory sort of life now. It had been tame a year ago; tamer last month; and to-day—to-day he had found the house like a prison, the very elements his foes, the whole situation intolerable. Did he love bright weather and warm sunshine? He did. But only because storm made him a prisoner of civilization; only because the gentleman he had become must not wander aimlessly about when the winds and the waters struggled for the mastery. He could remember days when life had been otherwise for him.

He had found books a bore; his pictures had pained him; he had wandered restlessly from room to room. Pity Jasper Jahnway as noon found him—young, without ambition—strong, without a calling—a human being with nothing to do; give him your sympathy, as he was when the afternoon was half done—at peace, with memory and inclination leading him toward danger and conflict—well housed, but longing for the swamp or the desert—daintily fed, but with a gloating memory of the freedom of the days when the present had had little and hope had promised the future even less; let your tears fall for him, as waning day darkened around him—a man with great capabilities, without a care or an aim or a purpose—a man hampered and harassed by civilization, while his experience, his instincts, and the inherited habits of generations, called him to the freedom of savagery—a man to whom the tempest which prisoned him was an enticement—a man to whom the voice of ocean was an invitation.

Such men as he break through restraint. Will he?

The rain had lessened for a little time as the day died out. The wind had grown fitful and fretful for a while, instead of remaining furious. It was as though day was relinquishing its power ere night was ready to assume control.

Streaks of blue had appeared among the clouds; they had broadened, deepened, and finally let the sunshine through as the god of day hung, for a moment, on the western horizon before giving Jahnway Park to the night, the tomb of the dead-and-gone Jahnways to the shadows, and Jasper Jahnway—to his future—to whatever he might be so fortunate or unfortunate as to find.

Jasper Jahnway drew a long breath of relief as the sunshine fell along the table where he had vainly tried to read and petulantly pretended to write. He opened the window. He stepped out upon the wet lawn. Fate-guided, he was going for the strange letter, though he knew it not. Let us follow him.

Winter was surely near at hand. His breath was in the air. Withered leaves were scattered all about the grass—Nature's mute confession of the power of Death. But Jasper Jahnway rejoiced in his freedom; what were death and decay and cold to him? Had he not the sky above? Had he not the fresh soil beneath his feet? The sunshine had fallen upon him only a moment since; after that, what was night to him?

He turned toward the ocean. Books and pictures and ease were giving up their slight hold upon him—their power over his heart and brain. Child of Nature, he was reaching out for the love which had been his for so much of his life.

The white-crested waves showed dimly through the gathering darkness, seeming to salute him as they ran thunderingly up the distant beach. He smiled. There was heart in his smile.

Out there, hundreds and hundreds of miles away and many years ago, he had had his one brief dream of love, bright and sweet and swift, on an island scarcely larger than his own estate of Jahnway Park. Out yonder, in another direction, other hundreds of miles away, he had drifted for many days and nights on a narrow plank, scorched under a burning sun by day, chilled under a pallid moon by night, mad with hunger, frenzied with thirst, until he was so weak that he could not put his hand up to clasp those of the men who rescued him, nor command his voice to speak the thanks he felt.

Pain? Yes. Pain from the memory of his dream of love, for he was lonely now, and always would be; but love is worth *having lived,* though one must turn to memory only for the good it gives—worth *having lived,* though one may fail to *live it for ever.*

Pain? Certainly. Pain from shipwreck and danger and famine; but the joy of escape had made ample amends for all that. And, so far as the future was concerned, Jasper Jahnway was too young, yet, to have lost that instinctive-felt faith of the young heart (higher than the reason which insists that death is a future actuality and an ever-present possibility) that for him tides would turn, ships sail over strange routes, refreshing rains fall, clouds temper the sunshine, and the Omnipotent Hand of God himself be stretched out to insure *him* safety and life and strength, whatever others might find waiting for them; too young to have given up that way of looking at things and thinking of them which is the outward expression of almost a hope (can I call it that?) of a personal physical immortality—a reminder of the days when humanity was not doomed to die—a token of the time when the soul shall stand beyond the world in which there are graves, in a world where death shall never enter. All men, young and old, say, "I must die." The man is beginning to grow old who deliberately says, when strong and vigorous, "I *may* die to-day—or to-morrow." Jasper Jahnway had nothing of the sort to say to himself; he never had had. To him, the old life meant the old dangers and the old hardships; it meant the old joys, too, and the same certainty of escape which the past had worked out for him. Older men are wiser ones.

He turned his face oceanward, and he cried, passionately, while he stretched his hands yearningly toward it:

"I love it; I love it; it has brought me more of happiness, more of the good which elevates and improves, than such a narrow life as this can ever do; I love it; I love it."

Then he walked musingly and slowly down to the very end of his estate. He could no longer see his house. The ocean was not in sight, and its voice came to him in a muffled tone. Tall trees were all about him. On one side of the narrow path in which he stood ran a noisy brook, babbling the gossip of the breezy hills where it was born, and clamoring for the sea. On the other side rose a rocky hill, so steep and stony that it almost merited being called a perpendicular ledge.

Then Jahnway had paused and looked about him. It was dark. But never before had the place seemed so pleasant to him. His mood was a strange one; the surroundings suited it.

He tossed a stone into the stream. He laughed to see the shower of water which sprung up where it fell. He threw another, a larger and a heavier one, and shouted with almost the glee of a child at the commotion it made. There had not been so pleased an expression upon his face for many long hours; it was good—so good—to have something to do again, though it were needless and useless.

He stooped for the third stone; a bundle of closely written sheets of paper had been twisted into a knot, thrown close beside it, and forced into the soil by a heavy heel.

Jahnway took the letter home. He read it, while the night took up the storm's work where day left it.

We have read it, too.

A remarkable letter! And a remarkable Jasper Jahnway! A bed awaited his coming up-stairs, and a sleepy servant waited to attend to any of his wants.

But he spread his overcoat before the fire in his library; he took some huge volume for a pillow; and he dreamed that he was a rover over the world again, and, that when some one came to tell him that Jahnway Park was his, a voice said it was false—a voice from the stormy night—a voice from the open window—*the voice of the man outside!*

CHAPTER II.

CHECK TO——

"CHECK TO—— By-the-way, old fellow, how time flies. It was ten years ago to-night, wasn't it?"

Gilbert Senn looked up from the chessboard into his friend's face as he spoke.

"Check! H'm! I wasn't looking for just that. Let me see. There"—moving a piece—"I think that settles your plan for the present. What were you saying? Ten years ago; what was it that happened ten years ago? Oh, yes, I remember; it *is* ten years since then; ten long years since the 5th of November, 1860."

"Ten years—ten years—*check to your king—and——*"

"See here, Senn," interrupted Walter Aldrich, good-naturedly, "you are taking a decidedly unfair advantage of me. You get me to thinking in a sentimental mood, perhaps, if a man with my health can be sentimental, and then you crowd me to the wall. Well"—moving a piece reluctantly and irresolutely—"that is bad enough, but it's the best I can do."

"*Check!*"

"I—I——" And Aldrich thinks long and looks earnestly before he ventures to make another move, and makes it with a vague hope which is not warranted by the probabilities when his friendly antagonist is as keen a man as Gilbert Senn.

Senn studies the board. His hand wavers doubtingly over a piece, drops resolutely upon it, and he makes his move.

"*Checkmate!*" he says; "and now let us put away the board and the men and talk of more important battles than this mimic warfare. Chess is not half so much like the battle of life as some would like us to think; if it were, I shouldn't be winning over you."

"No? I don't know. Life has its complications which are far stranger than any which chance or circumstance can bring into our favorite game. One day a man is up, another day he is down; one day rich, another day poor; honest now, now lost; the admiration of friends to-day, the scorn of foes to-morrow."

"Don't be a cynic, Aldrich," said Senn; "if any one in the whole wide world has a right to keep the fact of the ups and downs of this life in his mind always, I have. But I am not so foolish as to scorn the present, nor so weak as to doubt the future."

"And the past?"

Tears sprang up in Senn's eyes. He reached his hand across to his friend, and clasped his in a warm and clinging grasp.

"The past? You know of what I was thinking a little time ago. I have never done thanking you, in my heart, for making it possible for me to have a part in the battle of life; I have never forgotten what you did ten years ago; I never shall forget it. If there ever comes a time when my life, my fortune, or——"

"There—there—that will do. It was nothing. Any one could have done what I did."

"But *you* did it."

"And I would have done it for any one. I——"

"For any one!" interrupted Senn, his face clouded and his tone a little bitter; "for any one! I should think so. Ten years ago I *was* 'any one,' a tramp, a vagabond, an outcast; not a criminal, not a beggar, not a drunkard; but life had narrowed—narrowed—narrowed—until the indistinct buildings in the half darkness seemed in another world. There was wealth there—gold, goods, clothes, food, pictures—and I was clothed in rags and had barely a quarter of a dollar which I could call my own. I stood on the platform at the station, and looked in at the window of the ticket-office—in from my darkness and misery, at the joy and carelessness and happiness of those within. I could not bear it. The contrast was too great. My heart was hungering for home; my soul was crying for home; I had dreamt of home every night for months—home—home—home, sweet home; and the train was coming; I could hear its thunder through the evening's dark and silence; it could take me home in a single night—but I had no money; do you know how long it will take a weary, discouraged, disappointed, sick, half-starved wretch to walk—walk, mind you—as far as an express train can go in twelve hours?"

"For God's sake, Senn——"

"Wait. Hear me out. You never knew the half you did. I am not sure you ever can, for I know my recital of it must fall far short of the truth. I shrank back from the lighted window into the darkness. Is it any wonder I was careless? Down the track, I could remember sorrow and tears and hunger. Up the track, lying so strong and grand under the lights of the station, like two long lines of silver, was my future—my fate—with more tears, and more sorrow, and more hunger and weakness and weariness. I think I was a little delirious; I had not tasted food for twelve hours; the train was coming; I saw its headlight come round the curve, flash up the track, and push the lines of silver a little further—just a little further—into the shadows. And then——"

"Stop a moment. I shall be crying if you go on. I want to ask you two or three questions. You will answer them truthfully, will you not?"

"Truthfully?" cried Senn; "have you ever known me to answer any question in any other way?"

"No, I never have," said Aldrich, firmly; "I never have. Only—as these questions are a little peculiar—and—and—personal—I thought you might not care to answer them. I confess I shall not blame you if you tell me it is none of my business."

Senn laughed.

"I will tell you that," he said, "if I am not willing to answer truthfully, frankly and fully. Though why I should be other than truthful and frank to one who has been such a friend, I am sure I cannot tell. Please ask the questions."

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"I will. Have the last ten years of your life been happy?"

"Happy? Yes. No life is perfect. No joy is unmixed with sorrow. But the ten years just past have been happy—very happy."

"You are glad, then, that I saved you?"

Senn stretched out his hands and caught those of his friend.

"Glad—glad!" he cried.

"And now—well——"

"What is it? Ask it."

"I—I scarcely know how to ask you. You will pardon me, will you not?"

"Pardon you? Of course I will."

"Was what happened an—an accident—or were you so discouraged—and—and ——"

"Was it an attempt at suicide? Is that what you mean?"

"That is it."

"It was an accident, purely and simply an accident. I suppose the thought of suicide runs through every man's mind, the sane as well as the mad sometimes, and I shall not pretend that I had never found it running through mine. While I remember the old home among the New England hills; while I remember the gray-haired mother who lives there and who counts the days, almost, between my visits at home—while I cherish her memory in my heart after she shall have gone from me, I shall be safe. No suicide or murder shall stand at my door. It was an accident."

"Pray pardon my thought; I——"

"It is pardoned. Your suspicion was not an unnatural one."

"And now—will you tell me about your sensations, your thoughts."

Senn shuddered.

"It isn't a pleasant thing to think about nor to talk about, but I will try to tell you. I heard the train coming; I saw it round the curve; I saw the light strike upon the darkness and push it further back. Then, suddenly, I felt faint. My head grew dizzy, the icy platform seemed to reel beneath my feet. I felt myself falling. I tried to catch something. My efforts were useless. I went down—down upon the track. My head struck the rail. I felt the blood gush down over my cheek. Then a strange thing came to pass, namely this: I was mentally strong and vigorous, while I was physically *nothing*. I could not move. I could not shriek. I could not make a sound. I heard women shriek. I saw one fall fainting on the platform. Why? I was only a ragged tramp, and she had drawn her cloak closer about her so as not to touch me, when she had passed me a half-hour before. I saw a man, who could have saved me as well as not, falter and turn away. I saw men stop to count the chances, unwitting that chances counted at such a time were chances thrown away for ever. I heard hoarse cries. I heard the brakes applied to the wheels, but knew then, as well as I know now, that the train could no more have been stopped before reaching me than the earth can be stopped in its course. I suffered a thousand deaths. I never knew how sweet life was before. Then—I saw you dash across the platform, spring upon the track. You lifted me from the rails, you threw me out of danger. I have never forgotten it. I never shall."

"Pshaw! It was nothing."

"You risked your life, though."

"In a sense, yes. There was no time to lose. A false step, a stumble, and neither one of us would have been here to-night. But any man with a cool head and quick hands could have done it."

"But *you—you* did do it."

"I did."

"And you did it for me."

"Yes."

"And you helped me to work, helped me to a place of honor and responsibility."

"True. But let us not dwell longer on the past. Light another cigar, the one you have has gone out. And get the chessboard and men again. I must have my revenge before you go."

They sat down to their chess again. But the lawyer, keen and acute and far-seeing though he might usually be, seemed preoccupied. It was not many minutes before Senn quietly captured his queen, saying "*Check!*" as he did so; and, soon after, he had driven Aldrich once more to hopeless defeat, saying that word of victory from which there is no appeal—"*Checkmate!*"

"I cannot play to-night," said Aldrich. "Your story of ten years ago has unnerved me, somehow. And besides——"

"Besides?"

"Besides that, there is another thing which I cannot keep out of my thoughts. A thing—a fact——"

"I think I understand. I've been waiting for you to tell me. Shall I take the privilege you had a little time ago, and ask you a few questions?"

Aldrich laughed.

"You needn't do that. The matter is happily settled. I am the most fortunate man in the world. She is good and true, and as beautiful as she is good. Congratulate me."

Aldrich held out his hand.

Senn took it.

"I do congratulate you," he said. "I give you good wishes for your whole future, and with all my heart. I congratulate her, too; you may tell her so when you next see her. I have known you so long and so well, while—— But you know her. You have chosen wisely, I doubt not. I heartily congratulate you both."

"Thank you."

"When shall I lose you?"

"What?"

"When shall I lose you? When are you to be married?"

"That is a question I cannot answer yet. Not before next Spring; possibly not until June. But you are not to lose me at all. You will only gain another friend when I marry, for my friend will be my wife's friend as well."

Senn shook his head.

"I don't know about that," he said, gloomily; "I don't know about that. Marriage takes many a man from his friends and companions."

"Nonsense! We shall have many repetitions of this evening; we shall try our powers and our fortunes many a time over the narrow battlefield of the chessboard."

"I hope so," said Senn, rising and going over to the chessboard and men. He touched them lovingly, and, as if it were reluctantly, came loiteringly back to where his friend sat.

"I hope so," said Senn again; "I hope so; but someway I cannot help doubting it. The news of your engagement has strangely affected me. I cannot explain it. Do you believe in presentiments?"

"In presentiments? No, I do not. Do you?"

"I think not, and yet there seems to be a deepening shadow all around us. I cannot get it out of my mind that something is about to happen which will deeply affect us both. It seems impressed upon me that this 5th day of November, in the year 1870, is a crisis in the lives of us both. It seems as though I had laid aside the chessmen for the last time; I find myself wondering—not *whether* this is to be our last evening together, but *why* it is to be the last."

Aldrich took out his watch.

"Don't think me inhospitable," he said, lightly; "you know I've never driven you away from here yet, late though it might be. But the fact is you cannot be well; you wouldn't talk as you do if you were; let me prescribe for you."

"All right. What do you prescribe?"

"Rest. Go home and go to bed. Get a good night's rest. Get these foolish fancies out of that brain of yours. You are working too hard, or——"

"I'm not working too hard," said Senn, stoutly.

"Or worrying too much," concluded Aldrich.

"I'm not worrying. Business is dull in some places, and some firms are going down. But B. is going through all right; there isn't the slightest doubt of that. I should be no loser, except the loser of a position, if he didn't, but you know me well enough to be sure I should be troubled if he were in any danger. The fact is he is safe—perfectly safe."

"Yes."

"And now, I'll take your advice. I will go home. I will get a good-night's rest. We'll laugh over the foolish fancies of this night, many and many a time, as earnestly as we wept over the almost tragedy of ten years ago."

Senn lighted another cigar. The two men stood talking pleasantly. Senn opened the door. The friends stepped out. The night was calm and still. November though it was, the air was warm and pleasant. The sky was cloudless, and the stars seemed unusually bright.

Yet, at that very moment, Jasper Jahnway, sleeping before his library-fire at Jahnway Park, was letting the self-originated fancies of his dreams mingle with the sound of the awful thunder of the tempest outside. Gilbert Senn had never heard the name of Jahnway Park; he knew nothing of the existence of Jasper Jahnway, nor did Jasper know aught of him; yet the tempest was coming into the deep-blue, star-studded sky of his life as surely as it is that the wind blows, or the waters flow.

Aldrich turned suddenly, almost abruptly. He held out his hand to his friend. "Good-night," he said. Then he went in.

And Gilbert Senn, happy again, moved slowly away. Away from the house whose threshold he would never cross again; away from the friend whose hand he would never clasp again; away from the past he cherished and the present he loved; away, as far away as the imagination can picture, from the future he had dreamed about.

He walked slowly down the street, smoking and thinking as he went. From time to time he spoke to himself.

"Dear old Aldrich," said Senn to himself; "I wonder if I shall ever have a chance to make my account with him even? It isn't likely. He isn't the sort of fellow to go blundering down under the wheels of an express train. I wonder—whether—I—should—fail—him—I——"

And he smoked and walked in silence.

He reached the door of his boarding-house. He paused a moment there, and looked up at the sky.

"Dear old Aldrich," he said again; "he deserves it all—all. I hope he will be happy. Of course he will be. Nothing amiss can happen." He paused in his self-addressed talk, seemed to think suddenly of something which troubled him, then said, vigorously: "The fact is, he *is* safe." Another pause. "Perfectly safe—*unless*——"

And Gilbert Senn walked away from the boarding-house instead of going in.

He walked down the street. And——

And it is getting late. Do you know that there are times when it is better—safer, perhaps—for the *gentle reader* to let the actors in a drama like this go their ways alone? Let us go to rest.

Or, if you cannot rest until you see Gilbert Senn safe at home, let us wait by the door of his boarding-house until his return.

* * * * * *

It was very late when he came back. He looked worn and wan. There was anguish in his eyes. There was sorrow in his gait. There was undoubtedly a heavy load upon his mind. He seemed to have grown much older during his absence.

He went up to his room. He threw himself upon his bed. For hours he tossed and turned, groaning and weeping from time to time.

It was growing almost daylight when sleep began to conquer the wornout man. Slowly his breath grew deeper and slower; little by little he became calm and quiet; one by one his senses faded from the battle and woe of life into the great mystery of sleep.

"Dear—dear old Aldrich. I swore——" he muttered, sleepily.

(The tempest was raging still at Jahnway Park, and looking east from Senn's window one might have seen a cloud across the morning sky, where the sun would soon be coming.)

And then, just before, there fell upon him the peace of such a sleep as too many of us, men and women of the world, must look back to childhood's days to ponder over and wonder at—the sleep which poets tell us is the characteristic of careless innocence. He sighed softly:

"*Check—to*——"

CHAPTER III.

A PUZZLE FOR PRIER.

That black band, which men call night, which bound Saturday, November 5th, 1870, to the Sunday which followed, had a strange influence over those with whom this history has to deal. I cannot tell you why. That is one of the mysterious things over which Science has yet hung up no electric light.

Old Donald Barron found that night very unpleasant. It might have been indigestion, for Donald Barron was very reckless in the matter of suppers. As he was inclined to be reckless in the matter of business, too, it might have been worry.

Donald Barron had commenced life poor. It was his pride that he had passed the most of his life well-to-do. It was his dearest hope to die immensely wealthy. Being a private banker in Boomville, and the only man doing a banking business there, he was not unlikely to realize his dearest hope. Recklessness in matters of business might possibly postpone the time when, dying, he would leave behind him the fortune which his heart and soul coveted. Recklessness in his attention to the productions of his cook might hasten the day when, rich or poor, as the day might chance to find him, he would have to die.

To tell the plain truth, however, Donald Barron had been unusually abstemious that evening. Business had

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some ugly features in sight for the future; but he had that laid aside which will always make the crooked straight in financial matters—money—money—and much of it.

So, on the whole, I am inclined to think that it was the night and its influences which ailed Donald Barron.

He lay in uneasy and restless wakefulness for hours. From bedtime until midnight — from midnight until dawn—from dawn until sunrise—he lay staring about him, passing up the mental scale of pain which leads from uneasiness to torture.

Then, just as the sun came up, he fell asleep.

And in his sleep he dreamed that he was in his place of business. It was almost night. In a few minutes it would be time to close up and go home. He was very, very tired, and time had never seemed to drag so before; he was anxious, so anxious, for rest and sleep. It seemed to him as though the day had been filled with worry and trial. Much money had been paid out, while but little had been received. Men who had done business with him for years, who had trusted him fully, had come in with their hands full of his obligations to pay; had come in hurriedly; had come with doubt and suspicion lurkin their eyes, and had gone away showing on their faces that its presence there was an insult and a menace to him. The strong had jostled the weak; men had pushed women and children aside, eager to get money while there was money left to get. Such, it seemed to him, had his day been. And now he was waiting for the time to come when he could close the doors and go home—waiting for the honorable ending of his fearful day. Suddenly a man came hurriedly in at the open door of the bank. He laid a certificate of deposit before the astounded banker. It bore the signature of Donald Barron. The old man remembered, now, when he had received the money and issued the certificate; but it seemed in his dream as though he had forgotten its existence up to that very moment. "Cash, quick," said the man. The amount reached far into the thousands of dollars. There was no such amount in the money-drawers or on the counter. Barron turned to the safe. He took from it a tin box, in which he had a reserve fund ready for an emergency; he brought the box to the counter; he opened it. *There was nothing inside but a handful of ashes!*

That was Donald Barron's dream.

Donald Barron awoke when the opened box disclosed its worthless contents, awoke and stared straight up at the ceiling. A forgotten certificate of deposit? Not at all. He was too wise and careful to have any lingering doubts on such a subject. He knew to a penny the amount of his outstanding obligations. But the tin box—the part about the tin box had seemed fearfully real—and there *was* a tin box, and it had a reserve fund in it, and he wasn't quite easy now, and he would go——

Go! He could not move! He could not cry out! He could not stir so much as a finger or a toe! In perfect consciousness, knowing his needs, knowing that every moment during which this fearful incubus kept its dread power over him lessened his hopes of leaving his bed alive, he could do nothing.

How he fought! How he struggled—active will against deadened nerves and unresponding muscles.

It could not last long. Such a fight is a warfare between man and death. Victory for one is speedy. And this time the man won. He moved a hand. The horrid spell was broken. The sluggish, slackening stream of life dashed forward again in the arteries and veins. The old man crept weakly from his bed. The perspiration ran from his face in streams. He could scarcely stand alone. But he had life—life; life, and the love of money, left.

The old man dressed hurriedly. It was not usual for him to go to the bank on Sunday, though he did sometimes go in for a little while before church-time to read his paper or write a few letters.

This morning he hurried. He unlocked the door and went in. The desks and papers were all in perfect order. The safe was closed and locked. The dream was already growing dim in his memory. The man laughed softly to himself, thinking how foolish he had allowed himself to be, as he opened the safe.

And then——

He didn't find his tin box with a handful of ashes in it.

He didn't find any tin box at all!

Donald Barron was prompt and active. He had not lived long and grown old without getting wisdom. In ten minutes after discovering his loss, his telegram was on the way to one of the best private detective agencies in Boston:

"BOOMVILLE, MAINE, *November 6th*, 1870.

"Send your best man by first train. To-day if possible,

"DONALD BARRON."

Then Mr. Donald Barron went home to breakfast. He attended church, and kept awake much better than was usual. He appeared to give the most earnest attention to the sermon, not a wonderful thing when we remember how near he came to remaining permanently in bed that morning.

It was almost dark when there came a ring at the Barron mansion. The servant brought up this card to Mr. Barron:

J. B. PRIER.

Boston.

"Show the gentleman into the parlor," said Mr. Barron, "and tell him I will be with him directly."

When Mr. Prier rose at the entrance of Mr. Barron, the latter thought he had never seen so remarkable a man. Mr. Prier was entirely bald, and his face was smoothly shaven; the wrinkles about his mouth and eyes seemed to indicate age, but his quick and restless movements implied youth. His deep-black eyes seemed to look through one, and to see everything at once; they were eyes well calculated to confuse and abash a guilty man, while an innocent person could not fail to read a reassuring penetration and wisdom, together with a stern and resolute friendliness, in their wondrous depths.

"You wanted a detective?"

"I did; I sent for the best man."

"Exactly. *I am here!* I am at your service."

"Your name is Prier?"

"J. B. Prier."

"You are ready for business?"

"I am. I'll be blamed if I don't hang somebody."

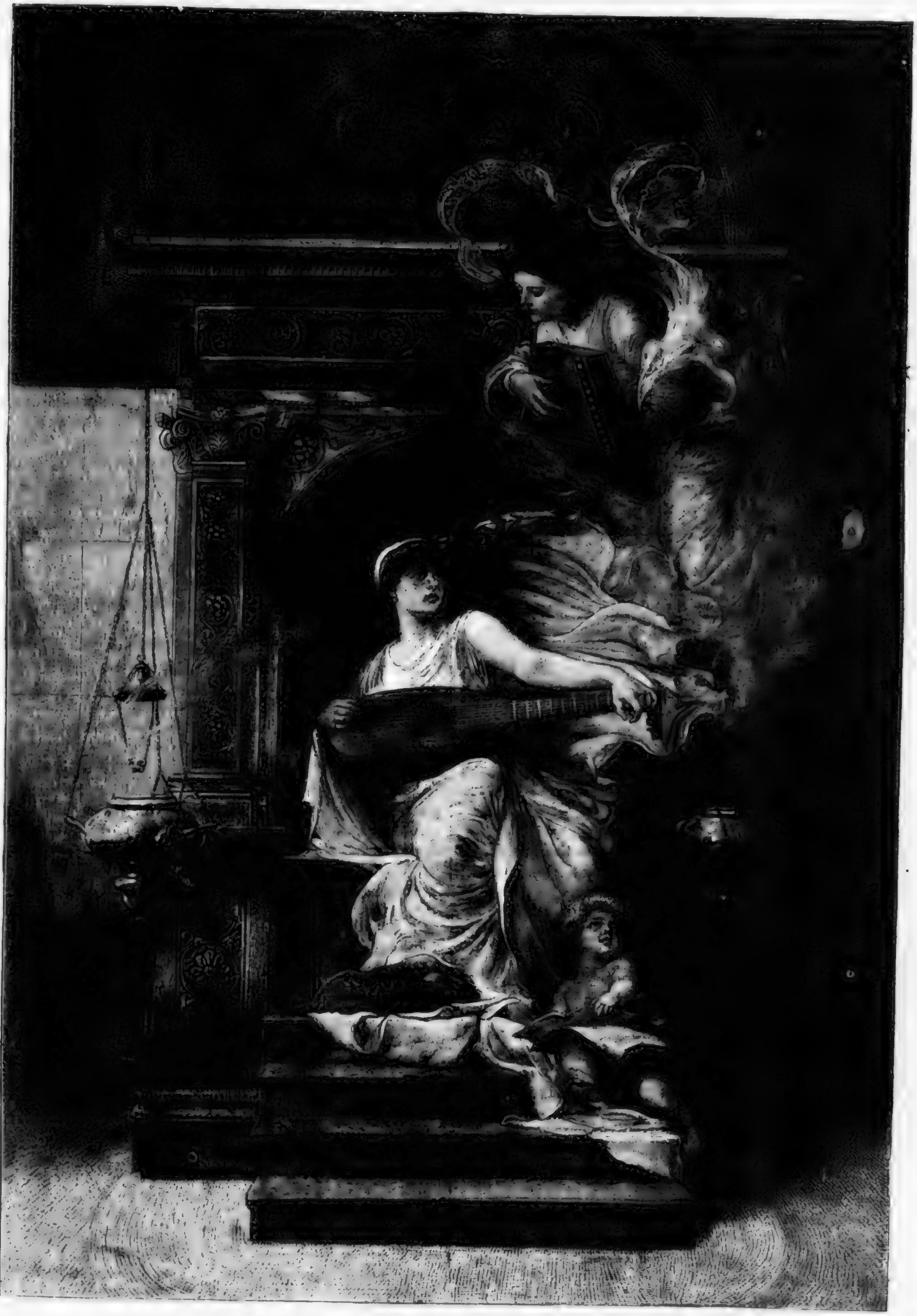
Donald Barron smiled.

"I think this is scarcely a hanging matter," he said. "My safe has been robbed, that is all. Serious enough, of course, but not serious enough for hanging."

"Excuse me," said Prier, "my language was only figurative. It's a form of speaking I have."

Donald Barron smiled again and bowed.

"Safe robbed?" said Prier. "Tools left? Let me see them."



"INSPIRATION."—FROM THE PAINTING BY E. H. BLASHFIELD.

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"No tools were left. In fact, I think none were used. The bank seems to have been entered by some one who didn't need tools."

"Bank? Safe in bank? Let's have a look at the bank."

The two men walked down to the bank building together. Prier took a deep interest in the contemplation of the modest brick structure in which the bank was located.

"I studied architecture once," he said. "Beautiful subject—beautiful. This is a fine building, a very fine building."

Mr. Barron made no answer, but proceeded to unlock the door. Prier watched him as intently as though locks and keys were entirely new to his experience. In any other than the calling which he followed for his daily bread, Mr. J. B. Prier would have been justly regarded as a very inquisitive man.

Once inside, Mr. Prier helped Mr. Barron close the blinds and draw the curtains so that they should be free from observation. He helped him light up the room. Then he took out his notebook and pencil, produced a tape-line, and went to work.

He measured more than a hundred different distances, Barron watching him in utter bewilderment. The distances from the door to the counter, from the counter to the safe, from the window to the stove, and so on.

Then he examined everything he could find; picked up the inkstands, the paper-weights, the blotters; peered into the money-drawers; opened the stove and looked in; looked at the doors, at the windows, at the walls, at the floor and the ceiling. Then he drew a chair up to the stove in which Barron had made a fire, and sat down.

"Well?" said Barron.

"Well," said Prier, in an exceedingly puzzled tone, "this seems the most orderly place I've ever seen for a bank that has been robbed. I confess I'm a little at a loss, and I never made a failure yet. I'll be blamed if I—— By-the-way, speaking of hanging, I have had two very similar jobs to this in my experience, similar in their general features, and I *did* hang a man in each case."

"You did hang a man?"

"Figuratively, of course. I traced out the guilty one in each case, connected him conclusively with a murder, and the authorities did the rest."

"I see——"

"Oh, no you don't. You don't see anything more regarding those cases than I do regarding this; and that"—rubbing his face with a huge red silk handkerchief, and speaking with a happy briskness—"is nothing at all. I'll tell you all about them some time," he continued, "some time when I am at leisure—I am very busy now. Will you be kind enough to give me a look into that safe? Thank you," he remarked, when Mr. Barron had complied with his request and unlocked the safe for him—"thank you. Don't let me forget to tell you those stories the very first time I have a half-hour to spare. They are the most entertaining and cheerful stories you ever listened to, I assure you."

Prier examined the safe, outside and in. He looked more and more as though he was getting beyond his depth.

"What was the money in?" he asked.

"In a tin box."

"In what part of the safe?"

Mr. Barron showed him.

"How much was there?"

"Two hundred thousand dollars."

Prier whistled softly to himself, and looked a little nervous. He conquered his feelings, however, and came and sat down by the stove again.

"Were you ever hanged?" he asked, with a smile.

"Ever hanged?" cried Barron, in astonishment.

"That's what I asked. I was once; a mere accident, of course, but it came near being the end of me. I've always felt a little sorry, since then, when it was necessary to send a fellow-being to the gallows. But you ought to try it; the experience is worth all the suffering, provided, of course, that you are not kept in a state of suspense too long."

Mr. Barron said nothing. He looked closely at Mr. Prier. But that gentleman had taken a cigar from his pocket and lighted it, and appeared entirely engrossed with the pleasure of smoking, and oblivious of the scrutiny to which he was being subjected. Mr. Barron had never had any dealings with a detective before this time. He wondered whether Prier was a fair specimen of his class.

"I suppose you've no objection to my looking over the books of your business?" said Prier, suddenly, throwing away his cigar and getting briskly on to his feet.

"That would be a little irregular, wouldn't it?" asked Barron.

"Certainly, and if you object——"

"I don't object. Do anything you wish. Do anything in the world which will help get my money back, and I shall approve it all."

"Eh? H'm!" said Prier, and proceeded to bury himself, figuratively speaking, in the books of Donald Barron's business.

"I studied book-keeping once," he said, when he had been working silently for nearly an hour.

"Indeed?" asked Barron.

But Prier was deep in the books again, and made no answer for another hour. Then he looked up and said:

"Yes; called an expert once. Might have made lots of money by it, too. Liked detective-work better. Rather *lock* you up than *look* you up; do you see the point? Ha! ha! ha!"

And he closed the book with a bang, and walked to his chair by the stove again and sat down.

"Books seem well kept. Do it yourself?"

"No."

"H'm! Rich, are you?"

"Yes."

"Make it yourself?"

"Yes."

"Poor boy, perhaps?"

"I was."

"H'm!"

And then Prier lighted another cigar, and smoked in silence for awhile.

"Two hundred thousand dollars, did you say?" he asked, after perhaps a quarter of an hour.

"Two hundred thousand dollars."

"In paper, of course?"

"Yes."

"In what shape?"

"Hundred-dollar bills."

"Two thousand of them?"

"Yes."

"Got the numbers?"

"Of course."

"Let me see them."

Mr. Barron got the book in which the numbers of the bills had been entered, but Prier did not do more than give it a glance. Whatever use he might wish to make of it in the future, the mere fact that there was such a list seemed all he cared to know in that direction for the present.

"The money cannot be used, then?" he asked presently.

"Not unless the persons passing or attempting to pass it can show good reason for an assertion that they came by it honestly."

"I see. This money was yours? Yours personally, I mean, and not money on deposit in your bank?"

"It was mine."

"When did you get it?"

"On Saturday."

"It isn't entered on your books yet?"

"No."

"That isn't exactly business-like, is it?"

"Perhaps not, but——"

"Never mind. Where did you get it?"

"It came from Boston."

"How did you get it?"

"By express."

"Of course. I took that for granted. I didn't mean that. I didn't make my question clear. I intended to ask how you raised it."

"I raised it on mortgages."

"Mortgages on real estate?"

"Yes."

"Good. I may see the deeds, I suppose?"

"Certainly," said Barron, rising and moving toward the safe.

"Sit down; sit down," cried Prier; "I don't want to see them now. To-morrow will do as well. One thing at a time. What did you get the money for?"

"To pay outstanding obligations—notes, drafts, certificates of deposit."

"Where is the money which was deposited—the money paid in, for which this must be paid out?"

"Lent again."

"On long time?"

"Some of it."

"On good security?"

"Most of it."

"Good rates of interest?"

"Very good indeed."

"Some in speculation, I suppose? Stocks and shares and bonds?"

Mr. Barron gave the detective a quick glance of suspicion. But that individual was looking vacantly at a ring of blue cigar-smoke, and seemed to have forgotten Barron's very existence for the time being. So that his answer had nothing of indignation in its tones, though he used the same words which had rushed angrily to his lips when the question was asked.

"Not a dollar of any man's money but my own," he said.

"But some of that which is loaned is hard to collect?" persisted Prier.

"There is some of it which it is impossible to collect or to raise money on at present."

"And some, I presume, will be a loss at last?"

"A little, no doubt."

"Then you will be unfortunately situated if you cannot get your money back?"

"*I shall be ruined!*" cried Mr. Barron.

"You would prefer getting your money, then, to finding and punishing the thief?"

"I certainly should."

"I'll keep that fact in mind. A detective's work is a strange one. Did you ever think of being one yourself?"

"Never."

"You wouldn't know how to test a man of whom you were suspicious, would you?"

"I shouldn't. I suppose I should either swear out a warrant and put it in the hands of an officer, or perhaps hunt him up and give him a piece of my mind."

The detective leaned back in his chair and laughed.

"Ah!" said he, at last; "a man arrested on suspicion is either innocent or guilty. If innocent, he is likely to make trouble for one who has been rash and hasty."

"That is true."

"And if guilty he is put upon his guard at once. Therefore I don't arrest men on suspicion. I arrest men when I have *proof.*"

"What plan do you pursue?" asked Mr. Barron.

"Various ones. I will wager you an oyster supper that I can meet you twelve times on the street to-morrow, appearing to your eyes as twelve entirely different persons, and never excite your suspicions regarding my disguises. I have a dozen different plans for every disguise. The art of the detective is the highest variety of art."

"But you have some common plan, have you not—some plan which you use oftener than you do others?"

"Certainly."

"I've a curiosity to know what it is."

"I'll tell you. First of all, I make a friend, a familiar and confidential friend, of the man I suspect."

"Isn't that difficult?"

"Not very. Then I impress him with the idea that I am much less acute than I really am."

"A good point, I should think."

"A very good point. Then I manage to get him alone with me."

"That is difficult, surely?"

"Oh, no; that is usually the easiest thing in the world. I interest him then; I turn his thoughts away from the matter in hand, and I study him—*study him—study him!*"

"I should think he would suspect what you were at."

"Not often. Sometimes I don't care if he does. I not infrequently tell him that I make a careful study of a suspected man a special feature of my work."

"I shouldn't have suspected you of having such frankness in your nature."

"Very likely not; I have it, though. Following my study of him I usually question him pretty fully, and find out all I can about him and his actions in other ways. By the time I've done all this I am usually certain that my suspicions were well-grounded, or that the man is entirely innocent."

"I should think you would be."

"But I usually end by frightening the man almost to death, and getting him fully in my power. If he is innocent, it harms no one, and is a valuable test in addition to what has gone before; if he is guilty, his actions usually show it, and I have him beyond the power of injuring or resisting me. Why, Mr. Barron, when I am done with a man to whom I have given the valuable discipline of such a course as that, I am more certain of the facts in his case than any so-called 'intelligent jury' could possibly be after having tried him 'according to the law and the evidence'—*and the lawyers!*"

"I don't doubt that. But you seem to have forgotten one thing, one principle which you yourself laid down a little time ago."

"And what is that?"

"The principle that a man is likely to be armed and likely to resist."

"I don't forget that. I disarm him, and put handcuffs on the individual."

"Easily said——"

"*And easily done!*"

Prier rose lazily, and laid Mr. Barron's pistol on the counter; he dropped his hands leisurely into his pocket; he sauntered slowly back to Mr. Barron's side. And then——

There were two or three motions too quick for the eye to follow; and Donald Barron's wrists were ornamented with irons; and J. B. Prier was looking into the eyes of the man as though he would read his very soul.

"To finish my discussion of my usual plan," said Prier, slowly, taking a key from his pocket and unlocking and removing the handcuffs, "I may say that I never release *a guilty man* until he is in charge of the authorities."

He paused a moment.

"Donald Barron," he said, quietly; "we have played out the comedy part of this affair, and we are ready for serious work. I have found and taken a few things—pardon me for declining just now to say what—which will make the crime we are to study a help toward the solution of more important mysteries than the theft of mere money—even though it be as large a sum as two hundred thousand dollars. I will tell you frankly that when we came down I believed you the guilty man; I fully expected to have had a full confession from you before this; but I know now that you are innocent. Let us go home; I will be your guest; let us seek the rest we need; all will be right in the morning."

In the morning? Perhaps so—*some morning!*

They went home together. Prier was shown to his room. He sat down upon the edge of his bed. He took several articles from his pocket. He opened his valise, took out a sort of case or casket which it contained, opened it, put the articles in, locked the casket, and placed it carefully in a pocket of his overcoat.

"The money matter is simple enough," he said; "simple enough. The safe was opened by some one who knew the combination; it will be easy enough to examine all who knew it. It was opened by some one who knew the money could not be used; that is, it is likely it was, and it ought not to be difficult to fix upon the guilty individual."

Before retiring, he took the casket from his pocket and put it under his pillow.

He smiled grimly to himself, under cover of the dense darkness, and, reaching up his hand, he caressed the casket lovingly.

Crime, whatever you may be, there is light coming! Criminal, who ever you may be, shudder to-night! Victim, sleep in peace in the grave you fill! The senses fall aside; sleep claims dominion over the brain of the great detective. But the grim smile lasts; the sleeping fingers clasp still closer the precious casket. And—hark! He speaks! Let us listen; let us catch his sleeping thought:

"*I'll—be—blamed—if—I—don't—hang—somebody!*"

CHAPTER IV.

A PECULIAR PROPOSAL.

IT was still very early on Monday morning when Mr. Prier arose. He went down to the parlor and waited for Mr. Barron, showing in his attitude when he sat, in his gait when he rose and walked the room, in the glitter of his eyes when he made a pretense of trying to read, that he was very, very impatient.

He had said last evening that all would be well in the morning. Had he meant it? Did he doubt it?

The grim smile had not left his face; it had grown deeper and more intense, until it seemed as though it were engraved upon his features—a thing which would remain there until neither life nor expression remained longer.

And the casket—the casket was in his pocket now, and he touched it again and again, as he waited for the banker; touched it caressingly—lovingly—strangely; touched it as a half-crazed mother might have touched the dead face of her little child while she waited in hiding for the murderer of her darling to come her way.

The great detective shut his teeth together until they could be heard to grind upon one another; his lips were drawn back, showing his cruel strength of jaw; his nails left livid marks in the palms of his clinched hands.

His breath came in great gasps or sobs. His eyes filled with tears.

"At last! at last!" he muttered, brokenly.

This was J. B. Prier—J. B. Prier, *the man;* full of hate which was only the more bitter for its long repression; unwilling to wait for the vengeance which had eluded him for so long; counting the minutes until he should see Crime stagger up the steps of the gallows to fall again a sacrifice to the holy name of—well, reader, between Justice and Revenge, you may take your choice.

A hand was laid upon the door-knob.

In an instant the grim smile was gone. In its place was a look of pleasant welcome. No tears; no harshly drawn breath; no sharply shut teeth nor painfully compressed lips. This was Prier, *the professional detective.*

Donald Barron entered.

"Good-morning," he said.

"Good-morning," replied Prier, adding immediately. "And now let us get to business."

"Will not there be time after breakfast?"

"I don't like to wait. Cannot we have breakfast by ourselves, and talk as we eat?"

Mr. Barron said that could be done, and sent messages at once to the other members of the household asking them to excuse him. Breakfast for the two men was then sent to the library.

And Prier began business as he began his steak and coffee.

"The stolen money cannot be used without great risk," he said. "Do you know of any one who would be—let us be moderate enough to say—*pleased to see you deprived of the means of meeting your obligations?*"

"I know of no one."

"You have enemies, no doubt?"

"I think not."

"Have you never done that which may have made some one anxious to injure you?"

"It may be. But I know of no person who would have the slightest desire *to ruin me.*"

"Let us look in another direction, then. What of your household? Who constitute your family?"

"I am a widower; I have one daughter; she has a lady companion—a person who has been an inmate of the house since my daughter was a mere child. They, with myself, make up the family."

"This young lady companion—is she considerably older than your daughter?"

"Some years; I do not know how many."

"Poor, I presume?"

"She was. I have settled enough money upon her, however, to make her feel thoroughly independent."

"For which she is grateful, of course?"

"Thoroughly and genuinely so."

"Is she jealous and envious in disposition?"

"Not at all. She is the least ambitious and selfish person I have ever seen."

"After your death, should she outlive you, what is to become of her then?"

"She is liberally remembered in my will. She will be left well provided for—unless I die poor."

"She knows this?"

"She does."

"Your daughter, is she——"

"My daughter is the best and noblest woman I ever knew. She is the soul of truth and honor. From her earliest childhood she was a wonderfully conscientious child. She has only one fault; she could not be led into actual sin in any way; she could be led into unworthy action in only one way."

"And what is her fault? What is the one avenue to the latent evil—evil none the less because it is slight of stature—which exists in her nature?"

"Don't couple evil with her name. I cannot bear that. Her one fault is her love for me. The pathway to the less worthy side of her character is through that love. She would do anything and everything—anything short of actual wickedness and dishonor—if my good seemed the probable result of her act."

Prier reached his hand across the table and took that of Donald Barron.

"A good account and a good character. I congratulate you, sir. Don't talk of ruin. What is money compared to a true and devoted love like that?"

"Thank you; thank you for your rebuke as well as for your kindness," said Mr. Barron.

"Your servants? You trust them?"

"Fully."

"Any new ones among them?"

"None."

"Any dissipated ones?"

"None."

"Mr. Barron, you are to be congratulated. You are a very fortunate man—or a very shortsighted one. On general principles, you are to be congratulated in either event. Now about the bank. You have no doubts regarding the honesty of your employés there, I presume?'

"I have none. I have no reason for thinking any one of them other than perfectly trustworthy. But——"

Mr. Barron paused.

"But some one took the money," suggested Prier, with a smile.

Mr. Barron looked startled.

"The very words I was about to use!" he exclaimed.

"Were they? I do not wonder at it," said Prier, quietly, "for none could be more appropriate. That is the one truth to which all our devious wanderings amid the mazes of suspicion and conjecture must ever lead us. *Somebody took the money; and I'll be blamed if I don't*——"

Prier stopped short. Barron smiled.

"I sincerely hope you will," he said.

Then, as he bent for a moment over his breakfast, the grim smile flashed up into the face of the detective again. The detective was doing his duty. The man had not forgotten his impatient hope.

"This fact seems evident," said Prier, impressively; "*the safe was opened by some one who knew the combination!* Who besides yourself knew it?"

"My daughter and my cashier."

"No one else?"

"No one."

"You feel quite sure of this?"

"I do."

"We shall find your cashier at the bank when we go down there this morning?"

"Yes."

"What sort of man is he?"

"A young man, a noble fellow, prompt, straightforward, exact. He has filled every position in the bank from the lowest up. He has never failed in a trust; he has never neglected a duty. I——"

"Some one stole the money," interrupted Prier, gravely.

"But——"

"And I will stake my reputation that the safe was opened by some one who knew the combination."

"Which means——"

"Which means just what I say—and no more! If any others knew how to get into your safe without using force, it is more than likely that some one or more of those other persons took the money. If not——"

"Well, if not?"

Prier didn't answer at once. He ate for a time in silence.

"You have read history, sacred and profane, I suppose?" he asked, after several minutes.

"Certainly," said Mr. Barron, wonderingly.

"What was the first terrible crime?"

"Cain's murder of Abel, I suppose."

"And what did Joseph's brothers do with *him?*"

"I see the point," said Mr. Barron.

"I am glad you do. There are ties of blood, and there are ties of honor and integrity which should be none the less strong; in the thousands and thousands of cases, when temptation comes, these ties hold back the tempted ones from crime; in the rare, individual cases, the cases which are exceptional in every respect, the cases with which detectives have to deal, we find the unexpected is what usually happens—the unnatural is what is usually true. Please ring the bell, Mr. Barron, and ask the servant to request your daughter to come up and have a cup of coffee with us."

"But, Mr. Prier——"

"I must have an interview with your daughter—or I must relinquish this case. Your daughter is innocent, or she is guilty! I shall determine which. No insult nor indignity shall be offered her. If she is innocent, she need never know that her innocence has been questioned nor tested. If she is guilty——"

"Guilty!" cried Mr. Barron; "guilty! Great God! man, she cannot be guilty!"

"*If she is guilty,*" said Prier, speaking slowly and gravely, and appearing not to have noticed the interruption, "I am in *your* employ, not in that of the authorities, and you can do what you wish, be it much or little *—so far as the bank robbery is concerned!*"

And, as he finished, he smiled as he had smiled in the quiet and loneliness of his room the night before, and he nervously touched the pocket of his coat to be sure that the casket was still there.

"But, Mr. Prier——"

"Yes or no; once for all. You don't doubt her standing the test, do you?"

That savage thrust won the day.

"Of course I don't," Mr. Barron said, indignantly; "but I don't want her treated as you treated me yesterday, even in the way of a joke. She is far too good to be-

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subjected to suspicion, and too delicate and sensitive to be frightened without danger of injury to her. And yet, I am willing you should be as fully satisfied as I am."

"Thank you. You are talking sensibly. I can do that which you desire done only as I can see my way clearly at every step."

"I admit that," said Mr. Barron.

"And now," said Prier, "I have a proposition to make. It is one which I think will please you. It is this: During this first interview with your daughter I will ask no questions whatever; I will make no statements of any kind; you shall say what you please, and ask what you please, and make the interview as long or as short as you choose. I——"

Mr. Barron sprang to his feet and impulsively reached out his hand toward Prier.

"Thank you; thank you!" he cried; "you are just and generous now."

Prier somewhat coldly evaded the proffered hand.

"I must make certain conditions," he said, slowly.

"Make them. What are they?"

"First, that I am to be allowed another and other interviews with Miss Barron if I deem it necessary."

"I grant that condition. It will not be necessary."

"Second, that you will question the cashier yourself; it is no more than fair to put them on the same footing."

"It shall be as you wish. What else?"

"I—I——" began the detective, half rising to his feet, while a shadow of anger and relentlessness seemed to flash across his face. Then he sank back into his chair again, laid his arms upon the table, and bowed his head upon them.

"How long, O God! how long?" he groaned. Then he seemed to remember, suddenly, that Barron's question was unanswered. "What else?" he repeated; "nothing; nothing; let the young lady come in."

Mr. Barron rang the bell. He gave the necessary order. In a minute more there was a light knock at the library-door.

"Come in," said Mr. Barron.

The door opened.

When J. B. Prier entered his account of the events of the day upon the pages of the book in which he kept such items as might be of use to him, he wrote down, in black and white, slowly and calmly and deliberately, regarding this woman: "The most queenly person I ever saw."

When J. B. Prier praised or complimented, even to the pages of his book, it meant much; I think we shall be safe in calling Miss Elsie Barron a "queenly person." Let us do so.

Tall, slender, dark; perfect of feature; graceful in every movement; half shy, and diffident enough to have been a girl of sixteen; self-willed and resolute as the most mature; this was the woman who advanced slowly, but not hesitatingly, to the table.

Her father and Mr. Prier had risen. She looked inquiringly from the former to the latter.

"Elsie, my love," said the old gentleman, "let me introduce a friend. Mr. Prier, this is my daughter."

The "queenly person" gave the detective a stately courtesy. She declined, with a gesture, but without words, the seat which her father pointed out to her as Prier and himself resumed their own, and remained standing, one hand resting carelessly upon the table. She gave her undivided attention to her father.

"Will you not have a cup of coffee, Elsie?" asked the old gentleman.

"Thank you, no. You sent for me, father. What can I do for you?"

The old gentleman moved uneasily in his chair. He half wished that the detective had the questions to ask instead of himself. He turned to Mr. Prier, that wish showing itself in look and attitude. But the countenance of the detective did not show that he understood. He had made his conditions; he would abide by them; he would see nothing until he was ready to do so.

"What can I do for you, father?" the young woman asked again, after some little time of waiting.

"I—I am in trouble—in serious trouble," faltered her father.

The eyes of Elsie Barron flashed one glance of haughty inquiry at Mr. Prier. She moved noiselessly to her father's side. She laid her arm caressingly along his shoulders. She stooped and kissed him, with Mr. Prier looking at her.

"Trouble; what trouble?" she asked. "I will do anything to help you, father."

"I knew it—I knew it," said the old man, the tears coming into his eyes.

"And this man? this gentleman? this Prier? Is he the cause of your trouble?"

"No. On the contrary, he is going to help me out."

"Ah! Is he? Is the nature of your trouble financial?"

"Yes."

Elsie Barron raised her head and looked Mr. Prier squarely in the eyes—looked for fully a minute. Then she turned to her father, and said, gravely, without any attempt at lowering her voice:

"I wouldn't let him, if I were you. He is a merciless man. Give him an advantage over you, and he will use it to the utmost. I do not trust him. You must not. He would follow an enemy to the—the—*the grave*."

Mr. Prier half rose again. His arm pressed against the casket in his pocket. His face had never before been so grim, yet there was a smile upon it. He forgot his promise to Mr. Barron; he forgot prudence, politeness, everything.

"Did you begin to say 'the gallows,' Miss Barron?" he asked.

She looked at him again—looked as long—looked as calmly—looked with as much composure—looked as much like a "queenly person" as she had before; she looked until the detective turned away his eye, then she answered:

"I did."

"Well, Miss Barron, you are right. I have followed people to the gallows—people who were nothing to me one way nor another—followed their lives day by day, step by step, clew by clew, and for pay. You are correct in thinking that I would follow an enemy to his death."

"You are a detective, then?" she asked.

"I am."

"Pardon me. I misunderstood you. I took you for a money-lender. You made me think of—of——"

She paused, and a flush, which was not more than half embarrassment, yet not all mocking malice, moved along neck and cheek and brow.

"Of what? Of whom?" asked Prier, sharply.

Miss Barron laughed.

"Of the pound of flesh—and Shylock!" she said.

Prier frowned.

Miss Barron stooped and kissed her father again.

The detective frowned. He bit his lip. He said a word to himself under his breath. It was not an assertion. It was not even an opinion. It was not a comparison, as her remark had been. She had said "Shylock" of him. His answer was the word—*the question*—so low that her keen ear did not catch it:

"*Judas?*" was what he said.

"You have a detective here, father," she said, earnestly, to him; "what does that mean? What has happened?"

"It means that the bank has been robbed—that I am ruined unless I can recover the money," he said, in reply.

"Robbed? how? when? by whom?"

"On Saturday night. That is all we know."

"Of how much?"

"Two hundred thousand dollars."

Miss Barron grew very white. She grasped the table more firmly for support. She looked straight into her father's eyes; she gave no attention whatever to the detective.

"Two hundred thousand dollars!" she gasped, faintly; "two hundred thousand dollars! And why, why——"

She stopped short. She did not look at her father now. She faced Prier's eager and almost breathless watchfulness. Neither said a word. This time her gaze gave way before his; this time her powers faltered. She looked back at her father again, saying, as she sank into a seat at last:

"Why did you send for me?"

"The safe was opened by some one who knew the combination, and——"

"I see," she said; "and you suspected me?"

Her breath came in gasps. She pressed her clinched hand firmly over her heart, as though she would lessen some awful tension there. Her lips were white as snow. Her face will not be more colorless when she is dead than it was then. She drew a little further away from the old man, and turned her head aside.

"Suspect you? Suspected my loved and trusted child?" he cried, sinking upon his knees beside her, and putting his arms around her. "Suspect you—you good and true and dutiful one—never!"

The color came into her face again.

"What was it, then, that you wished?" she asked.

"To know if by any possibility—any thoughtlessness—any mistake or accident—you have allowed the knowledge of the safe combination to pass from you to another? That is the question I wished to ask you. And that is all."

"I am glad," she said, "very, very glad. I could not bear it if you distrusted me at all—in the slightest matter. I love you so, father, I love you so; better than myself—better than any one or anything else in all the world. I never told any one the secret of the combination—never—never! You believe that I did not? you do believe me, don't you, father?"

The old man brushed back the hair from her forehead, and tenderly kissed her upon her brow.

"I do believe it," he said, "and I have never had one moment's doubt of you."

"Thank you for those blessed words. I was never so happy in all my life. If the time ever comes when I can prove my truth and devotion to you by a deed instead of by words, I will do it—I swear I will do it."

"I know it, dear one and true, I know it."

"And now," with a sudden fierceness showing itself; "I suppose this detective *did* suspect me?"

"It is his business to suspect; he is hired to suspect; he suspected *me* yesterday."

She turned to Prier.

"You suspected my father of fraud—of robbery? I will never forgive you for it—never!"

"I am very sorry," said Prier, coldly but politely.

"And now—*did you suspect me?*"

Prier turned toward Mr. Barron and addressed himself to him:

"You have agreed to question your daughter; you have done so; if that work is finished—if you have done, let us go to the bank."

"Will you answer my question?" demanded the young woman; "did you suspect me?"

"I had never seen you," replied Prier, "and some one took the money."

"And so you suspected that a daughter could stoop to rob her father? Your experiences must have been among peculiar people."

"They have been."

"And have given you peculiar ideas of feeling and purpose."

"Yes."

"Well, Mr. Prier, I pity you. I forgive you, too; I excuse the injustice of your thoughts and suspicions; you are satisfied now, I presume?"

Mr. Prier half turned away his head; he made no answer.

"Are you satisfied of my innocence?" The tone was pitched upon a little higher key, and the words were a little louder and a little more filled with hot passion than before.

And still the great detective made no sign; still he looked another way; still his face did not show that he had even heard her question.

"Man, man, why do you not answer?" cried Barron; "you have heard the frank and ingenuous words of this innocent and noble woman. You have seen truth in her face; you have heard it in her tones; you have felt it in her very presence. You claim that you do not fail; you claim that you can determine guilt; you call yourself infallible. Say that she is innocent; you know that she is guiltless; say it."

Prier let his head fall upon the table again. He shook with the force of some terrible emotion. When he raised his face again it was wet with tears.

"I cannot say what you wish," he said, quietly. "I can only say that I will follow this matter until the guilty one meets the just reward of crime—repeated crime; I can only say *now* regarding Miss Barron: *I do not know!*"

She stooped and kissed her father once more. Then she flashed a look of the most supreme hate upon Prier.

"I swear I am innocent and true," she said, "and that I will sacrifice anything and everything short of honor itself to prove my innocence and my devotion to my father. But as for you, Mr. Prier, count me your active and earnest enemy always; count upon me as vindictive and resolute and relentless; find my thought in that which baffles you; find my hand guiding where your hand fails. I shall stoop to no crimes. I shall shield no criminals. I shall do no wrong. But your success is over; your usefulness is at an end; my curse—the curse of a woman scorned—is upon you."

She turned and left the room—not rapidly—nor yet slowly. She was a woman whose friendship was well worth winning. What of her enmity?

The detective touched his precious casket. The grim smile stole into his eyes, but a terrible anxiety and doubt almost blotted it out.

(*To be continued.*)

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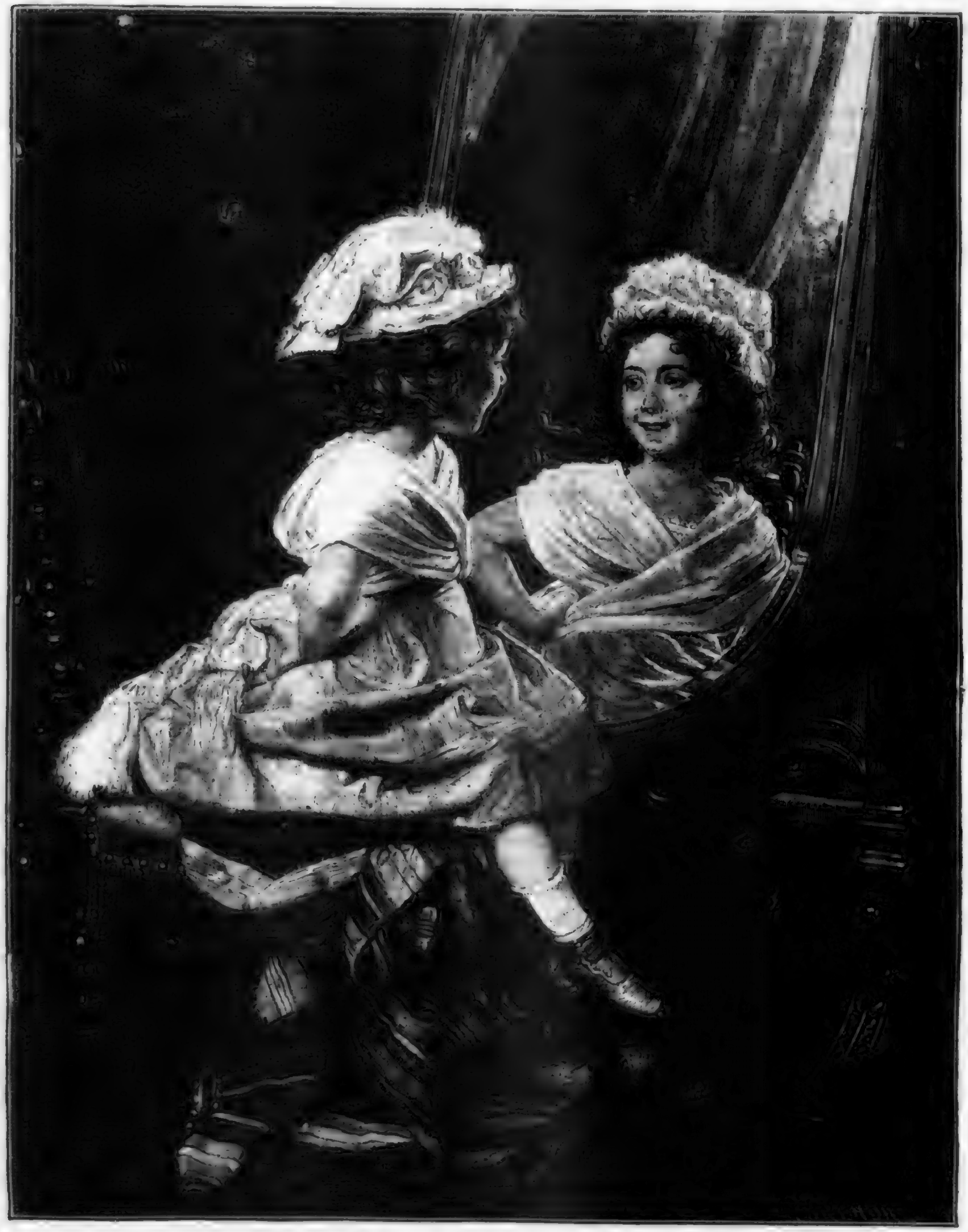
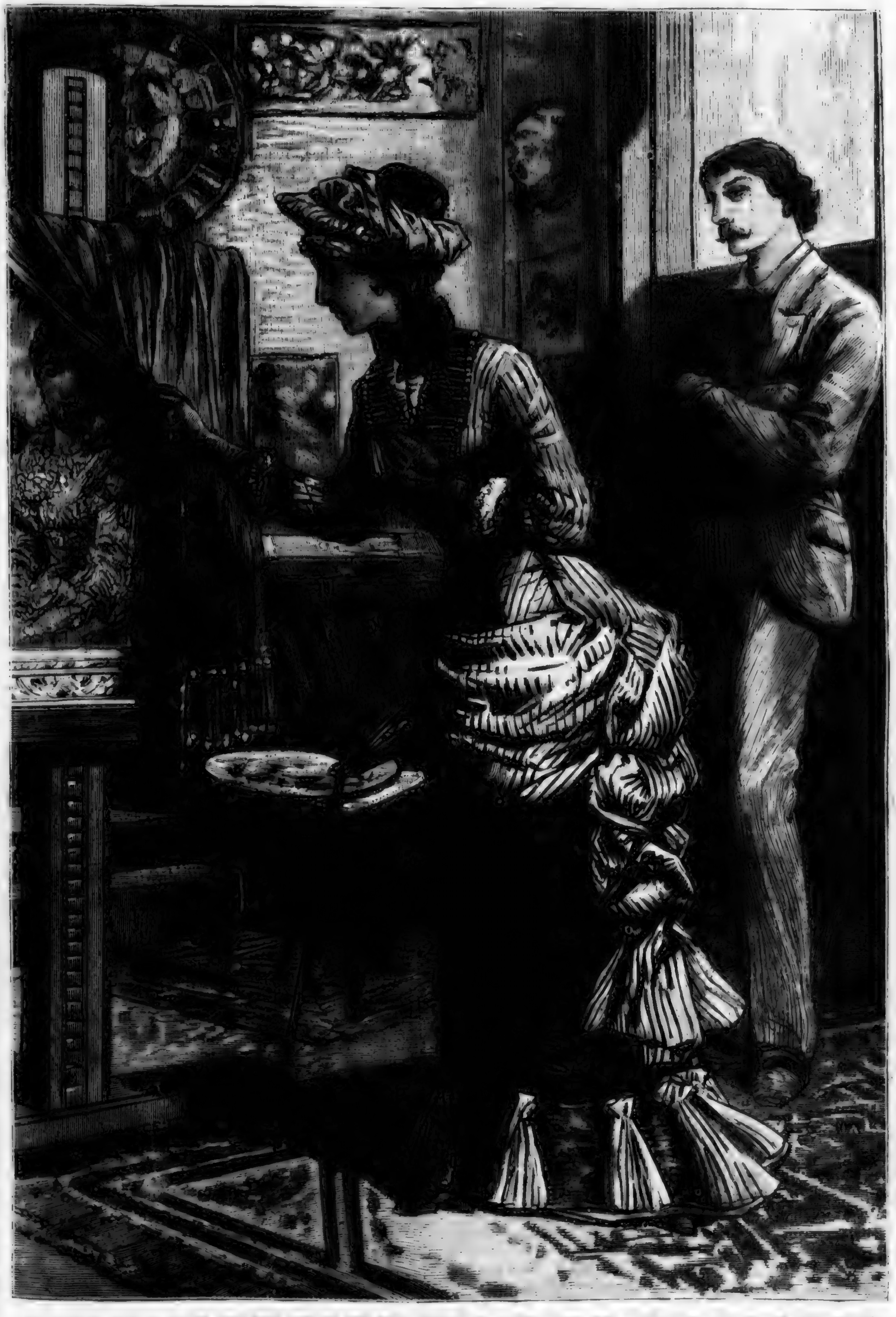
WOULD that every girl were so fortunate as Miss Louisa Alcott seems to have been. "When the book mania fell upon me at fifteen," she writes, "I used to venture into Mr. Emerson's library and ask what I should read, never conscious of the audacity of my demand, so genial was my welcome. His kind hand offered to me the riches of Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe and Carlyle, and I gratefully recall the sweet patience with which he led me round the book-lined room, till 'the new and very interesting book' was found, or the indulgent smile he wore when I proposed something far above my comprehension. 'Wait a little for that,' he said; 'meantime try this, and if you like it come again.' For many of these wise books I am waiting still, very patiently, because in his own I have found the truest delight and best inspiration of my life."



THE LITTLE COQUETTE.—FROM A PAINTING BY A. ROSÉ.



A CADMEAN VICTORY.—"SHE ADVANCES TOWARD THE NEGLECTED EASEL. SHE RAISES THE BAIZE CLOTH AND STARTS VIOLENTLY." SEE NEXT PAGE.

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SHALL I?

By Nannie Power O'Donoghue.

Shall I do this sir, and shall I do that, sir?
  Shall I go in, sir, or shall I go out?
Shall it be bonnet, or shall it be hat, sir?
  State your opinion; I'm sadly in doubt.
Shall I go riding, or shall I go walking?
  Shall I accept it, or shall I refuse?
Shall I be silent, or shall I keep talking?
  Give your advice, pray; I cannot well choose.
Thus do we pander to others' opinions,
  Wearing the garb of Society's slaves;
Fashion's a tyrant, and we are her minions,
  Robbing our life of the freedom it craves.

Ought I to visit her, ought I to cut her?
  Shall I be friendly, or shall I be cold?
Shall I look boldly, or peep through the shutter?
  Shall I give silver, or shall I give gold?
What will be said if I stay from the dinner?
  What will be said if I'm seen at the ball?
Will they proclaim me a saint or a sinner?
  If not the former I go not at all.
Thus do we pander to others' opinions,
  Wearing the garb of Society's slaves;
Fashion's a tyrant, and we are her minions,
  Robbing our life of the freedom it craves.

Why not go forward, undaunted, unfearing,
  Doing the thing that is lawful and right?
Caring not who may be seeing or hearing,
  Shunning the darkness, and courting the light.
Surely, if conscience forbear to upbraid us,
  Well may we laugh at the verdict of fools;
God is our guide—for His service He made us—
  Not to be ruled by the makers of rules.
Pander no longer to others' opinions;
  Wear not the garb of Society's slaves;
Be not of Fashion the pitiful minions;
  Rob not your life of the freedom it craves.

A CADMEAN VICTORY.

By J. V. Prichard.

The mat which lay before the door of Raymond Van Dorn's studio concealed a board which responded with a sonorous creak to the slightest pressure. A single well-adjusted nail would have remedied the annoyance; yet it was suffered to remain and sound its grating alarm.

Such of the artist's friends as were afflicted with sensitive nerves declared the sound a nuisance contrived to warn Van Dorn of the approach of an intruder. They even went so far as to aver that, by some occult judgment, the young man was able to determine the sex of the threatened infliction and act accordingly.

In proof of the fallibility of these captious individuals, when the signal sounded on a perfect day in June—one certain memorable day—Van Dorn started to his feet with the mental ejaculation, "Can it be Gertrude?"

Laying aside his palette and brushes, he hastily consulted his watch.

The hands pointed to the third hour after noon.

Gertrude Embden had never yet ventured to leave her household duties until five o'clock; then she had been in the habit of coming in for a chat as he painted, charming the brief half-hour into something that seemed, as next day he recalled it, like a lingering idyl.

The knock upon the panel of the door, which immediately succeeded the tell-tale creak, was uncertain, faint, hesitating; evidently the touch of a woman's hand, but not Gertrude's; *she* never demanded admittance; she would enter with perfect confidence and draw up the low, rush-bottomed chair beside the easel, with her gracious smile.

"No, it cannot be Gertrude at this hour," murmured Van Dorn. "Come in!"

The door swung slowly open to admit a young girl to the dimness of the studio, a *svelte*, graceful creature, attired in a clinging robe of turquoise cashmere, an embroidered kerchief knotted *à la* Charlotte Corday upon her breast, a bunch of splendid Mermet roses at her belt.

At sight of her, Van Dorn started apprehensively toward the easel and flung a baize cloth before the unfinished canvas.

Then he turned to her, a flush upon his bronze cheek, a mysterious light in his tawny eyes.

"Miss Gertrude!—so early and so gorgeous!" he exclaimed, with a smile that deepened the pallor upon her brow and the shadows beneath her lovely, patient eyes.

She had entered, closed the door, and paused. There was a pathetic eloquence, a mute supplication, in her very hesitation.

Nothing that pertained to her was ever lost upon the quick intuition of the man who had studied her every mood for years.

Though he was puzzled and troubled, he said, cheerily, as he took her sunshade and the hat which she had removed from her fair head as she toiled up the wearisome stairs:

"There is your favorite chair longing to receive you, and in one moment you shall have the mandarin fan."

She smiled wanly and shook her head.

"You will not sit down?" he questioned, depositing the hat and parasol upon the divan.

"I cannot—now."

"It is the first time you have refused such a petition in this place."

"Yes—I know."

The evident suppression of her feelings—she who had always been so frank, so sincere—irritated him.

"Then why did you come at all?" he exclaimed; "surely you might have spared yourself the walk through this broiling heat."

"I did not come voluntarily," was the low reply; "I was sent."

"Sent—by whom?"

"My mother."

"Yes?"

"She begs that you will come to her without delay."

"Is she ill—in trouble?" he asked, with quick solicitude.

"No."

"What then?"

"She wishes to consult you upon—upon a matter of business."

She spoke bitterly, almost desperately; and as she spoke, possibly to conceal the emotion that mirrored itself upon her sentient face, she wandered toward the easel and idly stretched forth her hand to raise the drapery.

Like a flash, Van Dorn darted to her side and waved her back.

"No, no!" he cried, mysteriously; "you must not look at that. It is not finished."

She raised her eyes to his glowing face in sudden surprise.

"What is it?" she inquired, blankly.

"A portrait."

"I might have surmised as much, since you paint nothing else."

There was an injured tone in her voice.

She was used to being admitted to his confidence; she could not fathom this sudden access of secretiveness; she had never before been confronted by a refusal from *him*.

She knew not how to assume the unaccustomed burden, nor mask the consequent chagrin.

He saw it all, and smiled.

"You shall see the portrait some day," he said, playfully; "I promise you."

"Perhaps," she murmured, doubtfully. Then, swiftly as the wind veers: "In case I should never see it, tell me of whom it is a portrait."

"Of the woman I love."

She shrank from him almost imperceptibly, and shivered as if the frigid breath of Winter had blighted the balmy perfection of the June day.

He marked it all, but, man-like, did not comprehend.

He had flattered himself in all sincerity that Gertrude Embden was an open book to him; turn to which page he would, he might read understandingly.

Even at this supreme moment of her life he fancied her as legible as ever. Alas! he read not between the lines.

He took one pendent hand in his; it was as cold as ice, and fluttered in his clasp.

He led her to the deep embrasure of the bow-window, where the gairish light was tempered by awnings, and the perfume of mignonette floated in at the casement from the boxes upon the sill; he placed her gently in a chair shrouded in cool Oriental stuffs, and stood erect before her.

"Gertrude!"

She did not resent the familiarity; it was like a balm that soothed only to inflame past endurance.

She did not respond by word or glance; yet he knew that she had heard him, for the fair head sank like a frost-kissed lily, until he could see naught but the coronal of fleecy golden hair.

"My poor child, I never saw you like this. What has come to you?"

She sighed quiveringly and knotted her delicate hands in her lap, as though hoping the pressure would fortify the flood-gates that barred the surcharged fountain of her tears.

"Well—answer me, Gertrude."

"I have nothing to say."

"You have told me that your mother wishes to see me?"

"Yes."

"Is it on *your* account?"

She bowed her head still lower.

"I understand."

The hopeless discordance in his tone brought her eyes quickly to his face.

An indefinable thrill, fitful as a marsh-light, seemed to tint the ashes of the hopes that lay all about her with a mocking radiance, only to drop into yet more dismal incertitude.

The face that met her gaze was kindly, sympathetic—nothing more. The voiceless yearning of her soul remained unanswered.

For a space a painful silence fell between them—the first of its kind they had ever known—during which the tumultuous din from the ways of men was wafted aloft to them in their seclusion.

At last Van Dorn spoke, pointing to the cluster of lovely Mermet roses in her corsage, a ghost of the old raillery in voice and eye:

"You have been somewhat extravagant in your decoration, little one."

She started then, and wrenched the fragrant blossoms from her belt as though an adder writhed amid their velvet petals; and, ere he could restrain her, she had flung the bunch far out into the sunshine—rare prizes to be quarreled for by the gamins in the dusty street.

"You did not buy them, then?" remarked Van Dorn, significantly.

"No," came the defiant answer; "Mr. Adriance gave them to me."

"And requested you to wear them?"

"Yes."

"Humph! poor fellow! Provided his carriage-wheels do not crush them, and their expiring fragrance does not betray you, he will be charmed to replace them."

The covert sarcasm of his words stung her to the quick.

She sprang to her feet and pointed imperiously to the divan.

"Give me my hat, please. I am going home," she said.

"No," he answered her, firmly; "sit down again. "Your mother and Mr. Adriance can wait."

She obeyed him mutely, sinking among the Eastern cushions more listlessly, if anything, than before.

With the look of one who is about to cast himself upon his own sword, Raymond Van Dorn said:

"Gertrude, are you to marry Felix Adriance?"

"I suppose so."

"Are you satisfied?"

"Why should I not be?"

"*I* asked the question."

"And I answered it to the best of my ability."

Her acerbity nettled him more than he knew.

Her lip curled disdainfully as he retorted:

"With his millions at your command, you will——"

"Hush!" she exclaimed, springing to her feet. "I do not love Felix Adriance, but I shall strive to be a faithful wife to him. I have determined to marry him that my poor mother may end her days in peace and comfort. Come what may, I shall be his wife! Heaven and earth could not shake my resolution *now!*"

She was not looking at him as she spoke; her eyes were riveted upon the shrouded canvas which bore the features of the woman he loved.

Raymond Van Dorn bowed as an ambassador receives a royal mandate, and handed her her hat and sunshade; and side by side they cross the dusty studio with the pace of those who leave their dead behind them.

With his hand upon the latch she touched his arm.

He turned and bent a calm, inquiring glance upon her.

"If my mother should——"

She hesitated, her lips compressed into a rigid, colorless line.

"Well?" he queried.

"If my mother should ask you if I have confessed my love for Mr. Adriance to you——"

"Pardon me," he interrupted her, "she will not dream that you have been so unmaidenly."

A hot flush dyed her pallid brow. It was but the precursor of the tempest which throbbed for release.

"Oh, Raymond!" she cried, in tearless, piteous agony, "you *must* help me! Give her to understand in some way that I love him. In the name of our past friendship, will you not do this for me?"

He bowed in the same courtly fashion, and resolutely flung open the door.

Thus they passed out into an atmosphere in which restraint became a *sine qua non*.

These two, Raymond Van Dorn and Gertrude Embden,

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had drifted into the same sphere upon the remorseless tide of circumstances.

It was by no volition of their own that they had met and remained near each other.

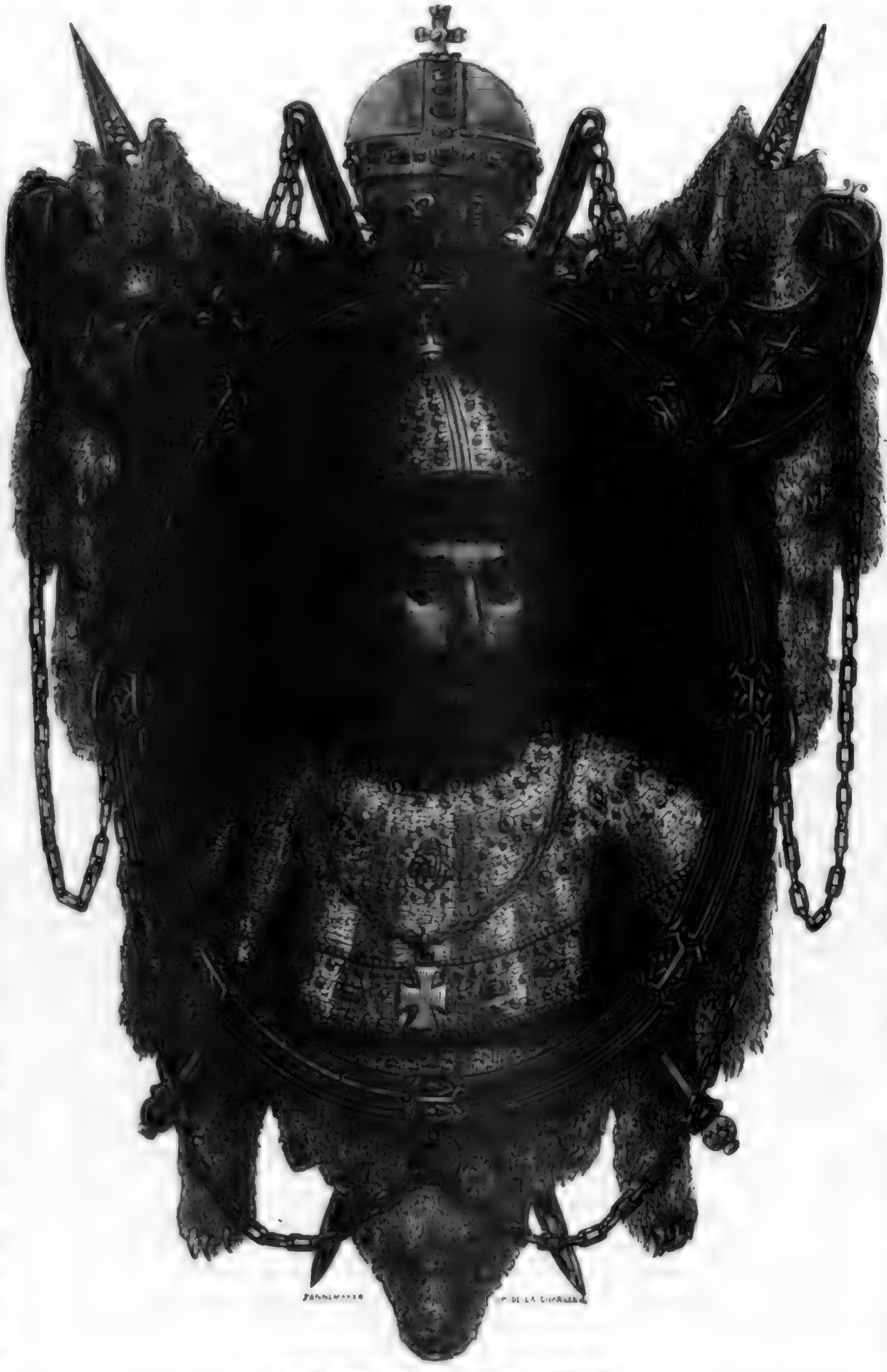
Endued with rare genius, the young artist had sought the great city for study's sake; Gertrude had merely followed her mother for shelter and protection.

Time was when the Embdens had been a social power in the land, before luckless speculation, ruin and death, had swept Ralph Embden beneath the wheels of Juggernaut, leaving his widow and child blank with dismay, clinging desperately to each other as they watched the waves of poverty's black sea wash hungrily about their feet. They, too, fled to the great city, rented a house and let out rooms.

Thus fate stepped in with Raymond Van Dorn when he hired an unpretending chamber of the impoverished widow.

It was as impossible that Gertrude Embden and Raymond Van Dorn should not harmonize as that the fragrance of contiguous flowers should not blend in exquisite congruity.

Whether they were aware of the fact or not, they were created for each other, were the component parts of a perfect unity. Instinct might in time have assured them of this blessed verity had not the stress of circumstances intervened. Blind, even now at the eleventh hour, they wandered home side by side through the heat and bustle of the streets, their lips dumbly sealed, their hearts teeming with the eloquence of despair.



IVAN THE TERRIBLE.—SEE PAGE 88.

Upon gaining the house, they entered the hall, and pointing faintly to the shadowy drawing-room, Gertrude murmured:

"Go in. I will send mother to you."

For an instant he was so near her that he felt the warmth of her hand upon his. He might have clasped it then and spoken, had not his eyes fallen upon a card, carelessly forgotten, upon a bronze tripod, which bore this legend—"Felix Adriance."

So he let her glide from him and went in to face his ordeal.

Four words escaped his compressed lips as he dropped into a *fauteuil* beside the closed blinds at the open window.

"She shall never know!"

So far as he was concerned, she should never learn his secret. What remorseless fate might be destined to betray—too late—he could not be held responsible for.

The entire atmosphere about him seemed to change as Mrs. Embden came bustling in to him.

She was a careworn, anxious, and worldly woman; one of those beings who are ever mounted for the chase after wealth and position, and yet bestride such balky animals that the dust of others' heels and mortification are their only recompense.

Van Dorn rose as she entered, but she waved him back to his chair and seated herself beside him upon a sofa, prefacing the skirmish by vigorously fanning her excited countenance.

"Thank you so much for coming," she began, with scant breath, by way of preamble; "you were very good."

Van Dorn bowed.

"You have been with us so long now, that I—that you seem like one of us."

"Thank you," Mrs. Embden."

There was a smouch of flour upon her black skirt, and she brushed it off absently as she continued:

"Presuming upon this feeling of intimacy, I wished to tell you without delay that Mr. Adriance has honored us by asking Gertrude's hand in marriage."

"I congratulate you."

"And I wished to ask your opinion."

"What opinion can I offer?"

"You consider it a good match, do you not?"

"Mr. Adriance called at my studio upon business, and Miss Gertrude chanced to be there. The circumstances were such that I could not avoid presenting him to her."

"For which I sincerely thank you!"

"Then I beg you will exonerate me from the responsibility of having made this—this match."

He spoke so severely that poor Mrs. Embden looked sorely puzzled.

"But Mr. Adriance is your friend," she ventured.

"Not at all."

"At least you are well acquainted."

"Purely in a business way."

"He is a gentleman——"

"Undoubtedly."

"Of wealth and position."

A PRIZE-FIGHT IN PRESENCE OF IVAN.

"Why should it not be?"

"Ah!" with a sigh of infinite relief; "I felt *sure* you would agree with me."

The shadow of a wan, disdainful smile flickered in the depths of his eyes for an instant, then vanished, leaving them as sadly resolute as before.

Mrs. Embden fidgeted; she opened and closed her fan nervously, and finally exclaimed, with an effusion which the occasion by no means warranted:

"I am so glad you approve of it! You know you introduced them, and——"

Van Dorn started then, and fixed a piercing glance upon the lady.

"Introduced—whom?" he demanded, with unwonted *brusquerie.*

"Why, Gertrude and Mr. Adriance," faltered Mrs. Embden, shrinkingly.

"Did I?"

"Did you *not?*"

"Both. If a purse and an escutcheon are what you are in search of, Mrs. Embden, you are fortunate in having secured Mr. Adriance as your son-in-law."

She evidently resented this sarcastic onslaught, since she crested her head with a pitiful suggestion of the *grande dame* as she retorted:

"Had I not seen that my daughter loved Mr. Adriance, I should never have allowed such considerations to influence me in favor of the alliance."

This *tout petit mensonge* passed unheeded. In his innermost soul Raymond Van Dorn was returning thanks to Heaven that he had been spared the cruel necessity of keeping his promise with Gertrude.

Alas! he counted too confidently upon his fortune.

As he rose to go, the interview having apparently terminated, Mrs. Embden's transient mood changed.

The lids of her eyes reddened with a hint of imminent tears, and her thin lips were tremulous as she faltered:

"Mr. Van Dorn, I am parting with my only child.

Think of it! Tell me, do you believe she loves the man she is to marry?"

"You have just said so, madam."

"I know; I *do* think so, but it would be a comfort to me to know that others have noted the love-light in her eyes when she speaks of him."

Van Dorn became as rigid as marble as he asked:

"Have *you* noticed this love-light, as you call it?"

"Indeed, yes! Have not you?"

Ye powers! Had he not suffered enough already? Was not the Cadmean victory yet complete? Had he not fairly won the laurels that were destined to weigh like lead upon his brow?

"Oh! how he longed to cry out: "No, I have seen no love-light in her eyes. There is none there. She no more loves Felix Adriance than she loves me. She is sacrificing all—her joy, life, ay, even her very soul—for *you!*"

He was mad enough to have lost all self-control, had not a vision of Gertrude risen before his mental vision as in the poetic mists of a dream, her wan face turned to him, her lovely eyes, dulled with the agony of pleading, fixed on his, her voice vibrating:

"Oh, Raymond! you *must* help me! Give her to understand in some way that I love him!"

And he had pledged his word to assist her. She might have been listening then for aught he cared, as he replied, with admirable repose:

"Mrs. Embden, I have reason to believe that if your daughter has ever loved any man—she loves the one whose name she is to bear."

And his wounded, sorrowing heart persuaded him that he spoke no treason against her.

* * * * * *

In the early Autumn of the year the tidings of the marriage reached Raymond Van Dorn as he supped with a company of artists in the Quartier Latin, in Paris.

One among them had a foreign newspaper which contained the notice.

That night Van Dorn went with his comrades to the *bal* for the first time, and danced "*à merveille*," as his partners averred, though in the gray solitude of the dawn he shuddered as he recalled what then seemed to him to have been a veritable *danse macabre*.

* * * * * *

"Time rolls his ceaseless course," and it is Summer once again. A perfect day in June, like that memorable one a year ago.

Van Dorn, at his easel, paints stolidly until the loose board beneath the door-mat sounds its alarm.

Thereupon follows the inevitable rap.

"Come in!" he calls, mechanically.

The door swings open to admit a fair, graceful woman, robed in one of Worth's exquisite conceits.

The very harmony which surrounds her permeates the atmosphere as she enters.

Though changed—vastly changed—Van Dorn recognized her at a glance.

"Mrs. Adriance!"

He lays aside palette and brushes, and advances to take her proffered hand.

Its touch is firm; perhaps his repression has proved infectious.

Then he pauses for her to speak.

"I have come for you to fulfill a promise," she says.

"A promise?" he asks, surprisedly.

"Yes."

"Command me."

"When I was last in this studio you refused to show me the portrait you were at work upon, but you promised that some day I should see it."

"I remember."

"It was the portrait of——"

"Of the woman I loved."

She smiles for the first time.

"May I claim the fulfillment of that promise now?"

He bows and points to an easel beside the bow window, where the stalks of the mignonette lie dead in their boxes.

"It is there," he says, "still unfinished. I have not even looked at it from that day to this."

She looks at him in surprise not unmixed with apprehension.

Then she advances toward the neglected easel, apparently with no premonition upon her. She raises the baize cloth, starts violently; as her outstretched hand drops faintly to her side, the vail falls between her and the canvas.

The secret of Raymond Van Dorn's life stares her in the eyes. The skeleton of a lost love stands revealed.

An instant later she staggers to the great chair, and sinks into the depths of the cool Oriental stuffs.

"A glass of water, if you please," she breathes; "and," with a haggard smile, "my favorite mandarin fan."

He hastens to fulfill her commands, and for five long minutes they rest in eloquent silence—he standing erect and firm before her, she gazing dreamily out at the gairish sky.

At last he breaks the spell:

"Are you better, Mrs. Adriance?"

She rises then.

"Thank you, yes; I am quite recovered, and must go. My husband awaits me in the carriage below."

She comes a step nearer him, with averted eyes.

"Mr. Van Dorn," she says, "when we parted *before* my marriage, we did not say farewell. *Now* you will agree with me that we *must* say it."

He presses the hand she gives him, and leads her across the dusky studio to the door, and there they part without a word.

As the roll of her carriage-wheels dies upon the distance, Raymond Van Dorn turns a certain portrait to the wall.

It is the portrait of the woman he had loved—still loves with deathless fealty—the portrait of Gertrude Embden.

AMERICAN TIN.

In the Fall of 1883, a corporation named the Etta Mining Company was organized to take out tin ore in Dakota. The location of the mine was near Harney's Peak, southwest of Rapid City. The ore was found in light-colored quartz rock, which was apparently in great abundance in that locality. Specimens of the ore were sent to Newark, N. J., and to Europe, for analysis, and the assays showed an average of about seven per cent. of the metallic tin. This is about double the average of European tin ore. Thereupon, the company commenced mining on a large scale, and expended upward of $400,000. They got out about 1,000 tons of ore upon the dump, and suspended work. An impression prevailed in the Territory that the company had become discouraged, and had abandoned the enterprise. Instead of this, the managers bought more land in the vicinity supposed to have upon it tin ore, and have expended an additional sum of $360,000, making in all $760,000 paid by them in developing this enterprise.

The reported shipment of Dakota tin ore to this city was not a myth. Two car-loads were shipped here. One car was laden with the tin-ore quartz, and the other with concentrated ore, or, in other words, ore separated from the rock. The cars were on exhibition two days. The only question of importance to the public in relation to this tin deposit, is, whether or not the ore can be reduced at a profit. Experiments thus far have shown that at a high temperature, say 600 degrees, it volatilizes, and at a low temperature it crystallizes. It is handled successfully in chemists' crucibles, but to be profitable it must be reduced in large masses, and the precise method of accomplishing this has not yet been devised. That it will be, no one familiar with all the facts has reason to doubt.

The difference between the Missouri and the Dakota discoveries of tin ore is a very broad one. In the former case, a seam of ore no thicker than a sheet of paper was found, and although the sum of $4,000,000 was spent by an association of St. Louis capitalists to trace that seam to a wider and richer deposit, the money was spent vainly, for a piece of metallic tin no larger than an average-sized button was all that could be shown as the result of all the time and labor and money expended in working that ore seam. The Dakota ore is apparently limitless in quantity and of easy accessibility. If a profitable process of reduction can be developed, the return to the company will be undoubtedly liberal, and millions of dollars now sent abroad for tin can be kept at home.

CUBAN FRUITS—PLANTAINS, BANANAS AND GUAYABAS.

The plantain and banana belong to the same genus (*Musaceæ*). The plantain is cooked in its green and ripe state, and in a variety of ways. It comes nearer affording a satisfactory substitute for both meat and bread than, probably, any other vegetable product. It is said that the fibre of the tree can be made into sewing-thread by manipulating it with the hand, and without the use of machinery; and that the leaves, cut up, may be used in mortar for building purposes. The tree may be grown from sprouts set out, or from planting all or part of the germ root. They are placed three or four yards apart, according to the strength of the soil, and grow better in new soil than old. They are usually planted in the Spring season, and each stalk will produce one bunch. When the bunch is gathered the tree, or rather stalk, is cut down, so as to increase the vigor of the other stalks in the same hill. The foliage of the fallen stock also serves as a fertilizer for the growing sprouts. The germ root (*ñame*) once planted will continue sprouting for many years. But usually not more than four or six sprouts are allowed to be growing in the same hill at the same time, and these are in advance one of the other; so that only one bunch (each stalk produces one bunch, and no more) ripens at a time. The cultivation is substantially the same as that given to corn-fields in the United States. If the plantain-tree is cut down after it produces its bunch of fruit it will not grow up again, but if cut down before it produces it will grow up with wonderful rapidity. All that has been said of the plantain-tree may be said of the banana. It is only a different variety of the same tree, with smaller and more delicate fruit. The banana is more palatable in the uncooked state than the plantain, but the former is much the more valuable fruit.

The guayaba, in point of merit, justly stands next to the plantain. It is a very delicate and aromatic fruit. In smell it is very much like the May-apple. It is both palatable and nutritious. There are five kinds, one known as "guayaba del pinal," growing on a very much smaller tree, and in bunches, and about one-fourth the size of the others. The Peruvian variety is cultivated, and the others grow wild in the woods, and furnish valuable mast for the hogs to feed on. The tree, which is well branched, and usually from fifteen to twenty feet high, bears a small, pretty white flower which is very fragrant. The wood is very soft, and of very little use. Guayaba sweetmeats are the characteristic sweetmeats for table use in Cuba. They are manufactured in large quantities at Esperanza, a station on the Santa Clara Railroad, and are also extensively made for home use by private families. The guava sweetmeats embrace several varieties, principally paste, jelly, and a liquid mixture called "cachurra."

AJI-AJI.

Pepper of Peppers (says an English contemporary) is the meaning of this Quichuan word, and both word and thing are distributed over South America, from the Bibo-Bio in the south to the Atrato in the north; it is also found in the dialects of the Gran Chaco; in Aymara, in Andaqui, among the agricultural Indians of Chocó, the mining Indians of Potosi, and the Cerro de Pasco. It is the finest of all peppers—no other pepper in either hemisphere competes with it—not the *Piper nigrum* nor the *Capsicum baicatum*, nor the *C. fruticosum*, the *C. annum*, nor yet the *Eugenia pimenta*; all these are varied merely in pungency, some being sharp and fiery, others caustic and stimulating, and some pricking and penetrating. But the refined and delicate aji is persuasive and enticing, of not one flavor but many flavors; it never conceals, but, on the contrary, increases whatever of fragrance and sweetness of taste or smell it comes in contact with; while giving new zest, yet it does not interfere with the flavor of a fresh-laid egg, nor hide the fresh sea breath which lingers in a well-dressed sole. It is on the most agreeable terms with a grilled chop at breakfast, or a Spanish onion at dinner; it keeps good company with all the curries, and while it puts none out of countenance, it refines and elevates them all. The excellence of its service is most appreciated in connection with grills, fricassees and soups, while it serves to bring out the delicate, if elementary, flavor of the strawberry, and the fathomless mysteries of the cantaloupe. On a cold Winter's night a sprinkling of aji in mulled claret has been known to give great pleasure, and cause a grateful surprise to many knowing ones. One quaint little gourd filled with aji will supersede the most elaborate of cruet-stands. It is the poor bachelor's boon, the gormand's friend and guide, and the dainty man's companion. Alack! it has recently been discovered by an eminently practical people that it has a secret property which adds to all its other properties—namely, the priceless property of defending the health of human beings who are dependent upon food under circumstances of mortal danger. If an army must encamp in a swamp, and eat its dinner in a malarious atmosphere, let the food be prepared with a generous supply of the salubrious aji, no evil shall happen. This is the priceless quality which has recently been discovered by the War Department of the United States, which has secured, so we are informed, a monopoly of all the aji which is exported from South America. No aji in these days finds its way to London, and that which we once enjoyed in the belief that it would never fail us has become nothing but a sigh and a regret. It remains to be seen whether the people who have

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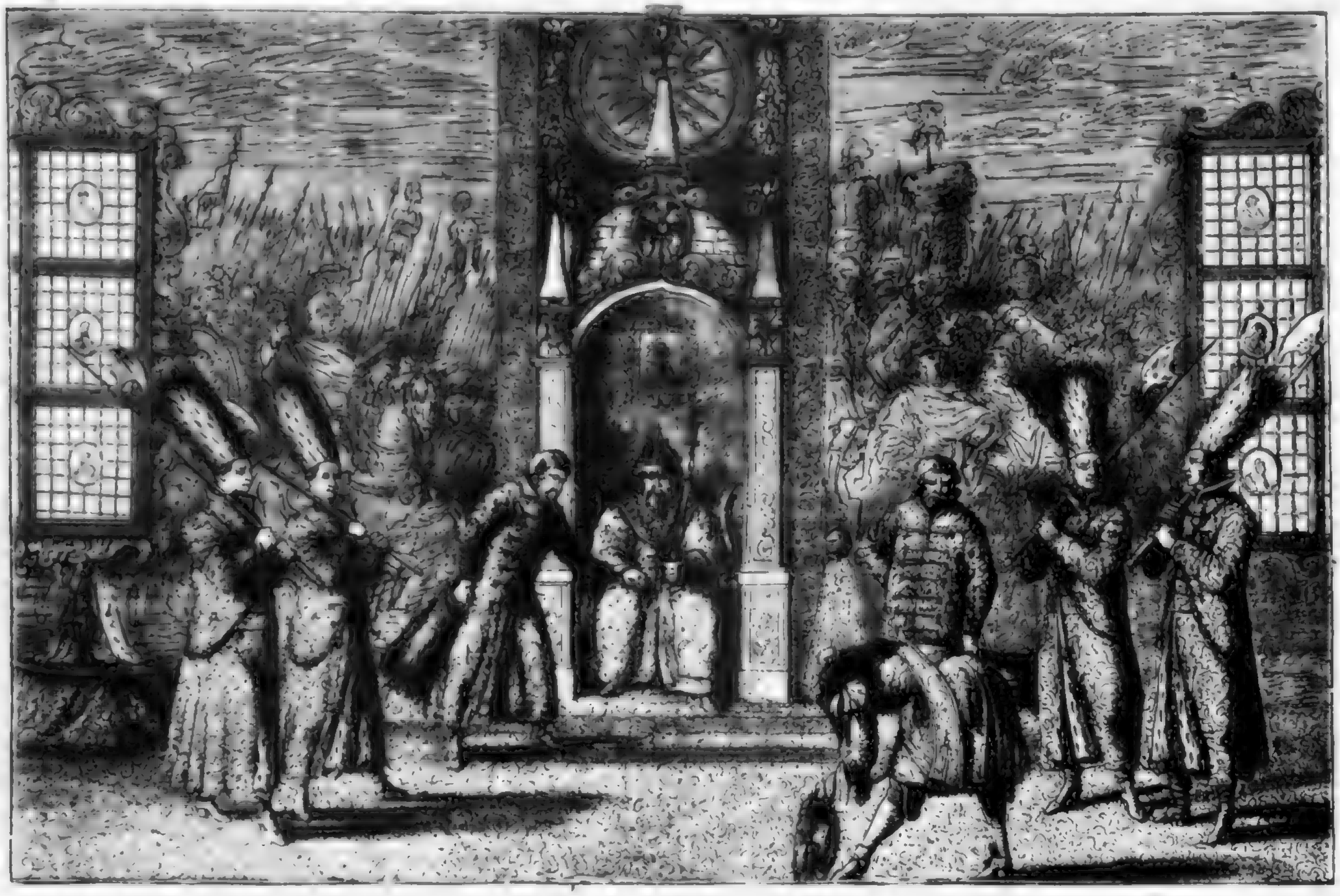
acclimatized the cinchona-trees in the Neilgherries, in Ceylon, in Jamaica, and in Fiji, will allow themselves to be deprived of their delicious and inspiriting aji.

There are two kinds of aji; but there is only one way of preparing it. The best is that made from the greatest variety of peppers. The pods of these are taken when fresh, stripped of their seeds, and ground into a paste of the consistence of fresh Spring butter. The paste is put into a small, well-dried gourd, prepared on purpose, of the size and shape of a well-grown orange. The gourd, when thus charged, is then coated with a layer of well-tempered clay, and placed in the sun to dry, or to ripen, as the simple people who prepare it say in their own tongue. By the time when the clay is well baked the pulp or paste within has been dried into a fine yellow powder, and it is then fit for use. Many people, ignorant of this fine art of the Incas, have supposed, quite naturally, that these aji-laden gourds, with their exquisite flavor and refined taste, were some uncommon and little-known natural fruits. The other method of preparing the aji is to grind the seeds with the pods, which simply adds great pungency to the pepper, and is always used in the preparation of maize or Indian corn, which is boiled in its own husk with much aji, and surpasses in flavor and pleasantness any vegetable curry of the East. The gourds of aji, when thoroughly ripe, are cleansed of their coating of clay, tied up in suitable leaves, well secured by the fibre of the aloe, and which much resemble, when ready for market, reeves of large onions, a dozen gourds making up one reeve of aji. The cost of these in the good old times was fifteenpence for a dozen gourds; what the price may be now is only known on the Exchange. Time was when some of the old families of the interior who had passed their lives in ignorance of railways, daily newspapers, and quotations of the state of the markets, had their own special way of preparing aji, mixing with it some delicately scented bark ground to powder, or other salutary substance known only to the reticent Indian. From such houses no visitor was ever allowed to take his departure without carrying with him a supply of the latest-made aji; no traveler went to the capital, or any of the coast towns, but he carried with him some of this excellent pepper as a present to the archbishop or bishop of the diocese, the ladies of Santa Rosa, or the good fathers who once a year went long journeys to baptize the children, marry their parents, and otherwise maintain the influence and authority of the Church in the remote parts of the earth. But even this good custom is fast dying out.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

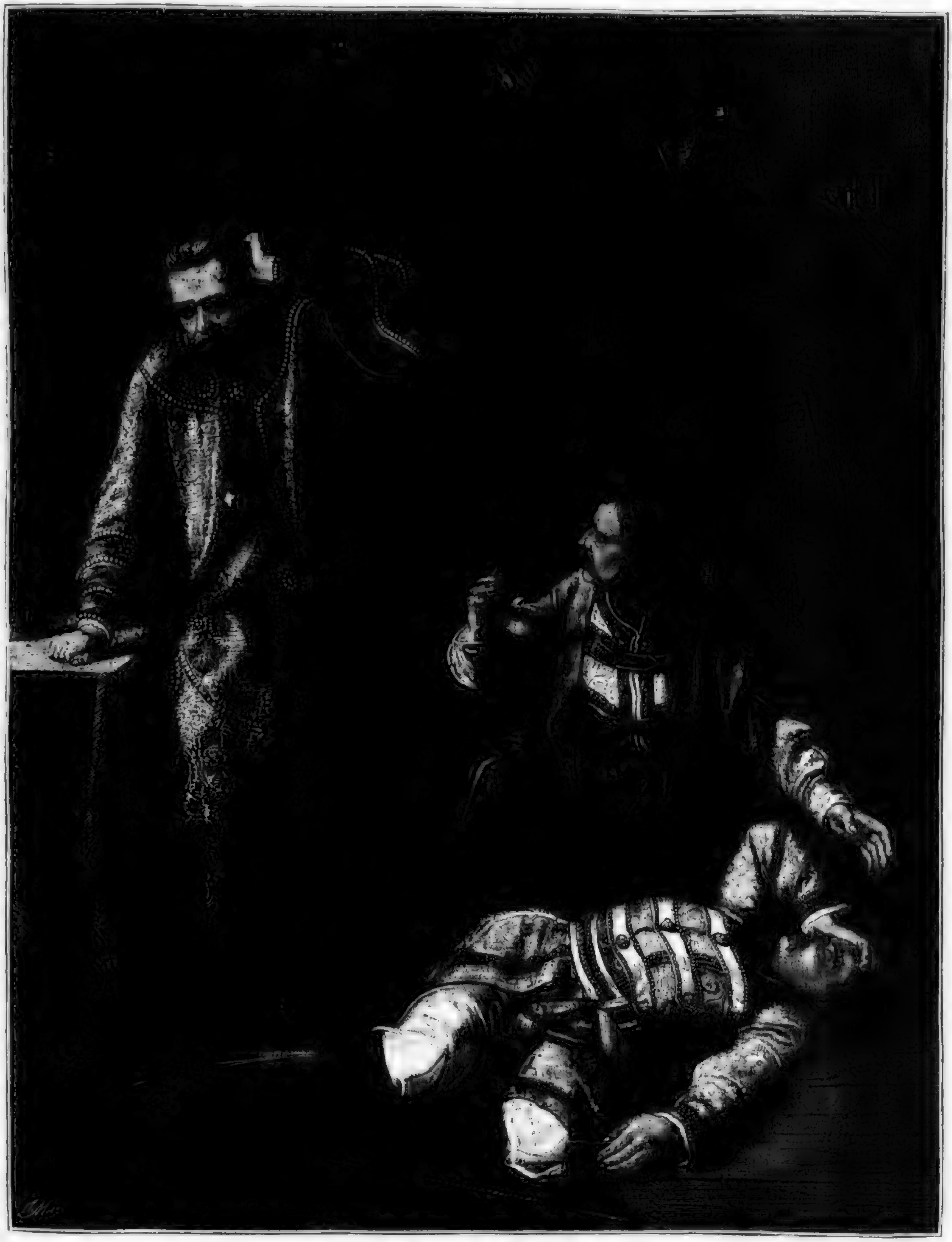
By P. J. Popoff.

Czar Ivan the Terrible of Russia was an extraordinary person, whose like the history of few countries can present. He was not merely a despot reveling in the blood and tears of his subjects; he was also a far-seeing statesman, a ruler of indomitable will, and a scholar far surpassing his countrymen of that time. In short, he seemed to be a genius, only subject to fits of madness. At the same time he bore the unmistakable traits of his then barbarian realm.


IVAN RECEIVING A FOREIGN ENVOY.

When his father, the Grand Prince Vasily, died (1533), Ivan was a child of only three years, and yet he was proclaimed the Muscovite ruler, under the tutorship of his mother Helen, the Regent. It was no easy task for Helen to rule the country, particularly as the different parties of ambitious and turbulent Boyards constantly conspired against her, and contended with each other for power. As Helen could not be intimidated or imposed upon, the Boyards poisoned her (1538). Thus, at the age of eight years, Ivan remained a complete orphan. The Boyards did not regard him at all, neglecting even to provide him and his younger brother with proper food and clothing.

Fearing that some special favorite of the child-monarch might wrest from them the reins of government, the Boyards swiftly made away with every person who dared to approach and please Ivan. Even his devoted nurse, Agrafena, was exiled. Young Prince Varontzoff, whose company Ivan liked very much, was punished with the knout and imprisoned. Thus, Ivan remained isolated, neglected, intimidated, and often personally insulted by those who, in fact, were his subjects. Ivan, however, was aware of his situation, for in the public religious processions, and at the court audiences to foreign Ministers, it was he, Ivan, who occupied the first place, while the Boyards sought outwardly to show him their respect and loyalty.



IVAN'S REMORSE FOR THE MURDER OF HIS SON.

Ivan had no regular education. After being taught to read he was left to himself. He was an unusually gifted boy. Most of his time he passed in reading. As there were no other books near at hand but the Bible, the Lives of Saints, and the Byzantine Chronicles, these he read over and over and studied. It is said that most of the Bible he knew by heart. He formed a high idea of the rights and privileges of the Czar. While robbing the treasury, shedding the blood of the innocent people, and ruining the country, the Boyards did not even suspect that their deeds were judged and the verdict was about to be pronounced. In 1543, after Christmas, the Boyards were suddenly ordered to appear before the young autocrat, who sternly told them that he saw enough of their tyranny, and that he wanted to put an end to their misrule.

"There are many guilty among you," he told them, in conclusion, "but at this time I will make only one example."

Whereupon he ordered Andrew Shonisky, the head of the Government for the time being, to be thrown to the hunting hounds, who tore him to pieces before the eyes of the horror-stricken assembly. Thus began the rule of Ivan the Terrible, who, at the time of that *coup d'état*, was only thirteen years old. Then Russia began to breathe more freely, for the numerous Voyevods (governors), all of whom played the petty despot, now knew that they themselves had a severe master, and therefore they did not dare to oppress the people as of old.

On attaining his seventeenth year, Ivan ordered the Metropolitan Makary of Moscow to crown him with an unusual pomp, for he had accepted a new title, that of the *Czar*, by which in the Slavonian Bible and Chronicles were designated the rulers of India, Egypt, Rome and Byzantium. Ivan apparently regarded himself as the peer of them all, and so he abandoned the old title of the Muscovite rulers, that of Grand Prince. And, indeed, among his subjects there was many a man who, by his direct descent from Rurik, could claim the same title of Grand Prince.

Once the reins of Muscovy in his own hands, the young ruler was surrounded by a crowd of ambitious men and flatterers, who spared no means whatever to obtain favors from him. They arranged for him a series of wild revelries, and the young Christian ruler became a worshiper of Bacchus and Venus. On horseback, in the company of his jovial courtiers, Ivan galloped through the streets, trampling mercilessly the incautious passengers. Sometimes he amused himself and his comrades by unchaining one of the wild bears that were kept at the palace, and letting him loose on any of the Muscovites who chanced to enter the courtyard. However, the country at large then enjoyed a peace and order of which it could scarcely dream while under the oligarchical Boyards.

Once a great fire broke out in Moscow, destroying the larger part of the city and causing the death of about 1,700 persons. The Kremlin was also in danger, and Ivan hurriedly left it for the Vorobieff (Sparrows') Mountains, in the suburbs, from which he beheld, in alarm, his capital all in flames. At the same time a riot broke out, instigated by dissatisfied Boyards. The mob accused the Czar's relatives of setting the town on fire.

"The Princess Anna Glinsky has burned the town by her witchcraft," they repeated; "for she plunged two human hearts into water, and with that water she sprinkled the houses."

Ivan was compelled to call out his lancers in order to quell the riot and to disperse the mob. The frightful event was deeply impressed upon Ivan's mind. His conscience could not be stilled. Suddenly there appeared before him, cross in hand, the Priest Silvester, known for his virtue and eloquence. He denounced Ivan as the greatest sinner, who provoked God's wrath by his un-Christian life. The priest summoned the Czar to repent, and Ivan solemnly promised to reform himself, and he kept his word for years. He dismissed for ever all his vicious companions, and made Silvester his confessor, adviser and Minister of ecclesiastical affairs. Another serious and able man, Alexis Adasheff, he invited to take charge of general administration. About the same time he married Anastasia Romanoff, who thus became the source of the great family now ruling in Russia.

For the next ten years Ivan was an exemplary and glorious ruler. He convoked the people's representatives in an Assembly of Notables, and consulted them in regard to many great reforms. He improved the municipal administration. He ordered a revision of the laws, and issued a new code. He called a council of clergymen and devised many reforms in the Church. It was the glorious lot of Ivan the Terrible to subject to Muscovy's sceptre the Tartars under whose yoke Russia had suffered for two centuries and a half (1230—1480). The Khanate of Kazan, being the nearest to Moscow, was first conquered. In 1552 the Czar led in person his army of 150,000 men, with 150 cannon, down the River Volga, the infantry going in boats and the cavalry following on horseback along the shore. The City of Kazan was defended by over 30,000 Tartar warriors and the whole of the population, who fought desperately, preferring death to surrender. Repeatedly did Ivan offer them an honorable capitulation, and each time it was firmly refused. Then the Czar ordered the Tartar prisoners to be fastened to stakes and to implore their countrymen to surrender. But they were speedily pierced with arrows sent by the Tartars from the walls of the town.

"It is far better to die from the pure hands of our coreligionists than from the impure hands of the Christian Russians." Such was the answer of the fanatical Tartars.

The siege had lasted for months, and at last the Voyevods began to advise the Czar to give up the task, which they believed was impracticable. But Ivan's courage and energy were not checked by the great difficulty. He ordered the walls to be mined and blown up. While the Czar was attending divine service, and a priest was reading these words, "There shall be one fold and one shepherd," suddenly a fearful explosion shook the earth, a breach was effected, and the Russian soldiers rushed into the town. A desperate fight, hand-to-hand, ensued, the Tartars defending themselves in every house. Neither sex nor age was spared. The next day, when the Czar made his triumphant entry into the town, he was deeply moved by the appalling scenes of blood and suffering.

"They are not Christians," he said, crying, "yet they are men."

The Mohammedan mosques were transformed into Christian churches, the Cross replacing the Crescent, and the Muscovites were in the Tartar capital, to make it Russian hence and for ever. The conquest of Kazan became a favorite theme for many a Russian song, being the first step in the fall of the Tartar and the rise of the Slav. Five nations—Tcheremissi, Mardva, Votiaki, Tchuvashi and Bashkiri—who heretofore were ruled by the Khan of Kazan, now became Russian subjects, and Ivan sent to them Christian missionaries together with his Voyevods.

Two years after (1554) the Khanate of Astrakhan, where the Golden Horde of the Mongols formerly flourished, was conquered by Ivan and annexed to Russia.

Henceforth the great Volga River, which for centuries nourished Russia's foes, ran its whole course through the Czar's possessions. Ivan began to feel his way also to the Black Sea, but he gave up that task, as the Khan of Crimea was too powerful at that time. However, he gladly took under his protection the military republic of the Don Cossacks, who, as he was aware, would check the Tartars' advance northward.

Like Peter the Great, Ivan the Terrible seemed to see that his country needed "a window toward Europe," that is, a free entry to the Baltic Sea. But at that time Muscovy was cut off from that sea by powerful foes, namely, the Swedes, Poles, and a German Order of Knights, the Sword-bearers. For different causes the Czar made war against them for many years, but he failed in his aim, as those nations were far better armed than the Russians were. And, besides, about that time Ivan had serious troubles at home. He quarreled with his chief advisers, Priest Silvester and Adasheff, who apparently abused their influence over the Czar in many instances. He even had reason to believe that they were untrue to him. In 1553 he fell dangerously sick, and desired to crown his son Dmitry before his own death. But the Boyards hostile to him wished to place his cousin, Prince Vladimir, on the throne. To Ivan's great astonishment, Silvester and Adasheff also sided with the treacherous magnates. Under such circumstances Ivan began to feel alarmed for the fate of his son and wife in case of his death.

"When God's will shall be fulfilled on me," he said, addressing the Boyards loyal to him, "forget not that you have sworn allegiance to me and my son. Leave him not in the hands of other Boyards. If necessary convey him to some safe refuge in another land,"

Turning to the Romanoffs, he entreated them to die in defense of his son and wife.

"Do you think," he asked them, "they will spare you? No, you shall fall the first victims. Leave not my wife to the wrath of the Boyards."

But Ivan recovered, and his vengeance on the rebellious and treacherous Boyards was fearful. He executed them by whole families, and the Red Place was indeed kept red with human blood for years. Ere long the Czar lost his wife Anastasia, who, it was believed, was poisoned by Silvester's partisans. The Czarina had no confidence in the priest-Minister, and repeatedly warned her august husband against him. The priest hated Anastasia, and styled her "another Empress Eudoxia, persecuting another Chrysostom."

Ivan the Terrible seemed himself to be living in constant terror for his own life and liberty. There are documents showing that he obtained from Elizabeth, Queen of England, a formal promise that in case any misfortune should befall him she would grant him, Czar Ivan, an asylum. As to what "misfortune" he feared, it is plain from his will (1572), in which he gave some advice to his children, in case he should be deposed from the throne by his rebellious Boyards, and driven by them into exile. It seems, then, that at least some of the executions were resorted to by Ivan in self-defense. The Terrible Czar had preserved for his posterity a record of his victims. He used to inscribe the names of the persons executed by him in a Synodic list, kept in the Convent of St. Cyril, in order that the monks might pray for the repose of their souls. That bloody record embraces 3,470 persons, of whom, however, only 986 were named, while the rest of his victims were included in such gloomy clauses as: "With his wife and five children"; or, "With his three sons"; or, "With his two daughters"; or, "And ten men who came to his aid." As regards the massacre of the Novgorod people the Synodic runs thus: "Remember, O Lord, the souls of Thy servants, the Novgorodians, counting fifteen hundred and five." Sometimes, as if in a fit of madness, Ivan ordered that some Boyard particularly hateful to him should be put to death, not only with all his family, but also with all his serfs and cattle, and even fishes in his ponds! And there were men who readily executed his will. Even Ivan himself shuddered when listening to the reports of Maluta Skoaratoff, the prison-keeper, on some of the tortures inflicted by his orders.

Believing that he was surrounded by traitors and rebels, Ivan instituted a special body-guard, the Oprichniki, each of whom carried attached to his saddle a dog's head and a broom. These symbols meant that the guards were ready to deal with every rebel as with a dog, and that they were called to sweep the treason from the country. What a sight did Ivan present, surrounded by such body-guards! When Philip, Metropolitan of Moscow, reproached the Czar for his conduct, so unbecoming a Christian ruler, he was deposed, thrown into prison and there strangled. Yet the same despot used to convene the Assembly of Notables, in order to consult them on any important state question. Thus, during a war, when the King of Poland proposed certain terms of peace, Ivan summoned to Moscow the Boyards, bishops, the representatives of nobles and of merchants, and asked their advice. The Assembly voted for the continuation of the war, and the Czar acted accordingly.

While the Russian army was engaged in war against Poland, Devlet-Hiray, Khan of Crimea, with his horde, counting 120,000 men, made an incursion into Russia, burned Moscow and returned home with 100,000 prisoners. He left the following message to Ivan: "I burn and destroy all here on account of Kazan and Astrakhan. I came to you and burned your capital, Moscow. I desired your crown and your head, but you did not show yourself; you did not accept the challenge, and yet you dare to call yourself the Czar of Muscovy! If you want to live in peace with me, give me back my Kazan and my Astrakhan."

Next year the Khan again invaded Russia, but this time was met by a regular army and was totally defeated. However, the Tartars of Crimea, supported by their co-religionists, the Turks, continued to annoy Russia for more than a century. On the other hand, Poland, which was then very powerful, would not permit Ivan to extend his possessions to the Baltic. What he could not gain by the force of arms, Ivan tried to accomplish by diplomacy. After the death of Sigismund II. in Poland there was a party favoring the election to the Polish throne of Ivan's son, but the Czar sought that crown for himself.

"If your nobles," he said to the Polish ambassador, "would choose me for their sovereign, you would see what a good master and protector they would find in me. In your country I am spoken of as being cruel. Yes, I am cruel, but it is only toward those who treat me cruelly. As for really good men, I am ready to give them even my shirt. It is quite natural that your sovereigns love their subjects, for their subjects love them. But these subjects of mine would gladly give me up to the Tartars of Crimea. It is not the enemy I fear, it is the treason of my own subjects."

However, the Poles could not be induced to submit voluntarily to the rule of the Terrible. Stephan Batory, the brave King of Poland, succeeded in driving the Russians back from the Baltic, thus destroying the fruits of the thirty years' labors of Czar Ivan. The Muscovite

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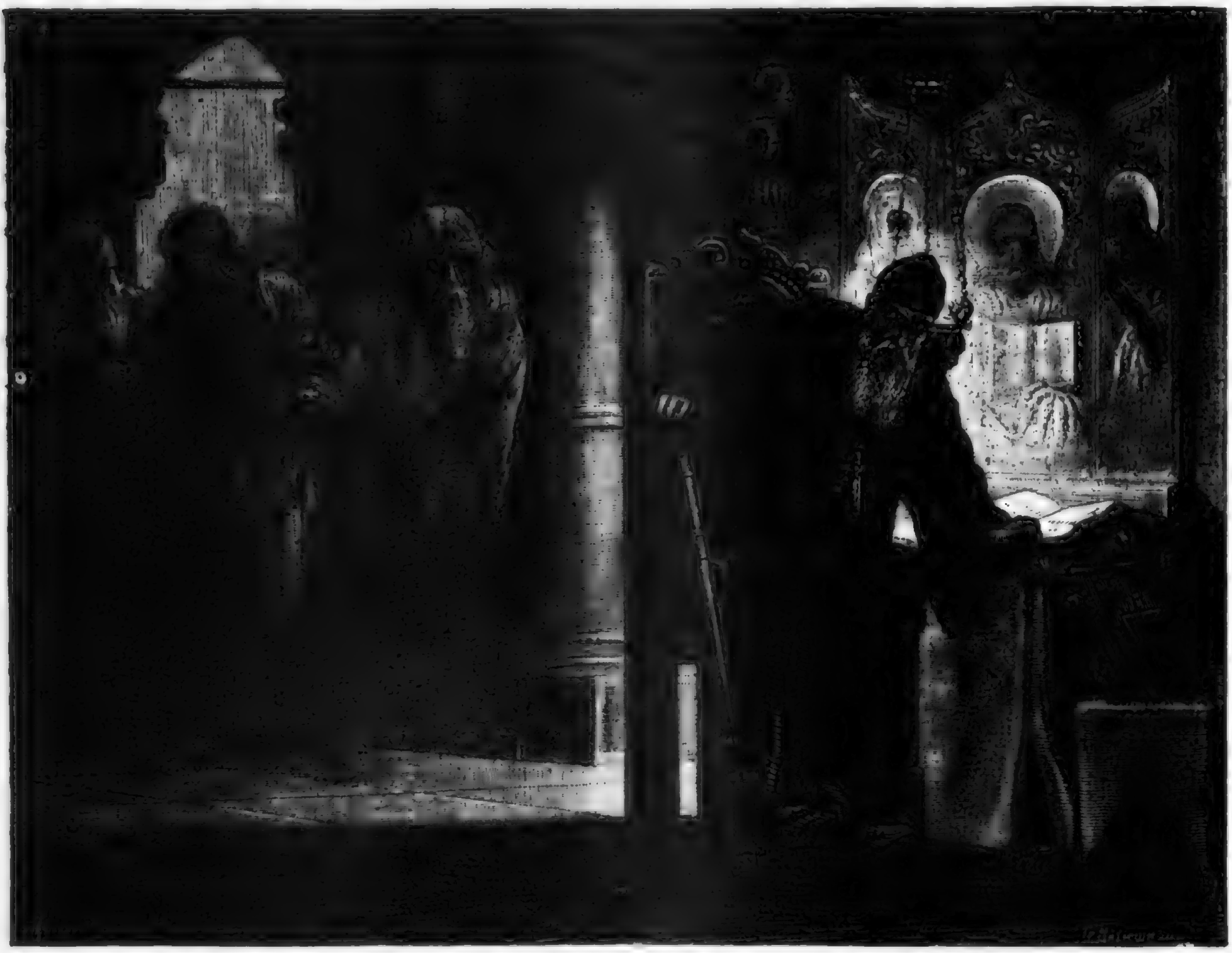


IVAN, WHILE READING THE BIBLE, HAUNTED BY THE SPECTRES OF HIS VICTIMS.

ruler asked Pope Gregory XIII. to be a mediator between him and the King of Poland. On that occasion Anthony Possevin, the famous Jesuit, visited Moscow and tried to bring about the union between the Oriental and the Western Churches. In this he failed, though he easily convinced the two Slavonian rulers. The Jesuit conversed frequently with the Terrible, and found him to be strong-minded, tolerant, anxious to learn, and occasionally very witty and humorous.

The Poles and Germans closed the Baltic on Russians, but the English opened the White Sea for them. In 1553 an English ship, *Edward, Good Adventure,* fitted up for a polar expedition, entered the White Sea and came to the mouth of Dvina. The captain of the ship, Chancellor, visited the Czar, was royally treated by him, and succeeded in concluding a mercantile treaty between Russia and England. Ivan had kindly welcomed also merchants coming from France, Holland, Spain and Italy.

If Ivan's move toward the west was checked, his eastward march was triumphant. In 1558 he granted to the Stroganoffs 100 square miles of desert land west of the Ural Mountains. Seaching for gold and silver, the daring Russian pioneers crossed the Ural, and beyond it they found the strong Tartar Khanate of Siberia. Nothing daunted, the Stroganoffs dreamed of conquering that country, rich in minerals of all kinds. About that time the Don Cossacks, under the leadership of Ataman Ermak Timofeevitch, provoked the wrath of the Terrible by their depredations on the Volga, not only on the boats of different merchants, but even on those of the crown. Czar Ivan swore to chastise Ataman Ermak. But the Cossack was not willing to give up a life that knew no master and no law. Yet he soon found it necessary to transfer his headquarters from the Don to beyond the Ural, where the Cossack robbers became the pioneers of Russian rule and civilization. At the head of 850 men armed with guns, the Russian Pizarro dispersed as by magic the hordes of the Tartars armed with bows. In a few years the Cossacks conquered the Khanate and took its capital, Siberia. While nearing his grave, Ivan was highly gratified by annexing to his Czardom a new and vast country. He pardoned the Cossack robbers and sent them rich presents. To Ermak, however, the royal present, a heavy coat-of-mail, proved fatal. One day, surprised by his foes, Ermak leaped into the Irtysh River, intending to swim across, but the Czar's coat-of-mail proved too heavy for the free Cossack, and so he sank in the current (1584).

Like his contemporary, Henry VIII., Ivan had many wives. After the death of Anastasia Romanoff he lived with a beautiful Circassian girl, Mary. Then he married, according to the rites of the Church, a second wife, and then a third one. The Russian Church does not allow a man to marry more than three times. In spite of that Ivan had taken four more wives, neither of whom the Church recognized as legitimate. And, besides, during one of his short widowhoods, Ivan had a romantic attachment to a young and charming Boyard widow, Vasilissa Melentievna, who, though for a short time, ruled over the Terrible Czar. This old man and tyrant, stained with the blood of thousands of victims, and himself always fearing for his safety, used to forget all his troubles in presence of the enchanting Vasilissa, whom he treated as the tenderest of young lovers would have done.

Ivan was a man of extremes; now indulging in unspeakable orgies, now transforming his palace into a convent; the Czar assuming the part of an abbot, and his jovial companions, that of monks.

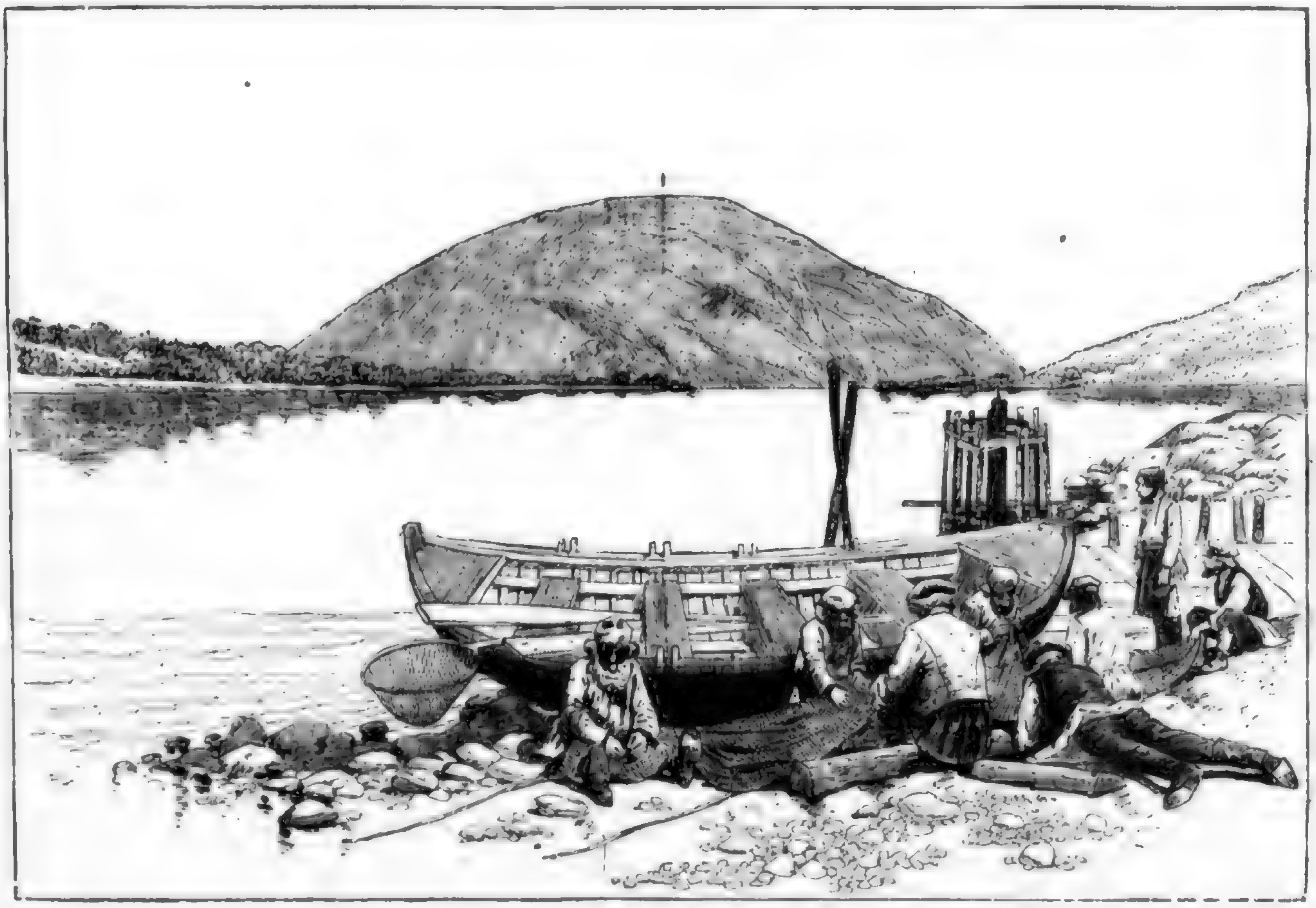
The Czar was always ready with a fearful iron staff he habitually carried. Once in an altercation with his beloved son Ivan, the heir apparent, he struck him in the temple; the Czarovitch fell bleeding, and expired in the arms of his terrified father. The Czar became almost crazy with grief and remorse. For several days he refused to take any food, day and night groaning and moaning and praying to God for a speedy death, which in his opinion he deserved more than any of his numerous victims. He lost not only his beloved son, but also the heir, who was to continue his work of struggling against the rebellious Boyards. Of the other two sons of the Czar, Feodor was weak in body and mind, and Dmitry, born by his seventh wife, was yet a mere child. Therefore he feared that after his death the reins of Muscovy would fall into hands of some of the Boyards, against whom he fought during all his reign of half a century. This fear added much to the bitterness of the Czar's mind. However, the Boyards' strength was broken by Ivan for ever, and it is one of the great services rendered by the Terrible to his country.

Ivan aimed also to restrict the power of the clergy and to limit the wealth of the convents, which, with their millions of peasants, formed a state within a state. He first formed a regular army in Russia; his Streltzi, or national militia, saved the country's independence during many a severe trial of the seventeenth century. The Orthodox Czar was very tolerant to men of other beliefs. In his very capital he allowed a Calvinist Church and a Lutheran Church, though yielding to the clamor of his prejudiced subjects, he finally transferred those churches to suburbs of the capital. When, however, a foreign pastor invited him to argue on religious doctrines, the Czar answered, quoting the Scriptures, "I do not cast pearls before swine."

Toward the end of his life Ivan suffered from dreadful hallucinations. At night, while he was reading the Bible and meditating on his own dark deeds, his numerous victims used to pass before his imagination so vividly that he believed he saw their spectres in reality. He told his confessor that he often saw those spectres, particularly those of Metropolitan Philip, Priest Silvester, Adasheff and some prominent Boyards. Nothing would banish these haunting terrors.

Many historians, while reviewing the reign of Czar Ivan IV., style it as "the seven epochs of massacre." Truly, Ivan fully deserves his appellation of the Terrible, and yet, in order to judge him justly and fairly, we must remember that he was a contemporary of Henry VIII. of England, of Ferdinand the Catholic, of Philip II. of Spain, and of Catherine de Medici of France. Certainly Ivan's Synodic is a fearful record of cruelty and barbarism, but other countries of Europe had then their horrors. Ivan the Terrible was a true child of the sixteenth century, and a true representative of his country, which then was yet far from having freed itself from the baneful influence of the Tartar yoke.

Ivan the Terrible belongs to a class of heroes who live in popular traditions and songs. Like Peter the Great, General Suvaroff, the Cossack Ermak, and some other men, Ivan to this day figures in many Russian songs and tales, as a man who found nothing impossible, and whose sway no man could resist. According to songs, Ivan, with his numberless Streltzi, crossed gigantic rivers as if they were tiny brooks, and swept through the impassable and primeval forests as if over smooth plains. No storm or frost of Winter could detain him on his march. In twenty miles from the City of Samara, on the



THE CZAR'S HILL.

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left side of the Volga, there rises a high, dome-shaped hill, the origin of which is thus described in a song:

> "Ivan went against the Tartars with his warriors. In order to obtain a correct idea of the strength and might of his army, he ordered that on a certain spot one evening every man should deposit a handful of earth. The next morning Ivan was greatly gratified at seeing a high hill, which from that day to this bears the name of the Czar's Hill."

LIVE AND LET BE!

Live and let be! The Alpine heaven is bright;
Tired cloudlets sleep along yon azure sea;
Soft airs steal by, and whisper, faint and light,
Live and let be!

Live and let be! Is it not well to rest
Sometimes from labor? live as do the flowers?
Bask in the sunshine, lie on Nature's breast,
Not counting hours?

Not heeding aught but on the pale, worn cheek
To feel the warm breath of the murmuring pine,
And watch on many a rose-flushed, hoary peak
Heaven's glory shine?

Is it not well? Sweet, too, at wondering eve
To list that melody of tinkling bells,
And hear old Echo in her distance weave
Endless farewells!

Night, too, hath here her music, deep and strong,
Of cataracts, solemn as an ancient psalm,
Whence the soul's fever, born in heat and throng,
Grows cool and calm.

Live and let be! It will be time enough
Hereafter to resume the great world's care,
When Autumn skies are troubled, winds are rough,
And trees are bare.

Then to renew the fight, the cause rewaken,
Dare all the strife, the burden and the pain;
Rally the weak; the downcast, the forsaken,
Lift up again!

And what thou doest then, in Peace begotten,
Shall show like Peace, her looks and tones recall,
And, all the frail and faulty Past forgotten,
Bring good to all.

ALUMINUM.

Messrs. E. H. & A. N. Cowles, of Cleveland, O. (Cowles's Electric Smelting and Aluminum Company), have for some time successfully produced aluminum and its alloys in large quantities, and at reduced prices.

The process of Deville, heretofore generally in use, consists in decomposing sodium-aluminum-chloride in reverbatory furnaces by adding to it, in a suitable manner, a flux (formerly fluor-spar, now cryolite), whereby the sodium used for reductions is replaced by zinc.

By this process the price of aluminum has been not less than $17.75 to $20—too high for many technical purposes.

Graetzel readopted the idea of Bunsen, to separate the aluminum by electricity. He applies a very powerful dynamo-electric current, which he conducts through molten sodium-aluminum-chloride, whereby the desired metal is deposited at the negative electrode (cathode), but chlorine at the positive electrode (anode).

This process has been patented nearly everywhere. The aluminum by its slight specific gravity—it is only 2½ times heavier than water—has for a long time encouraged the hope that it could be produced in large quantities at a low price, and thus become more generally available for technical purposes.

The aluminum combines lightness with great durability, beauty and plasticity. It can be drawn into fine wire (down to one-fifteenth millimeter in thickness) and beaten into thin lamels.

It is capable of taking a fine polish, and can be engraved, and by galvanism silvered and gilded. In the air it does not tarnish, and in water it remains unaltered. Though it is not a precious metal, it is, notwithstanding, not more subject to corrosion by acids and alkalies than iron. It is, however, not fire-proof; by combustion it is reduced to valueless alumina. Its fine, white, silver-brilliant, not-tarnishing color makes it very adaptable for ornaments of all kinds, opera-glasses, etc.

Besides the pure aluminum, also its alloys are useful for many technical purposes. A particularly beautiful bronze, brilliant like gold, is obtained from 90 to 95 per cent. copper and 10 to 5 per cent. aluminum.

MAGGIE NIDEVER'S LOVERS.

Buckeye was a mining camp in California thirty years ago, a straggling town built upon a cliff beneath the dark and fir-clad mountains, above the yellow and foaming Trinity River, rushing westward in roaring rapids and wild whirlpools.

On the main street stood a yellow, caveless house. A sickly looking rose in a mackerel kit grew by the door; a weakly morning-glory vine was trying to touch the window-sill, aided by fluttering strips of red calico; the flight of steps had long ago quarreled, and were now held together only by a wicked desire to test the morals of all visitors.

Maggie Nidever leaned out of the window and watched Jo Davis, the former foreman of the Union Hill Mine, climb the narrow path, a quarter of a mile distant, to a tunnel he was running into the mountain-side. Then he sees her and waves his hat, smilingly, the most cheerful, sunny-tempered man in all the camp, so Maggie thinks.

This Maggie, daughter of the mountain world, had all the seeming of an early rosebud, full of freshness, health and grace. The simple, kindly life of the miners had been her lot ever since childhood, and now this tall, dark-eyed maiden of eighteen was the pride of Buckeye. She had never known any other home, except for a few months at a girl's seminary two hundred miles distant.

In her childhood the red-shirted placer-miners on the Bar used to beg "little Maggie Nidever" to swing the rocker on their new claims "to bring luck," they said, and then they would unfailingly give her the first nugget, be it large or small.

Her father was one of the miners then, but he died soon after, and then it seemed as if every man in the camp was a near and dear relative.

Thomas Nidever's twenty foot claim was mined out to bed-rock by willing hands, and six thousand dollars brought to the widow; for that was the way the miners of "Fifty-two" cared for their comrades' families.

Mrs. Nidever, a tall, awkward woman, came into the room, red-faced from kitchen-work. She was a person of many surpluses—dress too loose, shoes too large, comb too high, smile too profuse, and voice too shrill.

"Maggie," she said, "ye needn't keep yer eyes on thet Davis Tunnel. Hit ain't a-going ter pay, the men tell me. An' young Davis is onreliable in other ways besides."

Maggie listened, but answered never a word.

"Now there is John Chestney," continued Mrs. Nidever.

Maggie shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"The daringest miner in all the mountings," said Mrs. Nidever. "The girl as gets John Chestney will hev cause ter be glad. That Union Hill Claim of his'n hez a fortune left in it yet, an' it's all nonsense about its being dangerous ter work."

Maggie turned with flaming cheeks.

"Mother, I never encouraged anybody. And you mustn't talk about—about what neither Mr. Davis or Mr. Chestney ever said to me."

She sprang to her feet, stormily.

"It makes no difference, Maggie," said Mrs. Nidever, decidedly. "Everybody's sayin' as how ye can take yer pick."

Maggie burst into tears, caught up her sunbonnet, and fled out of the back-door for a long ramble over the hills, under the great pines and cedars. She always came back cheerful after such an escapade.

And just as Maggie departed a tall man, stern, reticent, middle-aged and broad-shouldered, shambling in gait, came up to the front doorstep, slipped off, and swore so loudly that startled Mrs. Nidever looked out of the window.

They shook hands cordially, but awkwardly.

"Maggie hez gone for a walk, John Chestney," said Mrs. Nidever; "but she will be sorry to hev missed ye."

John shook his head.

"I don't seem to get along very fast," he said.

No word was spoken for a minute or so. Suddenly John Chestney straightened himself up, and said:

"Well, how does the girl talk?"

The woman dropped her cheerful tone, hesitated, and flushed.

"John, I don't think she cares much for you, but I ken bring her round. Only, ef you marry her, don't stay here. Take her over the mountain an' buy a big ranch; go on a tower ter some of the big cities first."

John Chestney leaned forward, his hands clasping his knees, his eyes gleaming.

"I shall have to start the big mine. I lost too much money in stocks."

"Well, why not?"

"Because it's resky. But you say drive, an' I'll do it. Maybe I won't be sorry."

The "Union Hill Claim" had been the famous mine of Buckeye and of the region for miles. It was a cup-like depression in the mountain on the side of the river opposite Buckeye.

The deep bed of gravel was rich in gold, and a long tunnel had been cut from the surface of the water to pierce it.

Years of hydraulic mining had followed, double gangs of men working night and day, until the mine was now an oval amphitheatre, almost a mile across and more than a hundred feet deep, with a great mountain towering above it.

John Chestney had made several fortunes out of the famous mine, and lost them in other enterprises. Still, it had for three years lain idle, because, as he said, it was "resky."

Buckeye and all the neighboring villages were anxious to have work recommenced at the "Union Hill."

Tom Horogan expressed the public sentiment when he said, "And whin will the big mine boom ter make the times more aisy, me b'ys?"

Ten minutes after John Chestney had left Mrs. Nidever's he drove up to the weather-beaten variety store of the town, where the mail-boy had reined up his spotted mustang, and a group of idlers was standing about.

"Marshall," he said, to the storekeeper, "I've decided to run the Union Hill this Summer. I want Davis for foreman again. Tell him to get fifty good fellows on the hill to-morrow at sunrise."

"That's good news."

"Well, I hope so. Then, waving his hand to the crowd, he uttered the miner's terse apothegm: "Gold is where you find it."

He jerked the reins, and his tough little horse whirled the light sulky across the log bridge, down the grassy slopes, and out of sight before Buckeye had fairly awoke to the situation.

At daybreak the next day, John Chestney, cool, collected, vigorous, crossed the long bridge, climbed the gray hill, and descended into the famous oval mine long before any of his men had arrived.

He went down to the bed-rock and near the tunnel; he followed the deep waterway quite across the mine, until he stood at the foot of the threatening mountain wall, and four hundred feet below the reservoir whose walls of earth and stone showed dimly in the morning mist. A few rustling joints of pipe and rotting timbers, relics of the work of three seasons before, obstructed his path.

John Chestney walked close to the cliff, now dry and hard, soon to be dripping with spray and torn by torrents of water. He picked at the gravel bank; scales of gold, and gleams that set his blood dancing.

"There is plenty of it; I can clear two hundred thousand dollars in the Summer's work, if only nothing slides. But I wish old lady Nidever had the contract."

Foreman Davis and his men leaped down the ladders, and by sunrise the "Union" had begun work.

Spring lengthened into Summer, and the banks of the mine were torn away—so close to the mountain peak that men grew afraid to work them. Still, the general opinion was that "Chestney luck" would triumph.

Mrs. Nidever kept her faith with Chestney. On every occasion she labored to persuade Maggie to forget Jo Davis—to accept John Chestney, now her avowed suitor. Jo had been interviewed by Mrs. Nidever, and given to understand that Maggie liked Chestney best, so the foolish fellow kept away, and made the battle harder for Maggie, who was afraid of her mother, and gradually yielding to the force of a stronger will.

Jo Davis was a sinewy Saxon, blue-eyed, fair-haired, with beaming eyes, and a flush that went and came as a child's; he had a passionate affection for children, to whom he told stories as vividly drawn as pictures. But he grew silent and unsocial, drove the workmen with fierce sarcasms and restless energy, till half a dozen or so rebelled, and gave him the lie direct.

Into their midst he leaped like a tawny-haired lion and fought the group into subjection. They tell the story still in the old mining camps of California. "Why, he wor a Hyer," says old Tom Horogan.

Davis had scarcely reached the edge of the mine after his fight, when Chestney, his employer, met him.

"See here, Jo, we clean up and stop work here before long. To-morrow I shall shut off the water. Miss Nidever is coming up to look at the place. I want you to spend to-morrow examining the flume through the tunnel."

There was a subtle ring of defiance and mockery. The foreman's face flushed angrily at the tone; his master stood looking down, with a quiet smile, as if he had answered Jo's thought with a "Yes, I shall marry her."

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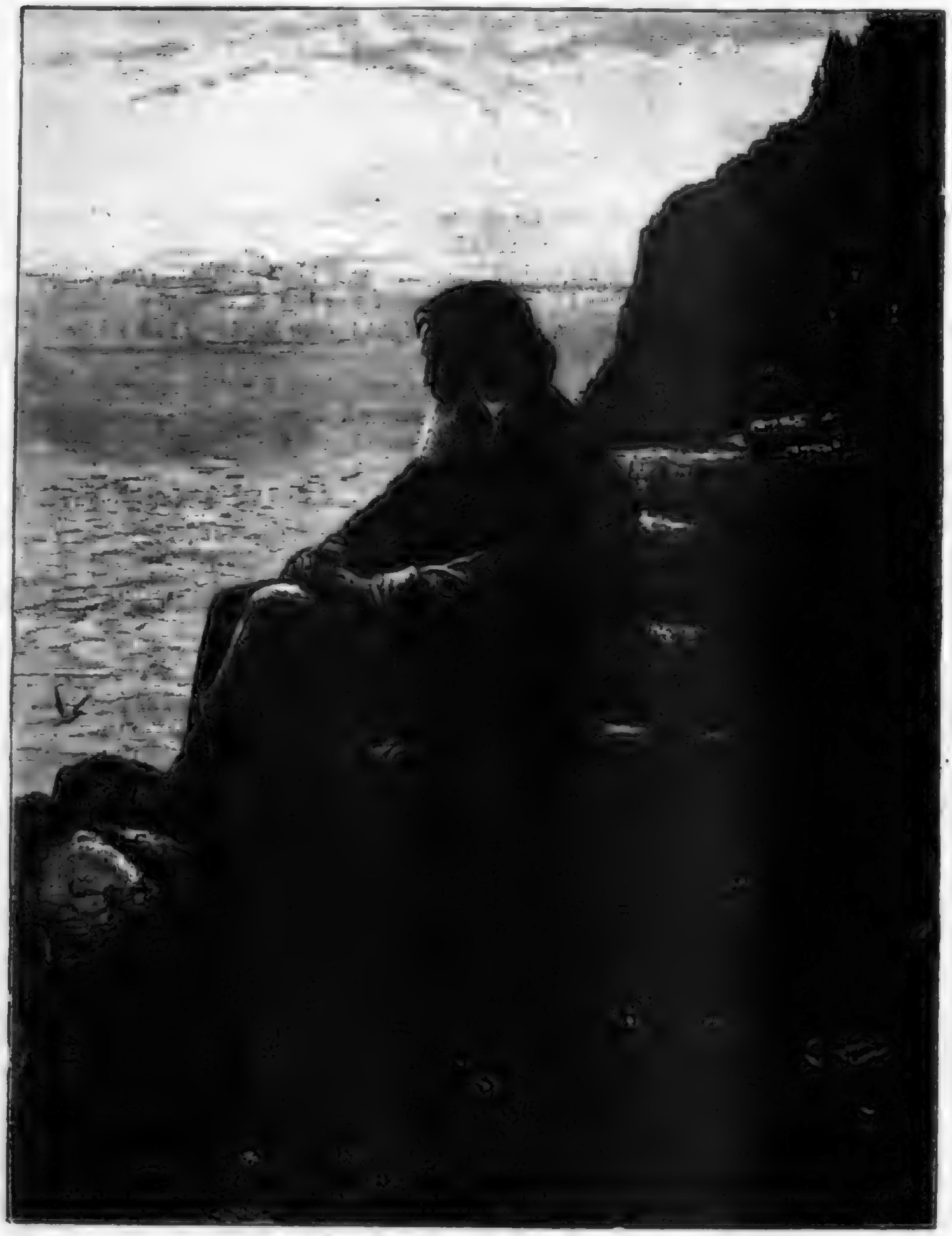


"THE WORLD FORGETTING, BY THE WORLD FORGOT."

"Only the foreman," remarked John Chestney.

Then he spread his light overcoat on the hard clay and Maggie sat down, while he walked back and forth with knit brows, trying to think of some persuasion that would win, some force that would conquer the love of this maiden.

The silence grew oppressive.

"Let us go back," she said. "It is not nice here."

"Don't say that, Maggie; say you were glad to come—that you like me better than any one else."

"I can't!"

And poor Maggie was crying softly, sorry beyond expression for this grave elderly man, whose intensity of speech showed his earnestness.

She knew now, without any words of his, that he had watched and loved her for many years.

Pale and yet angry, he leaned against the pine-tree signal-staff, and the bitterness of refusal became a slow, seething anger.

Suddenly John Chestney unwound the rope, and drew the white flag from its box at the base of the staff. At least he could force her to a confession.

The morning came in billowy sparkles with waves of translucent mist filling the deep cañons.

John Chestney, irreproachably clad, escorted Maggie from her mother's door down the steep hill, across the black bridge, and up the mountain road to the mine.

"She'll say Yes," said the village gossips; and the boys who kicked up their heels in the yellow road dust wondered how many thousands of dollars the Union Hill would yield when work stopped and the precious metal was gathered from the dripping sluice-boxes.

"Mighty near the big mountain that mine is," said Dick Spander, setting down his beer-mug and watching them through the open door. "Gettin' dangerous. But luck always wins—leastwise in the mines it do."

Meanwhile, Maggie and John Chestney were approaching the mine. A few cabins clustered about a signal-staff. The bones of a mastodon, washed out of the mine, lay near the descending ladders. The stony floor of the great oval mine was dotted with piles of boulders; water trickled down the red-and-gray cliffs.

Maggie thought she had never seen a more desolate place. A light shone at the mouth of the tunnel, and then disappeared.

It had been the custom at the mine, as Maggie knew, to send by means of this flag a signal to the reservoir-keeper on the mountain-side above. He then raised the gates, and a resistless torrent fell over the cliff, and speedily filled the tunnel.

"Maggie," he said, "I shall raise the flag—for Jo's sake, you know."

She sprang up and caught his hands.

"You shall not! Oh, shame! you coward, to try and frighten me! Yes, if you will have it, your foreman is worth ten of you!"

Chestney tore loose from her clinging hands, and up went the flag, as in a sudden frenzy—half way up, in one swift, awful leap.

Then the revulsion came. He threw the rope from his hand—the bit of white cloth fluttered slowly back.

"Forgive me," he cried; "the man won't see that."

Side by side they watched the distant reservoir. Before the flag touched the ground the keeper left his cabin and climbed the bank. He had seen the flag rising, and waited for no further glance.

The next moment the water poured out, foaming and terrible. They saw it gleaming down the giant cliff.

John Chestney felt a wild desire to save his rival—to undo his work.

At the entrance to the tunnel was a heavy floodgate. If he could close it in time, Jo might yet escape.

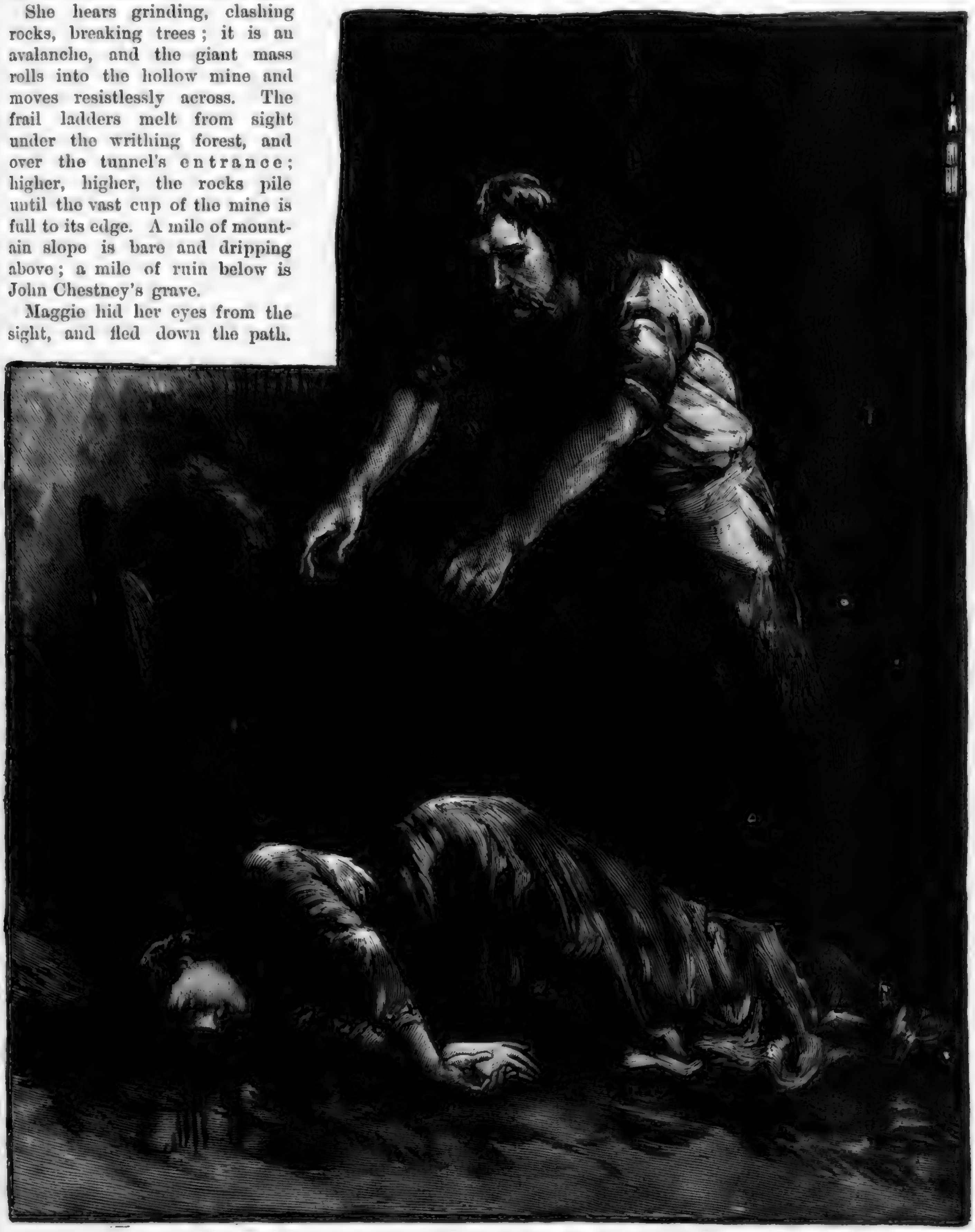
He sprang down the creaking ladders, and Maggie knew his desperate errand.

She watches, with dazed, agonized look. But is it, indeed, only the torrent that falls—that approaches? Surely, surely, it is more!—surely the mountain itself moves downward in blind wrath.

She hears grinding, clashing rocks, breaking trees; it is an avalanche, and the giant mass rolls into the hollow mine and moves resistlessly across. The frail ladders melt from sight under the writhing forest, and over the tunnel's entrance; higher, higher, the rocks pile until the vast cup of the mine is full to its edge. A mile of mountain slope is bare and dripping above; a mile of ruin below is John Chestney's grave.

Maggie hid her eyes from the sight, and fled down the path. Excited men were running from Buckeye, roused by the roar of the land-slip. She heeded them not, but ran down the slope to the river, to the mouth of the tunnel, until she stood panting in the arching entrance.

Oh, joy! only a tiny streamlet slipped into the river. Chestney had managed to close the gate before he was overwhelmed. Trembling, frightened at her own audacity, she pressed into the darkness.



MAGGIE NIDEVER'S LOVERS.—"MAGGIE SANK ON THE WET STONES, AND JO CARRIED THE WOMAN HE LOVED INTO THE BROAD SUNLIGHT."

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Soon a light shone in the distance, and the tap of a hammer sounded. Maggie sank on the wet stones, and Jo carried the woman he loved into the broad sunlight.

The secret of the raised flag rests safely with the dead mine-owner, and the dead reservoir-keeper. There is a fortune under the land-slip, but it would cost another fortune to recover it, and so, year after year, the wild flowers bloom, the wild beasts trample, above what once was the Union Hill Mine.

Miles away, in a mountain valley, tilling his little farm, Jo Davis has grown prosperous, and by Maggie's side stands another Maggie, almost as tall as her mother.

THE WIFE'S STRATAGEM.

By Mrs. J. H. Walworth.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SISTER AGNES.

It was in vain that Dick Raymond, returning in triumph to his brother-in-law's bedside, assured him again and again that it "was all right." The words seemed to convey no meaning to the sick man's bewildered and scattered senses. The physician in attendance shook his head ominously, and told Dick that it was worse than hopeless to expect his patient to improve until his mind was relieved, and poor Dick was absolutely bewildered in his turn, knowing well that Fanny and Fanny alone could work that miracle.

Then he tried a daring experiment. He asked Horace a straightforward question; a question which threw the sick man into such paroxysms of rage that nothing but the active services of the doctor who was on hand prevented serious consequences.

"Horace," Dick asked him, "would you like to see Fanny?"

The covering heaved over the sick man's chest. He tried to rise, but fell back, panting and breathless; his eyes dilated, and, with one trembling hand he pointed to the door, gasping out, passionately:

"Mention that name again and I'll murder you, weak as I am!"

He fumbled under his pillow and brought out his pocket diary; with weak, trembling hands he took from it a creased and tumbled piece of newspaper. Dick could see it had been roughly torn from one of the city dailies. On it he read these lines—they were the concluding lines of a sentence that had been torn off: "The whole town is agog over the new and lovely *cantatrice*, Madame Raye. She is said to bear so striking a resemblance to the young and beautiful Mrs. Wimple, who disappeared from society so mysteriously about six months ago, that the dear public has decided it is her. Mr. Wimple still lingers abroad."

This, then, was the last drop in Horace Wimple's cup. It was this that had prostrated him when sick with disappointment at finding Leonard Cox had escaped him through the doors of death. He had turned homeward resolved to brave all his troubles in a court of justice, and give up everything but—Fanny.

Dick looked at him, pityingly, as he lay with closed eyes, panting from the frenzy of his excitement, then turned to the doctor, saying:

"This is a case for women. You and I can do nothing for him."

And straightway he went off to tell Nellie Nelson of this strange development in the case.

"The time has come to advertise," said Nellie, promptly. "I was only waiting for you to tell me that you had secured those abominable papers."

So they advertised, and from the restful seclusion of her retreat with the Sisters of Mercy, Fanny responded. Thin, worn and bloodless beyond recognition by her dearest friends; but those dearest friends, Dick and Nellie, folded her in their arms and brought the light back to her sad eyes with their words of comfort and promises of better days.

"He is very ill, my darling," said Nellie, concluding her harangue, "and it is not necessary that the doctor shall have the pleasure of witnessing a domestic drama. I'm going to introduce you to him, simply as a nurse we have procured from the Sisters of Mercy. He told Dick that they sent out the best nurses in the country, and he would not have any other about him."

And so, it was not many hours after she had reached the safe shelter of Nellie's arms before Fanny Wimple, dressed in the simble garb of a Sister of Charity, stood trembling but resolute, in her husband's sick-room, receiving her orders from the doctor.

"I have sent for you, Sister——" he hesitated for her name.

Fanny gave it to him with down-dropped eyes and meekly folded hands, "Sister Agnes is what they call me," and listened with breathless interest as the physician resumed:

"—Sister Agnes, to place a very peculiar case in your hands. I have brought the patient through the crisis of his disease. He needs no medicine now to speak of beyond an occasional opiate. I shall leave a sedative to be administered during his nervous paroxysms. The truth is, he needs relief of another sort—ahem!" The doctor's finger was laid on his lip in warning, as Mrs. Prior stole softly into the room, her hands well filled with a spoon and cup and bowl of some concoction of her own. She regarded the demure figure standing there in Horace's room with natural surprise. No one had asked her permission for this importation. Then a spasm of fierce jealousy contracted her narrow heart into still narrower dimensions, and she came close up to the doctor to say, in a hissing whisper:

"Excuse me, doctor, but if there is one thing I do pride myself on——"

The doctor made a fiercely impatient gesture. Mrs. Prior stopped, with a look of indignant protest on her sharp features. The mild-eyed Sister of Charity, who, with her shapeless garb, severe white band across the brow, and thin, hollow cheeks, bore no resemblance whatever to the lovely woman whom Mrs. Prior hated for no other reason than that Horace loved her, stood with patiently folded hands awaiting the result of what threatened to assume the proportions of an altercation.

"I was about to say——" Mrs. Prior began again, her voice getting the better of her discretion and rising to its wonted shrill accentuation, but the doctor retorted with professional asperity:

"My dear madam, I have no desire whatever to hear what you were about to say. I have employed a nurse for my patient. You are altogether too excitable and explosive to minister to a man in Mr. Wimple's condition."

Mrs. Prior retired in passionate haste. If she remained a moment longer she might find the impulse to "free her mind" too strong to be resisted, and she had no desire to retard poor Horace's recovery.

"I understood," said Sister Agnes, as the door closed upon Mrs. Prior's retreating form, "that your patient had a sister who was very much devoted to him."

"That's her," said the doctor, jerking his head in the direction of the door. "It is the queerest symptom of the whole case. His sister's presence seems to irritate him to a pitch of frenzy. I have forbidden her the room before. His mind is the trouble now. He needs everything to soothe him, nothing to irritate him."

"Lay your commands upon me, and I will try to follow them out to the letter," said Sister Agnes, in a low, sweet voice, that was in itself a sedative of the most delightful sort.

"I have none to lay," said the doctor, cordially; "your sisterhood are the ablest coadjutors my brotherhood have. But as this case is rather a remarkable one, I will give you a few hints for your guidance."

"Go on, sir; but wait." She stole softly over to the bedside, listened for a second to her husband's breathing with hands tightly clasped to her own fast-beating heart, then returned to the doctor. "He is sleeping soundly."

"Yes," the doctor answered, "he has been under the influence of a powerful opiate, but he will waken soon now. Now, my good Sister Agnes, these are the points I want to give you: All of his friends know the source of this illness. It is the culmination of months of worry and distress. First financial embarrassments; then the mysterious disappearance of his young and beautiful wife, with whom, up the hour of her disappearance, he had lived in perfect harmony. The attack he is laboring under at present is said to have been brought on by the report that his wife had gone on the stage. His brother-in-law explained this much to me."

"But your orders to me as his nurse!" said Fanny, writhing under his words. "This gossip about his private affairs is not in my line."

"True, true; you unworldly women live only to do good. My one hope of saving this man's mind, perhaps his life, lies in breaking through his stony reserve about his wife. Induce him to talk about her, to say that he wants to see her, and he is saved. How to accomplish this I leave to your woman's tact. He is the victim of settled melancholia. Now, then, I must be going. I shall feel more comfortable about him, knowing he is in an experienced nurse's hand." He wrung her hand, gave a few parting explanations about the opiates, got as far as the door, and came back to whisper, positively: "Whatever you do, guard against Mrs. Prior's entrance."

Then he went away and left her with a fast-beating heart, alone with her sleeping patient. The doctor's words rang in her ears.

"Induce him to talk about his wife and he is saved. How to accomplish this I leave to your woman's tact. To my woman's tact," she repeated, softly; "say, rather, to my woman's love. God hear my prayer and sustain me through this ordeal."

She softly seated herself in a low chair near the foot of the bed, and taking up a piece of sewing she had brought with her, began in a soft, sweet voice to sing a song that Horace had been particularly fond of in their days of courtship. He opened his eyes while she was singing. There was no surprise in them. He was too ill to experience any sensation of curiosity touching this sweet-voiced singer, in the garb that bespoke her errand and her sanctity. He raised himself on one elbow, the better to hear her sing.

She stopped singing and spoke to him cheerfully:

"Ah! awake, sir! Feeling better, I hope. I was to give you this as soon as you waked."

She went hurriedly toward the table where the doctor had left the opiate. She must not break down now. She must swallow the tears and the great lumps in her throat. She had been specially warned against exciting him. The spoon trembled so in her grasp that she could not drop the medicine readily. She had thrown it into an empty cup for the third time, when she heard a hissing whisper just at her elbow. It did not tend to quiet her nerves.

"I am afraid you don't understand your business very well. I cannot intrust my precious brother's life to such a novice."

She reached out her hand for the vial. Sister Agnes drew back from her with quiet dignity.

"Madam! the doctor's orders were——" but she got no further. From the patient himself came the almost frenzied order that sent Mrs. Prior from the room trembling with mingled rage and terror: "Out! out! murderer of my home! How dare you insult me by your presence!" His face grew quieter as Fanny came over hastily from the table with the glass containing the opiate in her hand. "Who are you? and why are you here?" he asked.

"I am Sister Agnes, from the Sisters of Mercy," Fanny answered, with a brisk cheerfulness, that cost her a tremendous effort, "and I am here by your doctor's order to nurse you and make you get well in a hurry. You will take this now, please."

He drained the glass impatiently, and asked, as he handed it back:

"Where did you learn that song?"

"That song! Let me think. What was I singing? I'm so in the habit of humming over my sewing that half the time I don't know what I am singing."

"You were singing, 'As the Days go Gliding By,'" he said, prompting her memory eagerly.

"Was I? Well, maybe I was. Did you like it, sir? I hope it did not break your sleep. It was wrong of me, but some sick people like me to sing to them."

"No! no! it was right of you. Sing it again." She sang the song again, this time a little louder. "Thank you," he said, wearily; "thank you very much."

He closed his eyes. The opiate was at work once more. He did not open them again; but as Fanny stood over him, furtively wiping away the fast-crowding tears that shut his dear face out from her hungry eyes, she fancied that a more peaceful look had already come to the haggard face of her beloved. Assured that his sleep was the result of the opiate, and would last for quite a while, she presently sank slowly to her knees by the bedside, and with her lips almost touching the hand that lay outside the coverlet, she sent her whole soul out in prayer to God for her husband's recovery, and for their safe delivery from the storm that had lasted so long, and left so much of desolation in its pathway—prayed for forgiveness for her own share in the wretchedness that had so nearly made wreck of her husband's life, and asked for strength where alone it can be procured. Asked for it and was not denied.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CHARM WORKS.

She resumed her sewing presently, apparently in a perfectly placid frame of mind. Poor Fanny! She had been so schooled in patience lately that it was not hard for her to exercise it yet a little longer, the more especially as the dear privilege of nursing her husband back to health was hers.

From the monotonous work of placing stitch by stitch in the hem of the mull kerchief she had supplied herself with, she looked up every second or so to feast her

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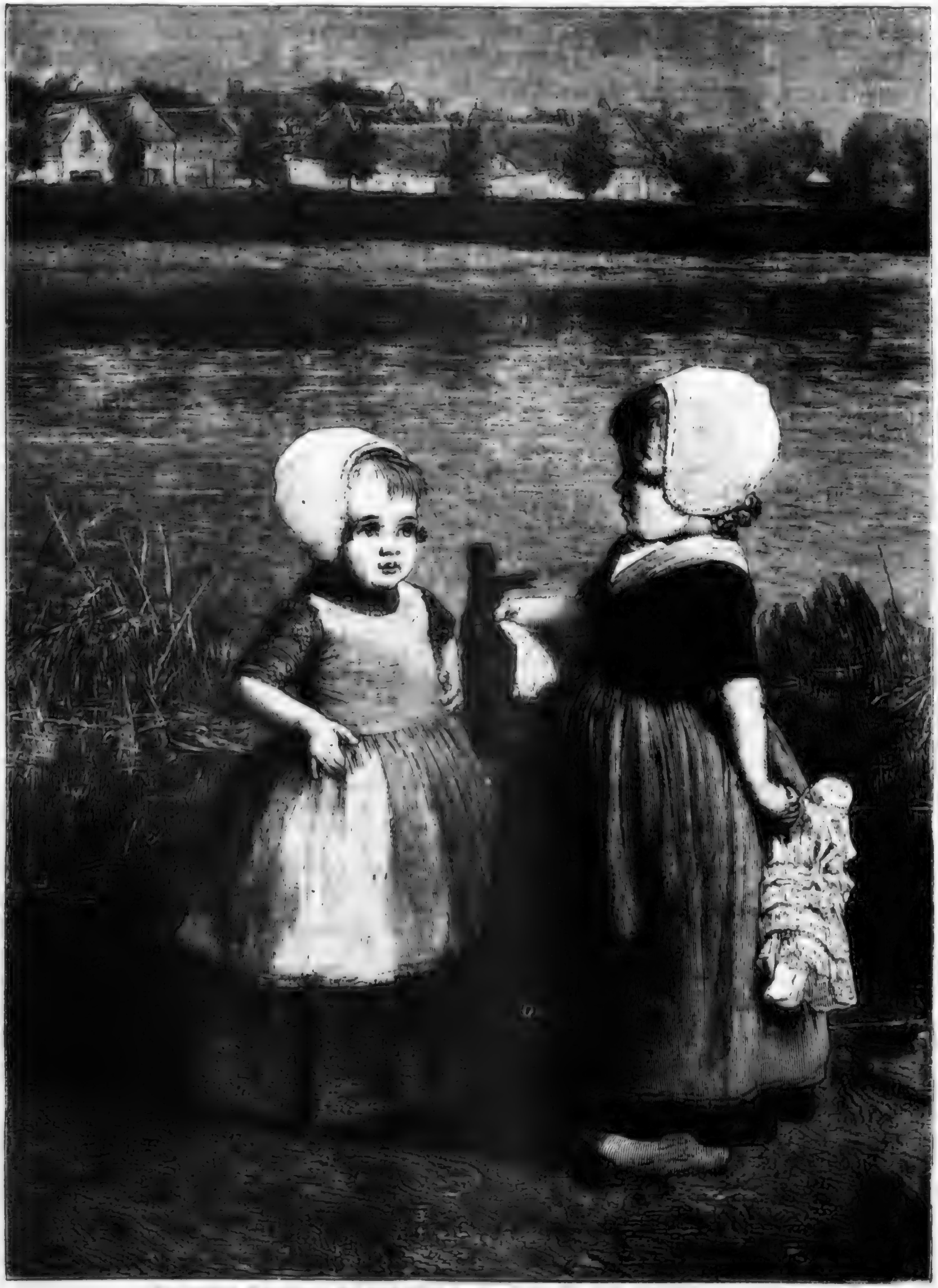
eyes on the dear face before her. One of these excursions discovered her patient lying with wide-open eyes scanning her face closely.

"Shall I read to you, sir?" she asked, uneasily, shifting her position so that the light should not fall with betraying force on her hooded face. But he answered her listlessly, closing his eyes wearily:

"No, my good Sister, I need nothing."

"Oh! my dear sir," she answered, briskly, "how very much mistaken you are. I understand your case better



"In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch, Is giving too little and taking too much."

A DUTCH BARGAIN.—FROM THE PAINTING BY MISS DEALY.

than you do yourself. I know exactly what you need. You won't be angry with me if I tell you, sir?"

Her voice was infinitely sweet, almost caressing, as she asked the question.

"No, Sister Agnes; I shall not be angry. I believe—yes, I know—I like to hear you talk. Your voice is very pleasant in a sick-room. It reminds me—reminds me——"

He closed his lips firmly, and turned his worn face to the wall.

"Reminds you of what, sir?" Sister Agnes asked, eagerly pursuing her advantage.

"Of the voice—of—a lost friend," he answered, without turning toward her; "but you boasted that you knew just what I wanted. They all make that boast—doctors, nurses, and the rest of them."

"Anything," he was thinking, within his sick soul, "to prolong the accents that remind me so much of my lost one."

"I was going to tell you," said Fanny, bending close over her sewing, "what you need to set you up again, sir; you need a change."

"A change?" his voice was sneering and bitter. "They all sing the same old tune in my ears."

"With this difference," says the nurse, smiling into his face. "The rest of them, some want to send you off to a fashionable Summer resort; others want to send you to the lonesome mountains, others, to some place where your full duty will consist of drinking so many glasses a day of nasty water."

"Yes; and you?"

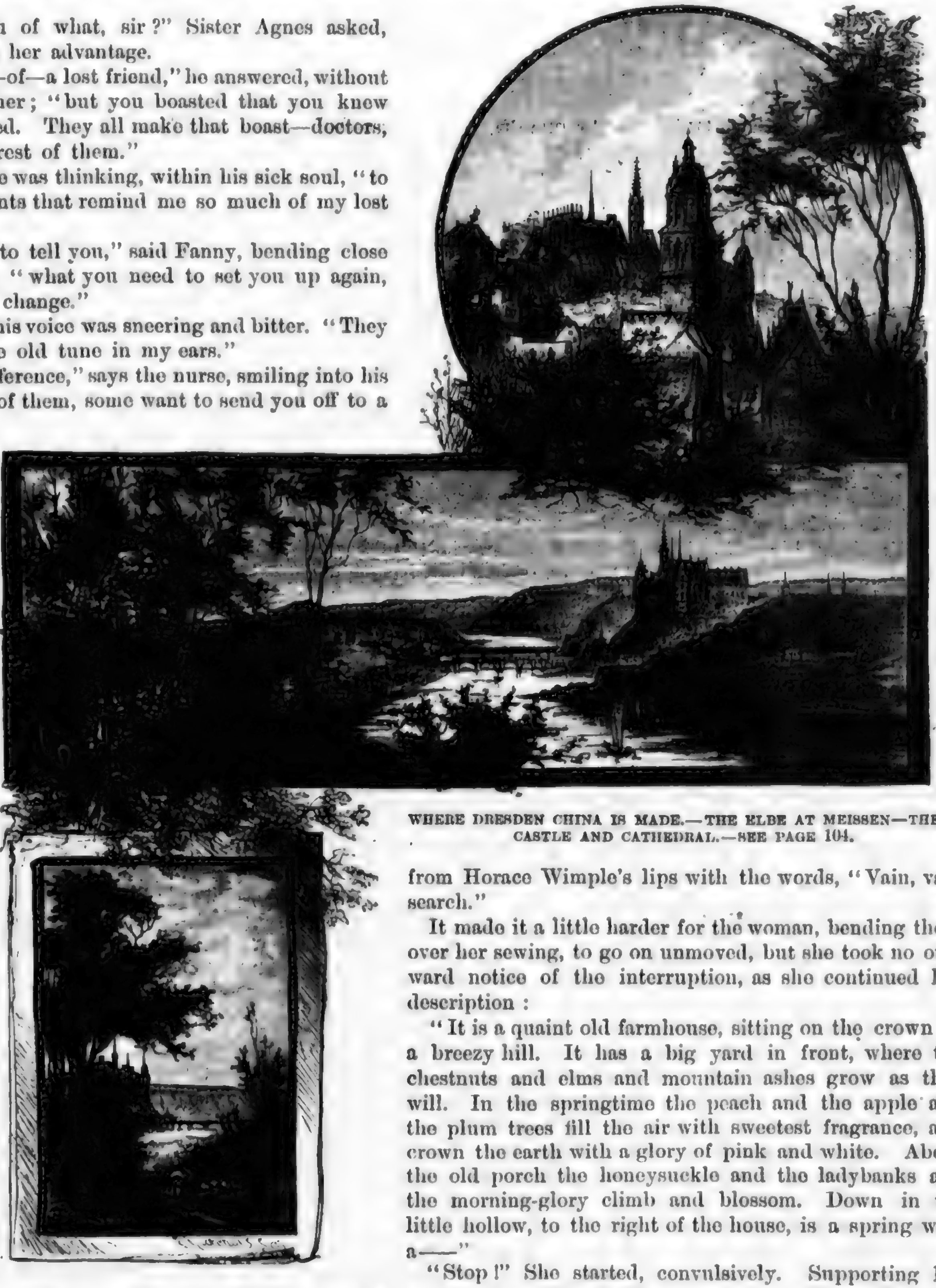
"I want you to go away from here to some quiet farm, where the air is pure, the life serene, and peace and plenty prevail."

"Where shall such a spot be found? It sounds most tempting—purity, serenity, peace—oh, sacred trinity!" His voice rose almost to a cry.

"There, there, sir!" said Sister Agnes, alarmed at the emotion that threatened to overwhelm the weak frame of the sick man. "You were not to talk, the doctor said; but if you will lie still and let me amuse you by describing such a spot to you, it will do you no harm, even if you should decline to go there."

"As you will, gentle Sister; but if I should fall asleep under the soothing influences of your voice you will not mind?"

"Not I, indeed; I shall be only too glad. I have in my mind's eye," she began, speaking very slowly so as to retain command of her trembling voice, "or, rather, in my memory, just the place for you to go in search of health and happiness, sir." An audible groan broke from Horace Wimple's lips with the words, "Vain, vain search."



WHERE DRESDEN CHINA IS MADE.—THE ELBE AT MEISSEN—THE CASTLE AND CATHEDRAL.—SEE PAGE 104.

It made it a little harder for the woman, bending there over her sewing, to go on unmoved, but she took no outward notice of the interruption, as she continued her description:

"It is a quaint old farmhouse, sitting on the crown of a breezy hill. It has a big yard in front, where the chestnuts and elms and mountain ashes grow as they will. In the springtime the peach and the apple and the plum trees fill the air with sweetest fragrance, and crown the earth with a glory of pink and white. About the old porch the honeysuckle and the ladybanks and the morning-glory climb and blossom. Down in the little hollow, to the right of the house, is a spring with a——"

"Stop!" She started, convulsively. Supporting his weak and trembling body on one elbow, Horace Wimple had placed himself so he could look her well in the face. Frightful contortions twitched his mouth and eyelids. "This is no fancy picture."

Absolute composure on her part was imperative.

"Fancy picture?—no, indeed, sir. Little profit would you gain out of a fancy picture. I knew the place well; I knew the people who lived there well, too."

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"You—knew—them, Sister Agnes?" His voice was full of awe.

"Yes, indeed, sir; well. From the gentle-browed mother and the grand old father, down to the merry-hearted girl and boy that made up the little family?"

"You—knew—them—all, Sister Agnes?"

"Long, long years ago," the Sister of Mercy said, more sadly than she had yet spoken; "before the vanities of this world had pressed me so sorely that I fled to the convent for rest, I knew the Raymonds well and loved them all."

He fell back upon his pillows with a moan.

Fanny sprang hastily for a glass of water, and held it to his lips.

"I do not need it," he muttered, feebly.

"No. It's the weakness, sir. Ah, sir, if you would but try that old farm. I've not seen it myself for long years, but there are some things that cannot change. The honeysuckle must always smell as sweet, the water of the spring run just as cold, the air must be as pure, and God's glad sunshine just as bright there as it ever was. They tell me that the old master and his gentle wife have passed away; that they rest side by side under the weeping willows in the little family graveyard I remember so well. I hear their son is the master now, and when I was a farmer's light-hearted girl myself, I used to think handsome Dick Raymond was a none-such. But I've put away from me all such vanities now, and there was the daughter—but, dear me, I'm letting your drops run away over the time." She broke off suddenly and walked away to the table again. Her idea had been to make him talk about his wife. She trembled as she approached the subject. What would become of her if he denounced her to her own face? When she came back to him with the medicine, he swallowed it impatiently, and asked, with his burning eyes fastened on her face:

"Well, what next, holy Sister?"

She seated herself, fumbled silently with her work for a second, and then resumed:

"I was going to say, there was Fanny, the daughter. She had plenty of friends, too, in those young days of ours. But I think I've heard she married and moved away. We don't remember much of such gossip, even when it floats in to us at the convent."

"Should she be there, Sister Agnes, what then?"

"No doubt, sir, she'd make you sweetly welcome. She always had a kind word and a smile for everybody, when I knew her."

"Ah, that she had."

"You knew her, then, sir?" Sister Agnes asked, in tones of surprise.

"Knew her! loved her! married her! blighted her sweet young life! Oh, Fanny, Fanny, would to God, my poor wife, I could see you once again, as I saw you for the first time on that old farm-porch with the roses in your hair and the sunlight in your eyes."

Fanny stood up, impelled to throw herself on her knees by his bedside. Had not the time come when she could safely throw off her mask and, forgiving and forgiven, be clasped once more in those dear arms? She would wait until he grew a little calmer. But his emotion increased as he went on.

"I will do your bidding, holy Sister, as soon as this shattered body will let me. I will make a pilgrimage to the old farm. I will kneel upon the grave of the old man who gave his darling into my keeping, and confess that I have sinned against Heaven and against her. I will pray to Him to be my mediator at the shrine of grace, and then, perhaps, if my Fanny has not already joined the angelic hosts, she will come back to these longing, loving arms!"

"Saved! saved!"

With a cry of delight Fanny flung herself on her knees by his side, and covered his face with her kisses, mingling her tears with his. It did him no harm! She had taken him out of the stormy present, full of its doubts and its fears and its black misconception, into the pure, sweet past, where he saw his young wife as he had first seen her and loved her, and from his half-crazed mind the fog that had obscured the truth rolled away suddenly and for ever.

He held her close to his yearning heart, and in a trance of happiness he listened as she murmured soothingly in his ear:

"Yes, husband, together we will make our pilgrimage to the dear old farm. Together we will kneel at my father's grave and renew our vows in mutual love and trust. Together we will breathe the health-giving air and bask in the sunlight that plays about the old farm-porch, and then my Horace will be himself again! I promise you you shall see your Fanny once more on the old farm-porch, with the roses in her hair and the sunlight in her eyes, and——"

But words were so inadequate to their needs. Once more their lips met in close-clinging caress, and the bitterness of the past was swallowed up in the fullness and sweetness of that moment of reunion.

Mrs. Prior, opening the door softly at this juncture, stood for a second paralyzed with amazement, and then closing it again, went back to her own part of the house, more thoroughly scandalized than she had ever been in her life before! Such a sight! It was enough to congeal the blood in any respectable vein.

Horace! so ill that everybody thought him at death's door, actually lying there with his arms clasped about—a Sister of Charity! Mrs. Prior prided herself on her moral courage, and she proposed to give that Sister of Charity a piece of her mind if it *killed* her!

CHAPTER XX.

DICK'S WOOING.

More than a month after Sister Agnes had been introduced into Horace Wimple's sick-room with such beneficial results, Miss Nelson found her way toward the home which had lain in gloomy shadow for so long, with her arms laden with flowers and her heart as light as her canary-bird, although she was not skilled as he was in proclaiming her joyous moods to all the world. She penetrated the house without waiting for an answer to her second rather urgent appeal to the bell, and found Mollie dusting the library furiously. The sombre, gray holland coverings lay all in a dusty heap on the floor. Mollie's cheeks were aflame with the exercise and the excitement of the day, and her honest blue eyes were ablaze with joy.

"You just wouldn't answer my ring, Mollie, so I asked myself in," said Nellie, suddenly presenting herself in the middle of the confused room.

Mollie looked at her around the tall screen that had once played such an important part in Fanny's life.

"I beg a thousand pardons, Miss Nellie; but Pritchard's gone to meet the train with the carriage, and I suppose I've done lost what little sense I have from sure 'nough joy, or I'd have heard you myself."

"So they're really coming home to-day, Mollie?" Nellie asked, disburdening herself of the fragrant load of flowers she had brought with her.

"Really coming home to-day, Miss Nellie; and I'm just that happy seems like my feelin's must find vent on somethin'." And they did find vent on a table-cover, which Mollie proceeded to shake with frenzied energy.

"So must mine, Mollie," said Nellie, catching the infection of her joyous zeal, "so I'll arrange the flowers while you raise a dust." She went over to the mantel and tiptoed to secure a firm clutch on the big, costly vases that adorned it at either end. "And so Mr. Wimple is entirely recovered?" she said, locating herself and the vases on the sofa, where she had dumped the flowers previously.

"The madam writes," says Mollie, bustling about with the dustpan and feather brush as she talked, "he's looking handsomer and younger than ever, only a little weak yet."

"A little weak!" Miss Nelson's voice has a slight mocking ring in it as she leans back to survey the effect of the last rose she has located. "That's been the trouble all along. If he hadn't been a little weak he'd never have allowed himself to get everything into such a mess. If he hadn't been a little weak he never would have tumbled into that brain fever, and retarded explanations so long. The whole weight of this snarl has fallen on the weak sex—that's Fanny and you and me, Mollie—but we never broke down for an instant. We couldn't afford to."

"Miss Nellie——" Mollie deserted the dustpan temporarily, and coming across to the sofa, located herself in front of the flower-strewn sofa, to say, with uncommon solemnity: "If you'll allow me to have an opinion on that subject, I reckin it's because women mos' gen'rally has conscience on their side. A good conscience is a pow'ful tonic."

"Mollie, you're a philosopher in petticoats. You have uttered very wise words. But talking of conscience, where's Mrs. Prior all this time?"

Mollie grinned demoniacally, as she answered:

"Loopin' up window-curtains with wreaths, and puttin' flowers all over Miss Fanny's room, and a-hangin' up mottoes, such as 'God Bless Our Home' and 'Home, Sweet Home!' Oh! a sweet'ner she's been to this home."

Nellie listened to her with an air of abstraction. She was looking pensively at the stepladder, which still stood under the chandelier, from which Mollie had been stripping the shrouding, and gauging her own capacity for climbing it so she might weave garlands of smilax about it.

"Smilax lights up so prettily by gaslight, you know, Mollie. I think I must venture," she said, walking in a very gingerly and unprofessional way up the stepladder, with many ejaculations of alarm and much stepping on the flounces. "Now then, Mollie, you hand the smilax and the flowers and we'll make this chandelier a thing of beauty," she said, cautiously, seating herself and tentatively stretching her arms.

"Miss Nellie," said Mollie, standing under her with her arms full of smilax and flowers, "I think you've done an injustice."

"Injustice! To whom, Mollie? Don't excite me while I am at roost, Mollie; it might have fatal consequences," says Nellie, weaving the long, supple sprays of smilax gracefully about the stem of the chandelier.

"You oughtn't to have left Mr. Dick out of our strong sex."

"Dick! Oh! Dick's unique! Dick's the saving clause of the whole male sex. No, we mustn't be unjust to him, Mollie, whatever else we are," says Miss Nelson, with dreamy abstraction, as she bent low down to select some roses from Mollie's apron-full. As she sat upright again she gave a little scream.

There was Dick Raymond himself, traveling-bag in hand, his face beaming with delight at the unexpected sight of his beloved perched on a stepladder in his sister's library.

Nellie frantically tucked her dress close about two pretty but rather conspicuous feet, and looking down at the intruder, with a sudden assumption of frigid dignity, said, coldly:

"Mr. Raymond!"

Dick smiled fearlessly up at her. She knew all that was in his heart, and if she had not approved she never would have been there.

"Mollie." He turned with a masterful nod toward Mollie, who stood grinning her appreciation of the whole situation. "Go and assist your mistress with her bundles and wraps." Mollie needed no second bidding. Dick soon found himself in possession of his opportunity. "Can I be of any assistance, Miss Nelson?" he asked, with grave courtesy, looking up to her for the first time in their intercourse.

Her rosy confusion when she first discovered his presence had been simply delicious. If she would only go on blushing that way for ever! But Miss Nelson had been able to collect her wits by this time, and if she did not see her way clearly to descending from the ladder at that particular juncture, she did not intend all the advantage should remain with Dick. She folded her hands and looked down upon him so placidly that he was quite seized with sudden confusion, and walked away from her, to play in the most senseless fashion with the fringe of the mantel lambrequin. It was a cruel but complete turning of the tables. Nellie made several furtive efforts to descend the ladder at this golden opportunity, but gave it up in despair. Dick obstinately refused to renew his offer of assistance.

"This is deeply interesting."

The observation came from Nellie, in that clear, penetrating voice of hers.

Dick walked back to the ladder and leaned against it a trifle heavily as he looked boldly up into the sweet face he loved so dearly.

"You are very beautiful," he said.

"The charm of that observation lies in its striking originality," said Nellie, mischievously.

There was something in Dick's eyes that made her take refuge in nonsense.

"And I am nothing but a clumsy country boor," Dick continued, rather in meditative monologue than as talking to another party. "It is presumption in me to look up to such heights."

"Looking up to me is rather a matter of compulsion at present, Mr. Raymond, isn't it?" she asked, not looking down at him, but stretching her arms upward and outward after a straggling spray of smilax.

"Nellie!—Miss Nelson—I beg your pardon!"

Poor, clumsy, handsome Dick! He walked away again, fiercely chewing the end of his long mustache.

"I actually believe he is afraid of me," Nellie said to herself; "Dick Raymond afraid of me! It must be of my silk dress and my bangs, then. I am afraid they are the most imposing things about me."

"Mr. Raymond!" How sweet and full of revelation her tones. She looked down upon him coquettishly. "Did you make your hay this year while the sun shone? Down on the farm I mean, of course?"

But Dick, clasping ardent hands and fixing ardent eyes upon her roguish face, asked, with ardent impetuosity:

"Nellie, don't you love me? not the least little bit, Nellie?"

"What a remarkably inconsequent young man! And what an excessively irrelevant reply!"

Dick's imploring earnestness was in sharp contrast with her merry teasing.

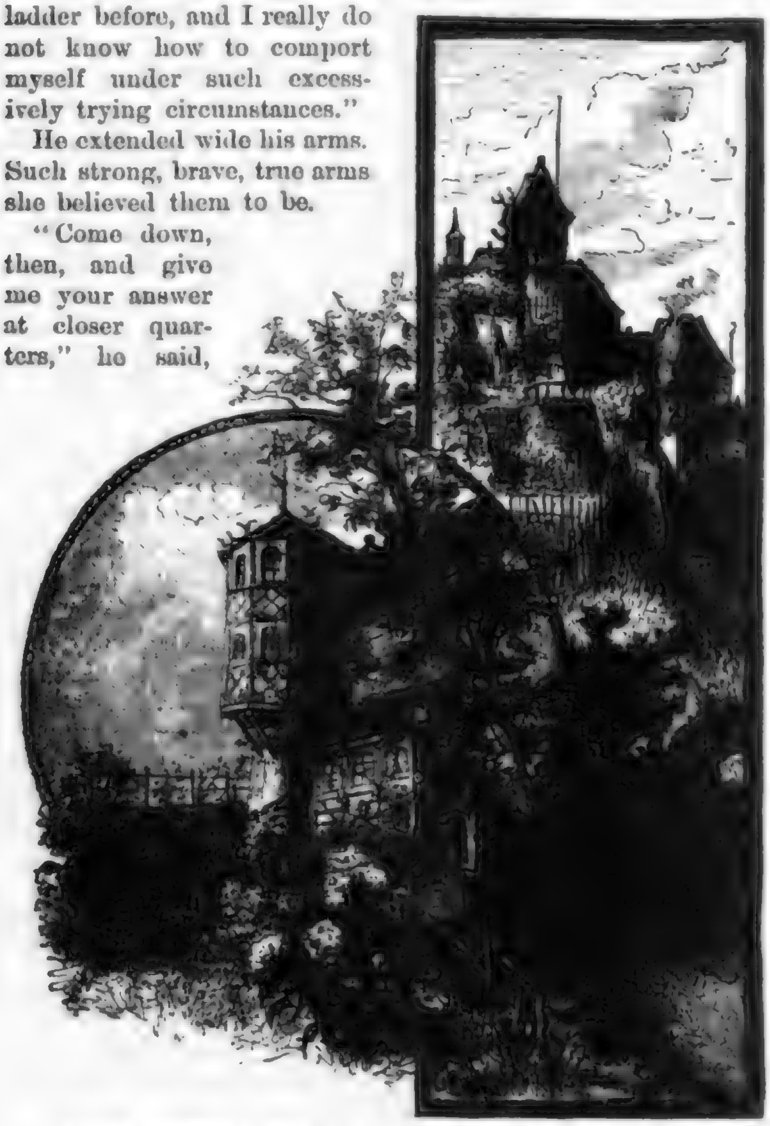
"I will let you tease me all the rest of your life, Nellie, if you'll just be serious for one little second and say, 'Dick, I love you!'"

She looked down at him with her clear, beautiful eyes full of a soft light. But Miss Nelson had a profound appreciation of the fitness of things.

"Mr. Raymond," she said, demurely, "I never was courted upon the top of a ladder before, and I really do not know how to comport myself under such excessively trying circumstances."

He extended wide his arms. Such strong, brave, true arms she believed them to be.

"Come down, then, and give me your answer at closer quarters," he said, with a smile of such winning sweetness that it went hard with Nellie not to surrender there and then unconditionally. Who knows how complete the surrender might have been if at that particular juncture Mrs. Wimple had not appeared on the scene, entering the room by the door at Dick's back. Forgetting her timidity, forgetting the precariousness of her position, Nellie flew down the ladder straight into Fanny's arms.



WHERE DRESDEN CHINA IS MADE.—VIEWS IN AND NEAR MEISSEN.

"Oh, my own dear, precious Fanny!" Then there was a commingling of voices and an entangling of arms and a concussion of lips that sent Dick over to the furthest window in a spasm of disappointment and jealousy. Nellie did not lose sight of him for a second. A pang of remorse shot across her at thought of the length of time she had been playing on that sweet, new instrument—an untried, unsullied, altogether true heart. She stood erect, one arm encircling Mrs. Wimple's slender waist: "Dick!" It was scarcely more than a whisper, but it brought him in great strides to her side. "Dick," she said, looking him clearly in the eyes, "I do love you very, very dearly!"

It was enough. He drew her away from Fanny close to himself. Gathered her closer and closer to his side, as, with simple reverence, he looked upward, saying:

"God has been very good to me, and life is very sweet."

In absolute content he held her off from him, retaining a close grasp of her two little trembling hands and gazed upon his love, finding her altogether good and lovely. Upon the trance-like quiet of the moment a discordant sound was intruded. It was Mrs. Prior's voice, and she was standing before Mrs. Wimple in what was meant for an attitude of apology, if not of reparation.

"Sister-in-law," she was saying, "if there's one thing I pride myself on, it's moral courage. I hope I shall always find moral courage enough to tell the truth, if it kills me. I have done you a cruel wrong through a terrible mistake on my part. I've repented of it in sackcloth and ashes. Horace and Fanny, forgive me if you can, and if you can't I'll go away and not trouble you any more."

But they could, and they did, forgive her, out of the exceeding fullness of their own happy hearts and the conviction that she had already been punished enough.

THE END.

WHERE DRESDEN CHINA IS MADE.

By M. Wilcox.

Unlike "Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay," the inhabitants of Meissen, when they die, turn to porcelain. Even in life the belles of Saxony seem to have something porcelain-like in their appearance.

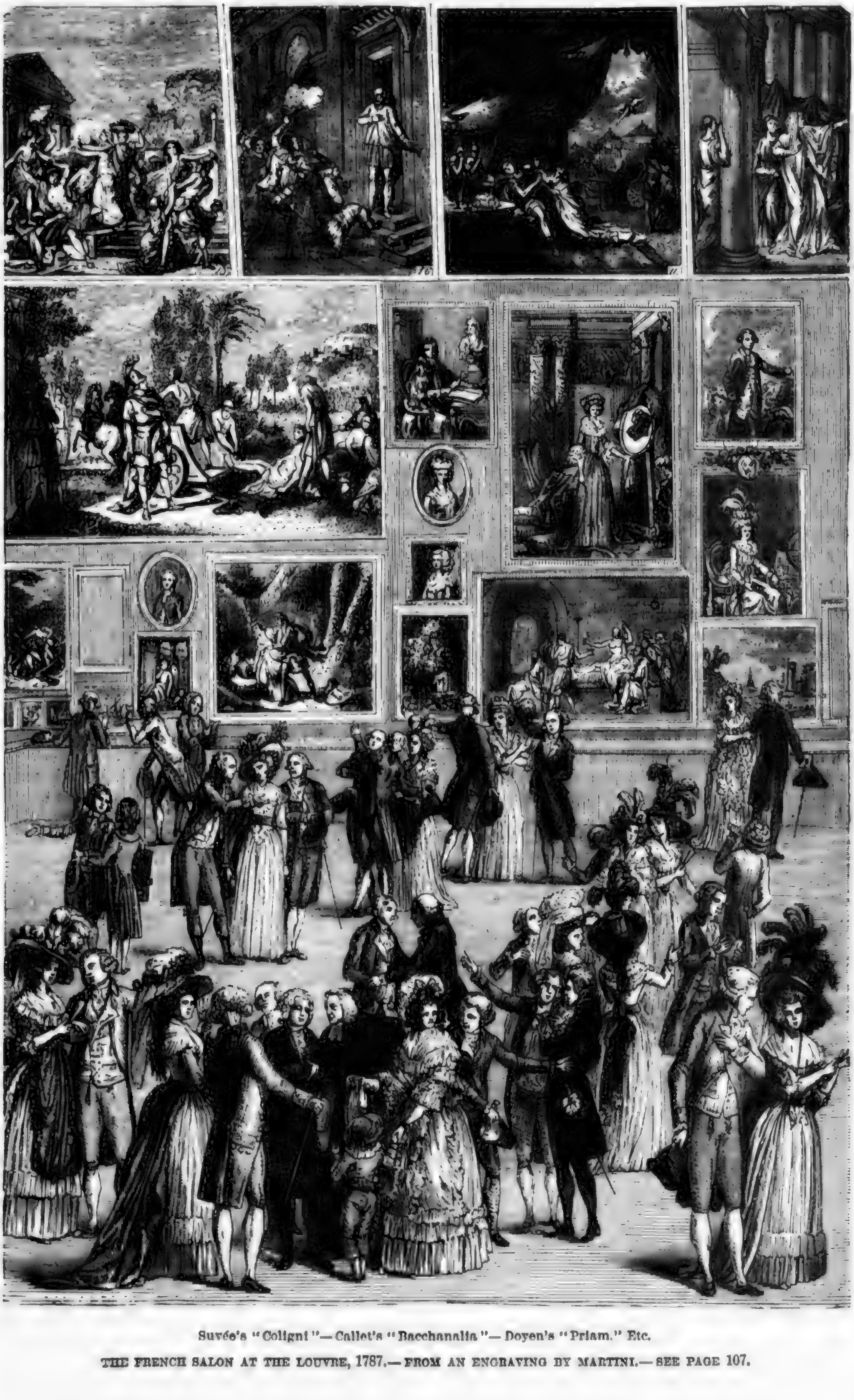
If you hesitate to trust this observation as it stands in "Weber's Deutschland," let me ask you to fancy yourself in one of the narrow streets of Meissen, and to report the first thing which you see there. Something like this you will see:

"A very narrow street
In an old, old town,
In an oldish part of creation:
Three persons meet—
One going down,
Two coming back from confirmation.

"One lifts his hat,
And begs to call attention,
With, 'Excuse me, pray, gracious madam!
I'd inform you that——'
'Oh, pray, don't mention!'—
These polite old children of Adam!

"Then one bows low,
And goes on his way;
But you will not think it is shocking,
Although, although,
For what he did say,
She pulls up her *granddaughter's* stocking!"

Something like that you will see, and confess that it is like a scene done in Dresden china.



Suvée's "Coligni"—Callet's "Bacchanalia"—Doyen's "Priam," Etc.

THE FRENCH SALON AT THE LOUVRE, 1787.—FROM AN ENGRAVING BY MARTINI.—SEE PAGE 107.

XUM

For in Meissen, not in Dresden, is made the world-famous Dresden china.

Meissen is situated on the left bank of the River Elbe, at the influx of the Triebisch and the Meisse, about nine miles to the northwest of Dresden. It was founded by the Emperor Henry I., in 928, as an outpost and defense against the Wends. Its Margraves were the direct ancestors of the present royal house of Saxony. In 1880 its population was 14,166.

Its situation is in the highest degree picturesque, for the castle and cathedral rise from a rock 160 feet above the venerable town.

The cathedral is an imposing Gothic structure of the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, containing many interesting sculptures, and some good old pictures—among these one by the elder Cranach, whom some admire and others forgive. For myself, I am able to enjoy Cranach's painting only as a foil for more artistic work.

The castle, called Albrechtsburg, erected in the fifteenth century by the brothers Ernest and Albert, has been thoroughly restored since 1863, and decorated with frescoes illustrative of its history by leading German artists. From 1710 to 1863 it was occupied by the porcelain factory which, in the year last named, was transferred to a large new building in Triebischthal, near the town. For about one hundred and fifty years this establishment has given almost uninterrupted employment to six or seven hundred hands.

After Chinese porcelain had been introduced into Europe (by the Portuguese in 1518, and afterward by the Dutch) chemists busied themselves during two centuries in the attempt to discover the secret of its manufacture. Pottery of various kinds had been made in Europe from the earliest times, but no porcelain. This secret was at last discovered by Friedrich Böttcher, in Dresden, in the year 1709.

Böttcher was born at Schleiz on the 4th of February, 1682, and was apprenticed to the apothecary Zorn, of Berlin, in 1696. Here he was attracted to the study of alchemy, and before long gave himself out to be the discoverer of the "philosopher's stone"; whereupon the authorities decided to make sure that the possessor of a secret so valuable should not escape them. Böttcher fled, in order to avoid imprisonment, to Wittenberg, in Saxony. Prussia demanded his surrender; but Augustus the Strong, Elector of Saxony, had at least as much need of a veritable gold-maker as the King of Prussia, and therefore, instead of giving him up, had him conveyed to Dresden, where opportunity was given him to exercise his art to the advantage of Saxony.

Böttcher, in terror of his life, promised to accomplish the desired result, and actually wasted large sums of money in fruitless experiments. Finally, when he saw that his knavery was about to be detected, he made an unsuccessful attempt to flee.

Now, it so happened that at this time a certain Walter von Tschirnhausen was in the employ of Augustus. This Tschirnhausen, fortunately, was engaged in the attempt to produce Chinese porcelain. At his suggestion Augustus retained the young adventurer, and compelled him to devote his talents to the same pursuit.

Böttcher soon succeeded in producing a material similar to porcelain in various characteristics; but, not content with this measure of success, he zealously continued his experiments by making pastes of various compositions, none of which, however, being subjected to the furnace heat, produced porcelain. He stumbled on the secret by an accident, so singular that I offer no apology for introducing the anecdote here.

A rich iron-master, named Schnorr, had, while riding in the vicinity of Schneeburg, noticed a soft, white clay adhering to the hoofs of his horse. Schneeburg is in the mining district of the Erzgebirge (ore-mountains, between Saxony and Bohemia), where are deposits of silver, iron, coal and lead. Schnorr reflected that this clay, occurring in such a district, might prove to be something valuable; but he could think of no better use for it than to dry it and sell it in Dresden for hair-powder. He tried it with success; large quantities were sold; the hair-dresser of Böttcher used it. The chemist, observing that his wig was heavier than usual, examined the hair-powder, and put some of it into one of his mixtures. The one substance lacking was found! The long-sought secret was discovered.

This white clay was kaolin—the Chinese name of an infusible substance, the product, it is said, of the decomposition of feldspar. Hard-paste porcelain, or true porcelain, is made by the union of kaolin and undecomposed feldspar, or petunse.

But, although the secret had been discovered, the first product was very imperfect. It was a hard pottery, varying from deep brick-red to a dark ashy-brown in color, exceedingly strong, as well as fine in grain. This is commonly known as "red porcelain" or "Böttcher ware."

The genuine white porcelain was produced not earlier than the year 1709, and a thoroughly fine quality not before 1715.

The accommodations at Dresden proving too limited for the growing requirements of the manufactory, in 1710 the business was removed to the Albrechtsburg in Meissen, whence it was transferred, as has been stated, to a building about one mile from town, in 1863.

Every conceivable precaution was taken to keep the details of the process secret, and Albrechtsburg, like a fortress in time of war, was absolutely unapproachable by strangers. Furthermore, the workmen were compelled to take an oath of secrecy each month.

Böttcher himself made overtures to Prussia respecting the revelation of the mysterious process, but this danger was averted through his arrest and imprisonment. On the 13th of March, 1719, he died.

Without attaching undue importance to the comparatively few articles which were made in Dresden, Meissen must, therefore, be regarded as the cradle of the porcelain industry in Europe.

The secret was too enormously valuable to be kept. In spite of all precautions, one year before Böttcher's death, a Meissen workman was bribed to violate his oath. He carried the art to Vienna, whence it went, in 1720, to Höchst, in the electorate of the Bishop of Mayence, and then spread widely.

In 1756 the work of the manufactory suffered interruption. Frederick the Great took Dresden, and carried from the neighboring Meissen to Berlin workmen and materials. From this event the Berlin factory dates its prosperity. But the Meissen factory resumed work, and, after the peace (1763), Dietrich of Dresden was first director.

In 1769 the first hard-paste porcelain was produced at the royal factory at Sèvres.

The leadership which Meissen had enjoyed for almost a hundred years, was contested, toward the end of the last century by numerous smaller factories; the earnings no longer equaled the expenses, and the King was called upon from time to time to advance considerable sums. The anxiety occasioned by this competition was aggravated by another circumstance: the supply of kaolin in the neighborhood was almost exhausted. In the present century, however, the business has improved and netted large profits.

As to the best period of Dresden production, the opinions of competent critics are somewhat at variance. The period from about 1730 to 1756 may, perhaps, be regarded as best in the matters of originality in design and honesty in workmanship. During this — the King's period, as it is called—the works of Kändler were made, and also the paintings of Lindenir. It is, however, true that between 1763 and 1814 much work was executed which fully equaled any that had preceded it, and that, even later in the present century, porcelain of the highest class has been produced.

Since the recent revival of interest in the old porcelains, the Meissen factory has unfortunately yielded to the temptation to employ its old marks and forms, while, at the same time, falling lamentably short of the artistic and perfectly finished workmanship of the King's period.

In comparing the work of the Meissen factory with that of its great rival at Sèvres, the generally received opinion is to the following effect: "In true or hard-paste porcelain, in flower decoration, in birds, insects and animals in general, in figures and figurines, Meissen work has, on the whole, been superior. In ground-colors, Sèvres has vastly excelled."

THE STORY OF THE PARIS SALON.

1673-1884.

By Theodore Child.

Sancta simplicitas! Whenever I hear of the millions of the younger Dumas and the palaces of Sardou, I think of Molière playing "L'Etourdi" in a barn before an audience of peasants, and of Corneille sitting on the curbstone and chatting with the cobbler who was patching his shoe. *Sancta simplicitas!* Whenever I hear of this and that painter building himself a magnificent house in the finest quarter of Paris, I think of Le Brun exhibiting his "History of Alexander," and Van der Meulen his "Conquests of Louis XIV.," in the open air, in a long and muddy passage at the end of the Rue Richelieu on the site of the present Place du Théâtre Français. This was the origin of the famous Paris Salon. In the year 1673, on St. Louis's Day, the members of the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture exhibited for the first time the most remarkable works which they had produced during the year in the courtyard of the Hôtel de Brion, without tent or cloth to shelter them from the inclemency of the weather.

Previously to this open-air Salon, picture exhibitions were not unknown in Paris. For some years past, on the day of the Fête-Dieu, after the processions, the crowd had been in the habit of going to the Place Dauphine, at the head of the Pont Neuf, where, along the walls of the houses, still hung with old tapestries and decked with green branches, the young painters who did not venture to aspire to the honors of the Academy exhibited, for an hour or two only, the best pictures they had in their studios, whether some wonderful signboard, or some study from the antique, or, more rarely, a landscape or an historical subject. And this rudimentary exhibition became popular and remained long after the creation of the official Salons, and even the grand seigneurs and famous artists used to visit it. At this exhibition of the Place Dauphine, Chardin revealed his talent in a painting representing a bass-relief which Jean Baptiste Vanloo bought, and which procured for the painter the task of decorating one of the galleries of Fontainebleau. In 1717 Lancret exhibited there two pictures which the fine connoisseurs attributed to Watteau, and which were the beginning of Lancret's fortune. In Bachaumont's "Mémoires Secrets" for 1786, we read of the balconies of the Place Dauphine being full of young girls, dressed in their finest clothes: "These were the young ladies whose portraits were exhibited, so that it was easy to judge at once of the excellency of the likeness. This new kind of coquetry attracted many amateurs who were more eager to look at the originals than at the copies."

When the Revolution with its doctrines of equality opened the doors of the official Salon to all, the exhibition of the Place Dauphine disappeared and was forgotten. It has been virtually revived in our own days, from time to time, under the name of the "Salon des Refusés."

Let us now go back to the origin of the French Academy of Painting. Toward the middle of the seventeenth century, Charles Le Brun and some others clubbed together and hired in common a studio in a house near the Church of St. Eustache, where a man named Vandeschoux posed for them nude. During six months Vandeschoux posed as Hector, Achilles, Priam, the Dying Gladiator, etc., but as Winter approached he insisted on having the studio warmed. The artists were not rich enough between them to buy a stove, and so Vandeschoux dressed himself and retired. But the idea had gained ground; other artists followed the example of Le Brun and his friends, and soon plenty of well-formed men were attracted by this novel way of earning their living by posing as models. One model, named Dubois, hired a room in the court of the kitchens of the Louvre, where he posed for a price. Two others, named Braulin and Girard, went round posing in the artists' studios, and so the trade of artist's model came into existence in Paris. This Braulin was a mason, and so finely formed that when Le Brun went to Italy he took him to Rome, where he dethroned Caporali, the most celebrated model of the day. When Le Brun returned from Rome, he and his old companions conceived the idea of opening at their own cost a school or Académie Royale, where they might work in public and teach drawing from nature; that is to say, from a nude figure posing in various attitudes—a process which has ever since been termed in French, *faire une académie.*

Le Brun's academy was very successful, and in 1648 the King encouraged it by the grant of letters patent, and so was founded the Académie Royale de Peinture et Sculpture, which was destined to prosper until the early years of the Revolution, and which we find established in 1673 in a wing of the Palais Royal, which Cardinal de Richelieu had had built for his library, on the site of the hôtel of the Comte de Brion, écuyer of Gaston d'Orléans. It appears that in 1667, 1669, and 1671 the Academy had already had exhibitions, but no trace of them remains; the first exhibition of which we have the catalogue is that of 1673, when one hundred and fifty pictures and statues were shown by the hundred members who composed the Academy. The sculpture was placed in the middle of the courtyard; the smaller pictures were placed on benches along the walls, all in the open air, and above them the immense compositions of Le Brun that now adorn the vestibule of the throne-room in the Louvre: "The Defeat of Porus," "The Passage of the Granicus," "The Battle of Arbellæ," and "The Triumph of Alexander"— and the historical pictures of Van der Meulen that now figure in the Louvre or in the galleries of Versailles.

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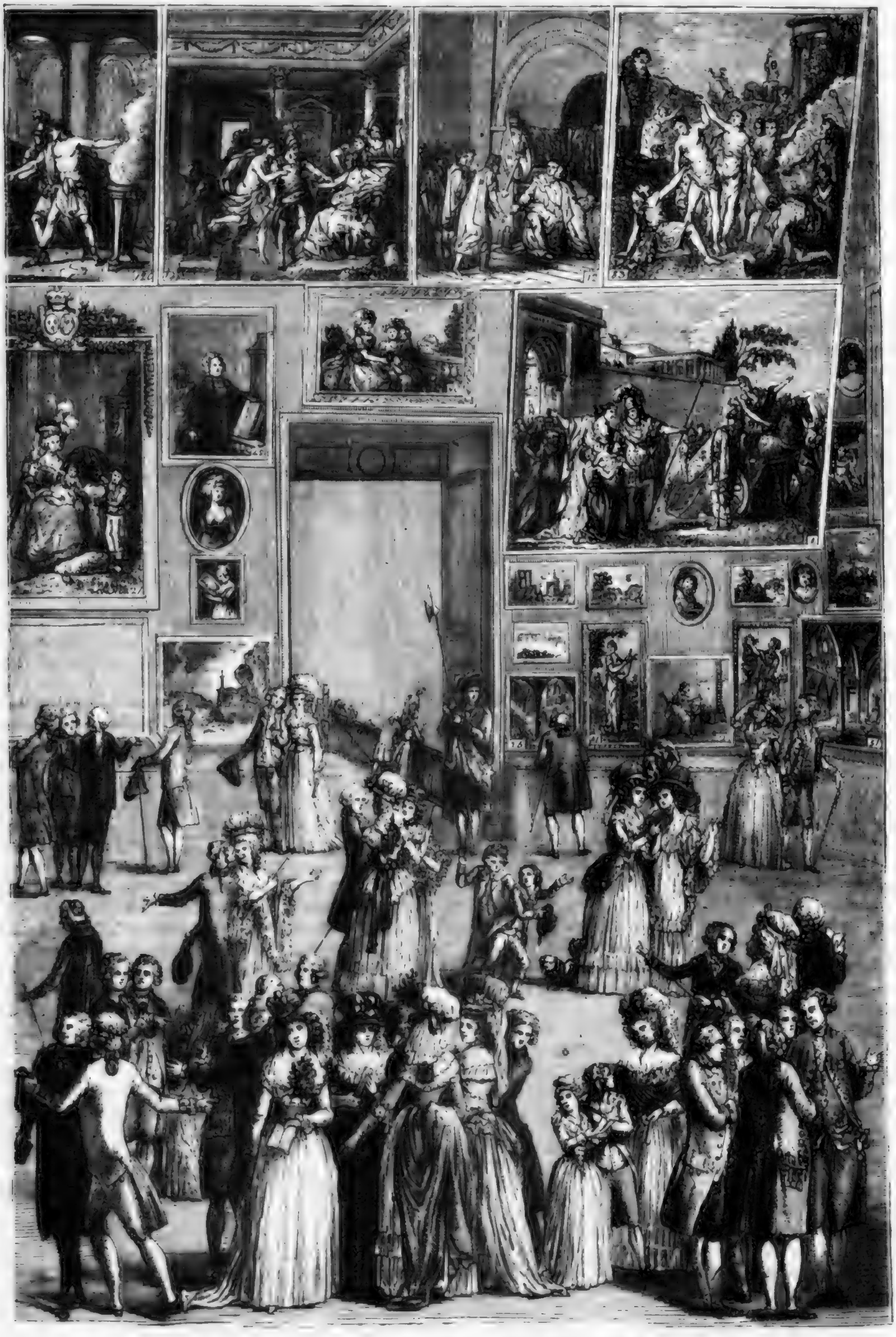
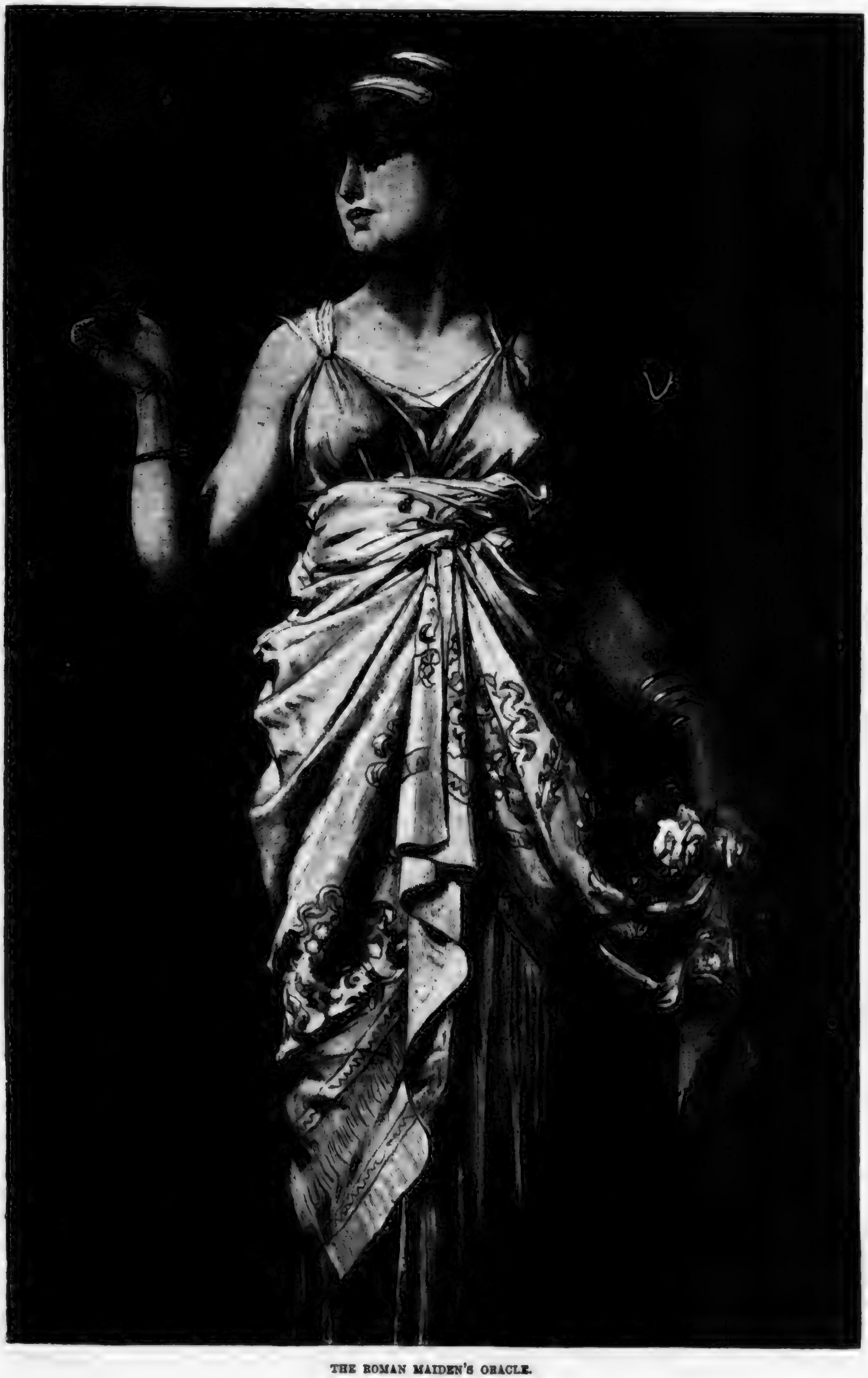


Vien's "Hector and Andromache"— David's "Socrates"— Le Brun's "Marie Antoinette," Etc.

THE FRENCH SALON AT THE LOUVRE, 1787.—FROM AN ENGRAVING BY MARTINI.—SEE PAGE 107.



THE ROMAN MAIDEN'S ORACLE.

Having seen how the Salon was founded, we shall not need to dwell at much length on the early exhibitions of 1675 and 1683. The Academy went on prospering, and in 1699 we find it installed in the Palace of the Louvre, then occupied by miscellaneous tenants of all kinds, for since the troubles of the Fronde the Kings had not inhabited Paris, and the Louvre, still unfinished, was a curious mixture of splendor and of ruin. In 1699 the exhibition was held with great parade in the Gallery of Apollo, and inaugurated the long series of the Salons du Louvre. The Salon, however, had not yet become fashionable, and, although this exhibition of 1699 was a success, as is proved by an article in the pompous *Mercure de France*, the exhibition was not repeated again until 1704; and, until 1740, the few exhibitions that took place had but little importance and left no traces. But toward 1740, Oudry, Carle Vanloo, Boucher, Natoire, De la Cour, Bouchardon, Vernet, etc., were working for the luxurious millionaires of the Regency, and suddenly the Salon became so fashionable that in 1747 the members of the Academy demanded the authorization to exhibit every year.

From the multitude of documents that the people of the eighteenth century have left relative to their private life, we might easily reconstitute the physiognomy of the Salon as it was a hundred years ago. We should find the Place du Louvre encumbered with the low and lumbering carriages of the epoch, and toward noon the doors of the Salon are besieged by a crowd of gentlemen in powdered wigs, ladies with trains, valets in livery. In the vestibule the bookseller Le Comte has a stand where he sells all the catalogues, pamphlets and vaudevilles that have appeared on the occasion of the Salon: a perfect deluge, says Sebastien Mercier. In the vestibule, too, are loafers who, for twenty sous, offer to show the visitors the best pictures, and to sing the couplets that have been composed on the most remarkable. The crowd mounts the staircase under the imposing superintendence of a Suisse, and finally enters the Salon du Louvre, the present Salon Carré, "the largest and most perfectly proportioned which exists in any palace in Europe," says Mercier. "People go there in crowds. Poetry and music do not obtain so great a number of amateurs. The floods of people do not fail from morning until night for six whole weeks. There are moments when the heat is suffocating. You see there pictures eighteen feet long, and miniatures no larger than your thumb. . ." In the engravings of the Salons of the time we see the ladies with their immense paniers and pyramidal headdresses; the men with their swords at their side, their hats under their arms, their hair in bag-wigs and powder, their two watchchains hanging out of their fobs, their thin shoes with big buckles, and in their hands a magnifying-glass. All Paris is there saluting, ogling, gossiping. From time to time the crowd becomes silent; the Suisse strikes the floor with his halberd, and some grand seigneur or important personage enters; for, following the example set by Colbert in the previous century, the Ministers each year honor the Salon with their presence adding considerably to their attractiveness.

During the reign of Louis XVI., eight exhibitions took place at the Louvre, and at these exhibitions the two painters who attracted most attention were David and Mme. Lebrun. Curiously enough, just on the eve of the Revolution, the Salons were more gay and animated than ever, and every picture had the honor of contemporary song and verse. Paris had not yet discovered that it was living under a *régime* of frightful tyranny, and in this happy epoch everything found its way into rhyme. In 1789 the powdered marquises, and the fair dames with paniers and *bergère* hats, visited the Salon for the last time. At the end of the year were exile, war, emigration, the scaffold, the end of the old *régime*. When the Salon reopened two years later, a whole world had fallen into ruin, a new world had risen in its place.

The all-powerful National Assembly having, by a decree of August 21st, decided that all the painters of France were equal in talent and in rights, the Salon of 1791 was a mere bazaar of pictures, which overflowed from the Salon Carré into the gallery of Apollo, and even down the staircase into the courtyard. The crowd this year gathered before David's sketch of "Le Serment du Jeu de Paume." In 1793 the Salon opened on August 10th, and in the "Description du Salon de 1793" we read: "It will seem perhaps strange to austere republicans that we concern ourselves with art at a moment when allied Europe is besieging the territory of liberty . . . The artists do not fear the reproach of carelessness of the interests of their fatherland. They are essentially free . . . We would remind people of Protogenes tracing a masterpiece in the midst of besieged Rhodes, or of Archimedes meditating on a problem during the sacking of Syracuse.' But during this charming epoch, as we read in *Nouveau Paris*, "the theatres, the restaurants were full of tranquil gossips and newsmongers. The people watched calmly the erection of a revolutionary tribunal, and continued to go peacefully to the opera. The curtain rose exactly at the same hour, whether sixty heads were cut off or only thirty."

Nevertheless, during the Reign of Terror, the Salon very nearly disappeared, and it was only by dint of the repeated invitations and pressing appeals of the Department of Public Instruction that the Salon was at last opened in October, 1795. The exhibition was not important. The subjects of the pictures were the gloomy scenes of contemporary history and portraits of victims; and, "owing to the dearness of paper and of printing," says a note of the time, very few criticisms of it were published. In 1796 we arrive at the time of the *muscadins* and *merveilleuses*, and the Salon became annual. In 1797, in the place of honor in all the exhibition-rooms is seen, in the midst of a trophy of flags, the portrait of a pale young general with long hair who was at that time called Citizen Bonaparte. In 1798, a grand reform; a jury of admission is elected, and begins to work regularly. In the Salon of 1800 we have Bonaparte served up with all sauces: "The Battle of Lodi," "The Passage of the Po," "Portrait of the First Consul," "The General Consul Bonaparte driving a chariot with the rapidity of a hero who knows how to overcome all obstacles," etc.

The history of the Salon during the reign of Napoleon I. would of itself form a whole volume, not the least interesting chapters of which would be those devoted to the iconography of the Emperor and his battles. The number of works exhibited had increased immensely. In 1791, at the last Academic Salon, the catalogue contained 321 numbers. In 1801, 268 exhibitors sent 485 works; in 1807, 360 exhibitors sent 699 works; in 1812, 557 exhibitors sent 1,299 works; and in 1814, 507 exhibitors sent 1,359 works. In 1804 a new era began, and Napoleon, in the interval between two battles, meditated the restoration of the arts. Unfortunately, in art even a Napoleon is powerless, and the school of the Empire holds but an inferior place in the artistic history of France, in spite of the fame of its chief artists, David, Girodet, Gerard and Gros. But the Salon remained popular, and the rhymed criticisms continued as in the past, and the portraitists of the Emperor are treated as they deserve :

"Quoi! peintres sans talent, sans goût,
Vous osez tracer son image!
Ce héros est couvert d'honneurs
Mais ses palmes seraient peu sûres
S'il n'était pas, dans tous les cœurs,
Plus vivant que dans vos peintures."

A novelty, too, was introduced in criticism, and in the minor theatres pieces were played in which the pictures of the Salon were passed in review and discussed. Such pieces were "Croutinet ou le Salon de Montargis," "Les Tableaux chez Séraphin," "Madame Angot au Muséum," "Les Portraits au Salon ou le Mariage Imprévu." This novelty did not last long.

On May 4th, 1814, "Vive l'Empereur!" was succeeded by "Vive le Roi!" The Salon opened in November, and by order of the King, in all the battle pictures the tricolor cockade was replaced by a cockade of spotless white ; and with the same facility with which they had immortalized the saturnalia of the Revolution and the glories of the Empire, the artists now celebrated the return of the Bourbons. Augustin exhibited portraits of Louis XVIII., the Duc de Berry, and the Duc d'Orléans ; Bajetta, a view of the Tuileries at the moment of the entry of Louis XVIII. ; Fremy, the "Arrivée de son Altesse Royale Monsieur à Paris"; Carle Vernet, the Duc de Berry in lancer's uniform ; Roben, "Louis XVI. in Paradise receiving the Duc d'Enghien"; Gros, "François I. and Charles Quint visiting the Church of St. Denis."

The events of 1815 prevented the opening of the Salon that year. The Salons of 1817, of 1822 and 1824 belong entirely to the history of contemporary painting. One Salon only was held at the Louvre during the reign of Charles X., that of 1827. The new names that succeed those of David and Gros are Géricault, Ingres, Horace Vernet, Léopold Robert, Foyatier, Delaroche. In 1824, the painters of the Romantic school were first represented at the Salon, Delacroix by his "Massacre of Scio," Ary Scheffer by his "Gaston de Foix," and Devéria by a Madonna—works which the critics of the time compared to canvases against which had been flung a sponge imbued with various colors. At the Salon of 1827 the Classicists were miserably beaten, and at the Salon of 1831 the triumph of the Romanticists was complete. "The struggle is over," wrote Gustave Planche ; "in another year, perhaps, the public will blush at the trivial pleasantries that it had listened to and repeated" concerning the great painters of the Romantic school. The Homeric struggle of the Romanticists and Classicists has been related by Théophile Gautier, and others. We need not dwell upon it here, now that the war is over and the dispute settled for ever. Evidently we see now that truth, the artistic sense and intelligence of nature, were on the side of the Romanticists, and it is from Constable and from the Romantic school that French landscape-painting dates—that landscape-painting of which Millet, Rousseau, Daubigny and Corot are the glories. Meanwhile, what Rousseau did for landscape, Decamps did for the East and its figures, and this renaissance of art was explained to the public by critics whose names were Théophile Gautier, Gustave Planche, Alfred de Musset, Jules Janin, Charles Baudelaire. The era of criticism in couplets was at an end, and the serious criticism, of which Diderot had traced the lines, was carried to a degree of appreciative and descriptive delicacy that approached perfection.

In the reign of Louis Philippe the Salon still took place in the Louvre, and the preparation of the galleries, together with the time of the duration of the exhibition, deprived the public of the enjoyment of the regular collections of the museum during five months of the year. The pictures of the Salon were hung on hoardings raised in front of the masterpieces of Raphael, Murillo, Rubens and Poussin. Finally, after repeated complaints of the artists, and representations of the danger in which the old masters were placed by the erection and taking down of the scaffolding in 1849, the Salon was installed in the palace of the Tuileries, then uninhabited on account of the events of 1848. Alas ! even the people were not satisfied. "The palace of our kings is a detestable place for the Salon," says a contemporary journal. "The gallantry of the Republic, otherwise very noble and very praiseworthy, will only have the advantage of obliging the construction of special galleries for the exhibition. The National Assembly has only to vote the funds if there still remain funds in the Treasury, and have built a new palace in the Place du Carrousel." However, in this badly lighted Salon of 1849, 2,586 artists exhibited ; but amongst the names we look in vain for those of Ingres, Lehmann, Coignet, Ary Scheffer, Delaroche, etc., who evidently feared the promiscuity resulting from the decree that appeared in the *Moniteur* the day after the Revolution of 1848 :

"All works sent this year to the Salon will be received without exception.

"The citizen Minister of the Interior, LEDRU-ROLLIN."

One of the great successes of the Salon of 1849 was a picture of terrible interest for the Parisians who had escaped from the cholera. "The corpses, rigid, green, hideous, of a whole family are piled up on a hand-cart, the arms, heads and legs hanging over right and left. A woman drags the horrible load ; it is the mother. A madman follows behind, singing ; it is the husband." The Salons of 1850 and 1852 were held in a temporary construction in the Place du Carrousel, the jury was reestablished, and for the first time the entrance was fixed at one franc.

In 1853 and 1854 the Salon, after having traveled from the Louvre to the Tuileries, and from the Tuileries to the Palais-Royal, crossed the Boulevard, and encamped in the Menus-Plaisirs. Meanwhile, a Crystal Palace was rising in the Champs-Élysées, and in the completed edifice in 1855 the artists of the whole world met in rivalry. The exhibition of 1855 was the triumph of the modern school of Delacroix, Decamps, Vernet, Gérôme, Bouguereau, Cabanel, Courbet, Glaize, Couture, Stevens, Rosa Bonheur, Gustave Doré, and hundreds of others whose fame will remain.

In the Palais de l'Industrie of the Champs-Élysées, the history of the Salon and its migrations ends ; or, rather, it becomes so purely contemporary that we need not continue it. During the last thirty years the Salon has been held regularly in that building, to the increasing glory of French art.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

THE oldest German University is Prague, founded in 1348 ; next comes Vienna, founded in 1365 ; Heidelberg, whose quin-centenary has just been celebrated, follows, and is the senior of the universities in the German Empire, having been founded in 1386 ; then Leipsic, in 1409 ; Freiburg in Baden, in 1454 ; Griefswald, in 1456 ; Munich, in 1472 ; Tübingen, in 1477 ; Marburg, in 1527 ; Königsberg, in 1544 ; Jena, in 1558 ; Würzburg, in 1582 ;

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Giessen, in 1607; Kiel, in 1665; Halle, in 1694; Breslau, in 1702; Göttingen, in 1737; Erlangen, in 1743; Berlin, in 1810; Bonn, in 1818; Strasburg, re-established in 1872, originally founded in 1567.

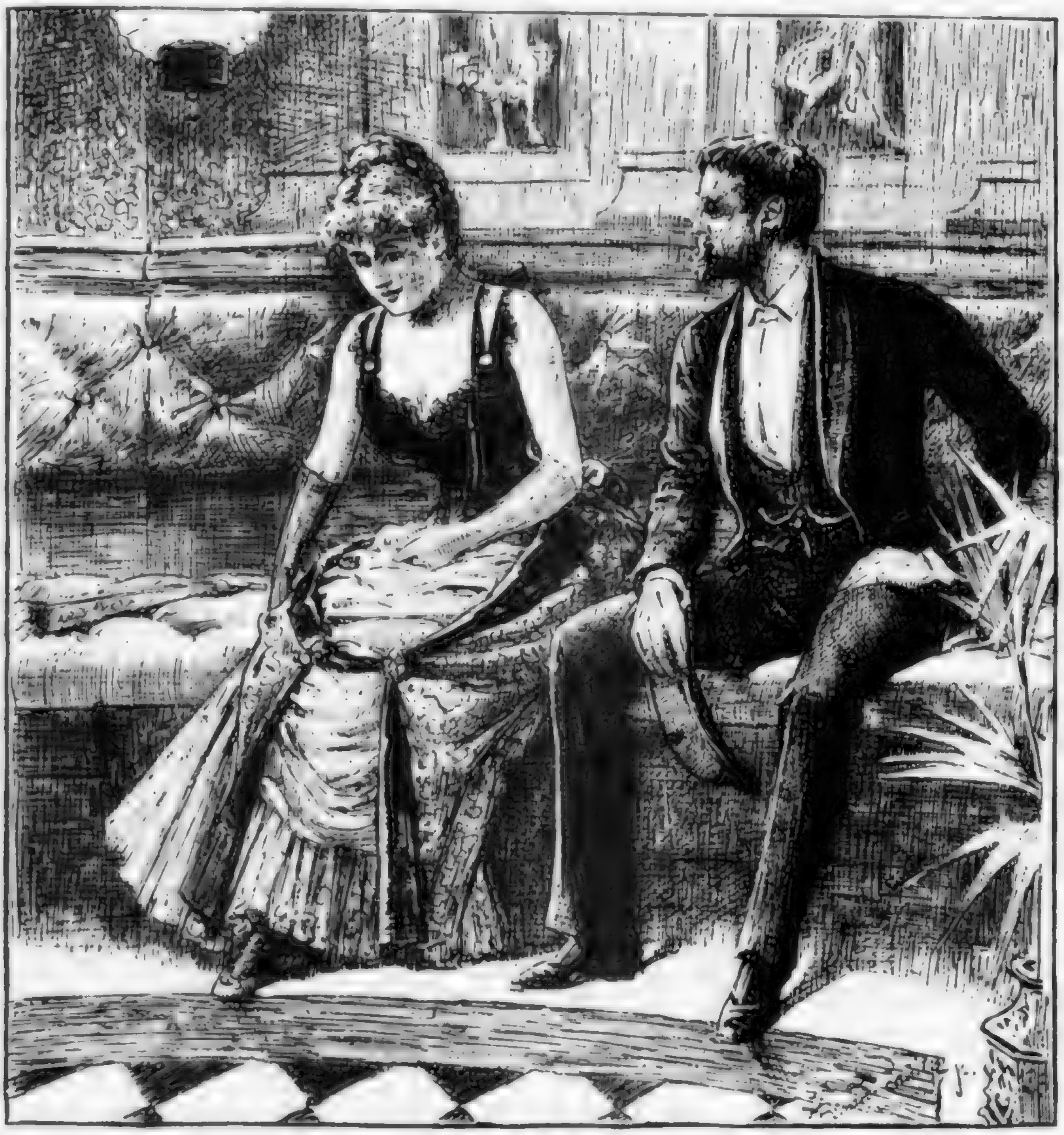
A BROAD HINT.

Sir Andrew Agnew was famous for giving broad hints. The nature of them will be best ascertained by the following anecdote: Sir Andrew having for some time been pestered by an impertinent intruder, a friend one day remarked that this man no longer appeared in his company, and asked how the baronet contrived to get rid of him.

"In troth," said the baronet, "I was obliged to give the chield a broad hint."

"A broad hint!" replied the friend; "I thought he was one of those who could not take a hint."

"By my faith, but he was forced to take it," answered Sir Andrew; "for as the fellow would not gang out by the door, I threw him out of the window."



ONE FOR HER.

Artless Little Thing (proud of her linguistic acquirements): I do hope you didn't catch what I was saying just now to Mrs. Simpson, Signor Gavanti. We were talking scandal—in Italian. I had no idea you were so close. Could you hear?"

Signor Gavanti: "Yes—I could 'ear; but it's all a-right; I did not know you were speakin' my language."

CONSCIENTIOUS SCRUPLES.

Count Medina Pomar tells the following story: "It was at the hotel at Dumbarton. I had just got up, and rang the bell for some hot water for shaving. A waiter answered my call. 'I want some hot water, if you please,' I said.

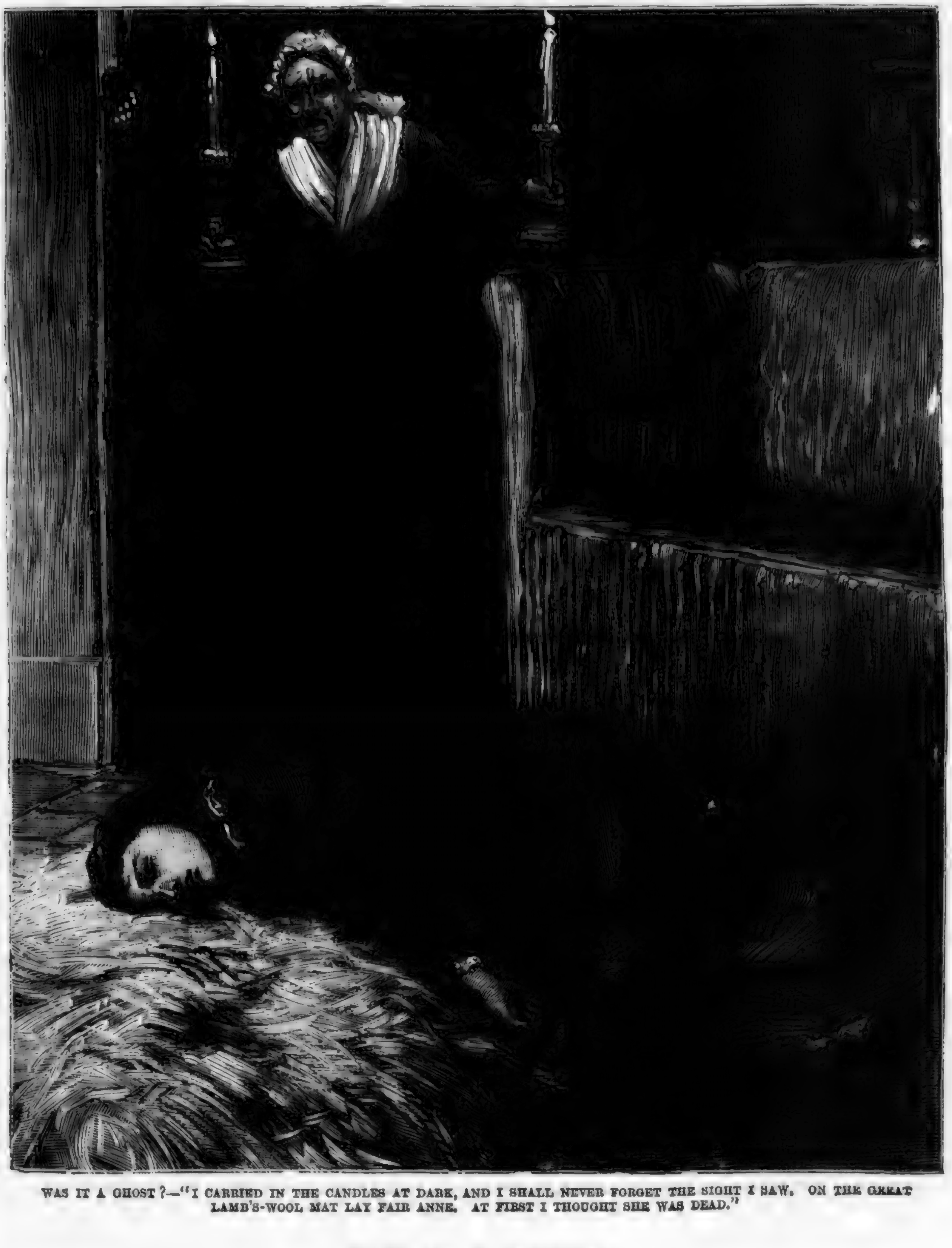
"'And what for do you want the hot water?'

"'For shaving,' said I.

"'Ye canna have hot water on the Lord's Day for sic a thing as shaving,' said the waiter, horror-stricken.

"I insisted again, but with the same effect. 'Na, na,' said he, 'ye canna have it.'

"Necessity is the mother of invention, 'tis said, and this aroused me. I thought that if I could arrange the order in such a way that it would not affect his religious scruples, he would bring the water. I therefore proposed that I should have some toddy, and told him to bring me the materials for making it, consisting of whisky, sugar, and boiling water. These he brought without the least demur. I gave him the whisky, which he drank, and I used the hot water."



WAS IT A GHOST?—"I CARRIED IN THE CANDLES AT DARK, AND I SHALL NEVER FORGET THE SIGHT I SAW. ON THE GREAT LAMB'S-WOOL MAT LAY FAIR ANNE. AT FIRST I THOUGHT SHE WAS DEAD."

WAS IT A GHOST?

By Mrs. Denison.

I can see her now, just how she looked when she came first to live with the princess.

You may smile at me for calling Madame Rickford the "princess," but you know that high and mighty way she has with her; she always had it; and we old folks that's lived with her ever since her mother died have always called her the princess between ourselves.

Good! I should say she was just as good as gold, and if she thinks she's unjust to others in the smallest particular, she grieves as if she'd committed the unpardonable sin.

But, you see, her temper is very high when she really gets excited, but, bless you, that's scarcely once in a year, and she's learning to control it. You smile, thinking of

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her gray hair, maybe, but I can tell you it's never too late to learn—no, not even if you've got one foot in the grave.

But I was going to tell you about fair Anne—that's what we servants always called her, for I do think she was about the fairest thing I ever looked upon. There was that in her face that makes you think, "I don't believe she's long for this world," and we all thought so.

This is her picture. She sent it to us, framed and all—it couldn't cost less than ten dollars, so Tom says, and Tom used to deal in such things, so he knows. Like a statue, isn't it? not half so pretty as she was. Well, the princess used to like her very much. She had known her mother, and helped her at one time, and though she sent for the girl only as a companion, I could see that she meant to make a good deal of her.

"Fix up the little spare bedroom, Dorothy," she says to me, after she had written to her, "I'm going to have a young lady here to sort o' brighten up the house—the daughter of a very good woman who is left a widow. Whatever you think is needed, just let me know, and I'll get it; I want her to have a pleasant impression of the place, because I should like to keep her for some time if she suits me."

So we had new curtains put up, and the toilet-tables done over, and two or three pieces of furniture that seemed to be needed put in; among them an old bureau that was very antique, and I don't know how many generations it had been in the family.

"She can have all the drawers but that," said my mistress, "and that she won't know anything about. You see it opens with a spring," and she touched something and open flew the drawer.

It was a very small drawer, and the only things I saw in it were three pieces of shining gold that looked for all the world as ancient as the bureau.

"Oh, my!" said I; "I haven't seen a gold guinea for over forty year. Them must have come from old England."

"Yes, Dorothy, they did," she said, with a sort o' sad look. "They belonged to Susan, poor girl. She was very happy once. She was engaged to a fine young fellow in our pleasant inland home in the old country; though he had his fortune yet to make. One morning he rode off in the best of spirits to buy a wedding-ring for Susan. He had showed her the three guineas the night before, and told her that he had been saving them for that special purpose; but his horse threw him before he got to London, and his dead body was brought home. Those three guineas were found wrapped up in a paper in his pocket over his heart, and she has had them ever since. She has always been a little superstitious about keeping them there, so I guess I'll let 'em stay."

Now Susan was her sick sister—had been sick, bedridden, off and on, for over twenty years, when she came here, and she kept a nurse, the princess did, to take care of her, and Susan's room opened into the little spare bedroom, though the door was always kept locked, the key being on Miss Susan's side.

So the princess shut the little drawer, and I declare you couldn't a-told there was anything of the kind there; it just looked like ornamental work.

I'll never forget the day that child came to this house. Stormy! why it was a perfect hurricane; threw down some of the tallest trees on the place, and it did seem as if nobody could stand in it. A whirling, blinding snow, and a roaring and rushing of all the elements.

Well, I think it was the worst tempest we ever had in these parts. I know I could scarcely do my work from looking out, and when the coach stopped it didn't seem to me as if Tom could possibly get down to the gate, much less help in with the bit of a trunk strapped on behind.

I declare it made the tears come in my eyes to see that little creature all in dead black, clinging to Tom, so helpless like, for she was very much frightened, and had been al the way from the cars; for the driver told Tom that he never expected to get the coach round Tagg's Corner, where it is awfully hilly and dangerous.

My mistress felt about as bad as I did, I reckon, though she never let on or allowed herself to show her feelings to anybody unless she was dreadful angry; then look out!

Well, presently the child came in. She was a little creature, as I said, and her face was very pale. She tried to smile, but I could see the quiver in her white lips and the tears in the great brown eyes.

My mistress seemed to take to her at once, and I don't wonder, she was so pretty and winning. It seemed to me that I felt better for having her in the house, though I couldn't help wondering if she would be happy with the princess. It's so hard, you know, to leave one's mother for a stranger.

Well, some way the child seemed to fill all our hearts. Not a servant but would run for her, she had such a nice way of asking a favor, and when I'd got acquainted with her, I declare if she didn't seem almost like a child of my own.

When Mrs. Rickford went out without her, she used to come into my room and bring her sewing, and then she would talk about home and her mother. I knew, although she did about as she pleased at the house, and Mrs. Rickford was very kind to her, the child longed for her poor little home; but then the money she got kept her mother in comfort, and an aunt who was staying there helped with the housework, so that it really seemed best for both that fair Anne should be here.

She had a sweet little voice, and played and sang exactly as the princess liked, "for," says she, "I do hate the modern style of mixing up tunes, and running long strings of variations, as one would tie a tail to a kite just for show." And that's why Miss Anne's soft little old-fashioned tunes and sweet, pleasant little voice gave her such pleasure.

And then she was such a beautiful reader! I've seen the tears in my mistress's eyes many's the time when that child would read with her soul in her very voice. And that kind she was that she would bring her book to my room and read to me. It made me think of the little child I lost, and who would have been just her age if God had spared her; but then perhaps it was best He didn't.

"Well, things went on beautifully for five or six months, and then in the summer time fair Anne went home to pay a visit to her mother. I never saw such a happy child as she was the day she went.

"Oh, I shall be sure to come back—of course I shall," she said to me. "I'm getting to feel quite at home, and I love Mrs. Rickford dearly. You know I must stay here till I have paid the mortgage on our little house, and that will take a year—perhaps longer."

It was very lonesome after she had gone. Mistress was good enough to bring me her letters to read, and they were just as sweet as could be—just like her, for she always remembered both me and Tom.

It was such a pleasure to look forward to her coming, and such a treat when she did come, not in a storm this time, but the clearest sunshine, and with a smiling face, that seemed to say she was glad and happy.

I believe she was, and surely she couldn't have come in a better time, for poor Miss Susan died the week after, and that and the funeral made us very dull and miserable. But she was just like a breath of fresh air, or a ray of bright sunshine, and so thoughtful and careful of Mrs. Rickford, who mourned her sister's loss more and more as the time went on.

One day the princess came into my room where I was making up accounts for the month, with the strangest look on her face. I remember just how she came in, placing her back against the door, and so shutting it, and how I got up, being frightened at the whiteness and sort of drawn look in her face.

"Why," says I, "what can the matter be?"

"I've just found out!" she said, and then she stopped and drew a long breath.

"Margery!" she began again, "you remember the three guineas?"

"Certainly I do," I said. "They were in the secret drawer of the old bureau."

"Well, they are gone!"

"What?" says I, feeling cold and chill all at once.

"Yes, they are gone; and I have hunted high and low for them. And that drawer hasn't been opened, to my knowledge, since the day I showed them to you. Now, what am I to think?"

"I'm sure I don't know," I said, slowly, for I was mixing these coins half-unconsciously with the fair Anne, and thinking what a pity it was for her that they had been in her bedroom—not that I thought for one instant that she had ever seen or had any knowledge of them, for no one who knew her ever could, it seemed to me; but I was afraid for my mistress, because I knew she could be sort of intolerant when anything happened to put her out of temper.

"Of course, Margery, they couldn't go without hands," she kept on.

"It would seem so, madam," I made reply.

"Don't be so foolish. You know it is so," said my mistress, almost crossly.

"Then I spoke up boldly, and asked who she suspected.

"I don't want to suspect anybody," she said, looking ready to cry; "but if I can't find those guineas, I shall know what to think, and do, too."

"Oh, you wouldn't suspect her?" I cried out.

But the princess just turned round and went out, leaving me feeling just like death, I can tell you.

I was sort o' prepared for what followed. The house seemed to grow more and more quiet and lonesome.

Miss Anne kept her room, and when I did see her she was so white it was simply dreadful to behold. There was no more singing in the drawing-room—for we could always hear with the door open between—and it used to be such a treat.

I don't think the fair Anne and the princess met, except at the table; and Mistress Rickford was all the time on the go, either riding her old gray mare, or driving the pony-cart on all sorts of business.

One day, when she was gone away, a beautiful young gentleman drove up to the house and asked to see the fair Anne.

I sent him into the drawing-room, where I left him standing like a prince, looking at the great painting over the fireplace, while I took up his card to Miss Anne.

I declare, I had scarcely the heart to knock at the door of her little room; and her faint "Come in," so unlike her former way of singing it out, clear and hearty like, made me shiver.

"It's a young gentleman," I said; "and he looks for all the world like a prince or a clergyman, and he wishes to see you, miss."

"Oh, why did he come?" she cried out, in a sort of agony, looking at the card.

Then she clutched at my shoulders and hid her head in my bosom, and for a moment sobbed as if her heart would break.

What could I do? I could only pat the poor little golden head and bid her take courage and be a good dear. You know there isn't much you *can* say at such a time—at least, I can't.

After a little she wiped her eyes—there were only a few tears in them; poor child! her sorrow was too deep, I take it, for tears—and bathed them in a little cologne.

"I suppose I must go down," she said, trying to smile; "but oh! Margery, what terrible fatality brought me here? Do you know I shiver and cry all night long? Oh, if I might only die!"

"My darling, don't talk in that way!" I cried.

"How can I help it? Of course you know all about it"—and how wistfully she looked at me. "You needn't say anything. Of course you do." And, with another mournful look, she went out of the room.

Well, it was more than two hours after that, and the day was growing very dark, when the young man drove away, and a sorrowfuller face I never see.

"Surely," I said to myself, "he must be her lover, and she has said something terrible to him. Oh, woman, woman!" I said, thinking of my mistress, "what are you doing? Perhaps wrecking two sweet young lives."

Another hour went by, and the storm had sprung upon us. Then I knew that my mistress wouldn't be home, for when she went that far so late in bad weather, she generally staid all night at the rector's. I carried in the candles at dark, and I shall never forget the sight I saw. The couch was drawn up to the fire as my mistress liked to have it, but on the great lamb's-wool mat lay fair Anne. At first I thought she was dead, sure enough, but no, only how long she had lain that way nobody knew. I lifted the poor lamb when she came to, and laid her on the couch, and it did her good just to sit there and cry silently on my shoulder.

"Oh, mother! mother!" she moaned, "shall I never see you again?"

"Of course you will, my darling," I said; "don't give up so—be strong and brave."

"Oh, Margery, I'm not one of those strong and brave kind," she sobbed, still holding on to me. "I'm very weak and miserable—and Douglas has gone—left me for ever. I sent him away."

"Child, wasn't he man enough to disobey you?" I asked.

"Oh, what could he say? Do you think I would have anything to do with him, when his proud parents dislike me enough already? No, not till my name is clear. I'll never go home branded a thief! I'll die first."

"But, darling, it can't be possible my mistress believes you are the——"

"Yes, she does—she does. She believes I took those gold pieces before I went home to help pay off the mortgage with stolen money. Think of that. And when I told her what I saw she was more angry than ever."

"What you saw? Why, what did you see, my dear?" I asked her.

"It was one night when the moon was shining. I could not sleep, although I had been very sleepy when I retired, but something made me restless so that I heard the

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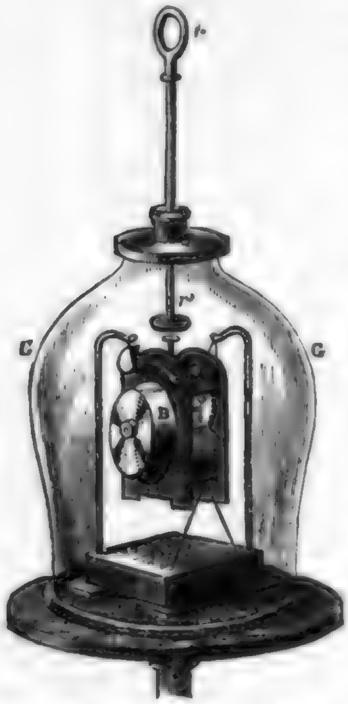


SUNLIGHT UNRAVELED.—FIG. 1.
SEE PAGE 118.

old clock down-stairs strike one, two and three, even. It was just before that last, however, that a slight noise arrested my attention, like a key turning in the lock of the door between my room and Aunt Susan's, you know. I was a little frightened, and lay perfectly still; indeed I could not move hand or foot, when presently the door opened, and a frightful-looking figure stood there! Oh, so terribly awful in the moonlight! It was Miss Susan—yes, you must not look so incredulous—it was Miss Susan, I tell you; a living corpse."

"Why, my dear child, it must have been her ghost. For years the woman has not left her bed. It could not possibly have been herself," I said.

"I say it was Miss Susan; whether in the flesh or out of it, I cannot tell," the girl went on, clinching my arm tighter. "She held up one finger to her lips with a most unearthly "Sh!' that sounded almost like a whistle. Then she nodded at something that seemed to be beyond me, whispering, 'Yes, dear, I will, I will. Only wait; it shall be done just as you say.' Oh, I can seem to hear the whispered words now. I can see the unearthly features. It frightens me to think of it every night."

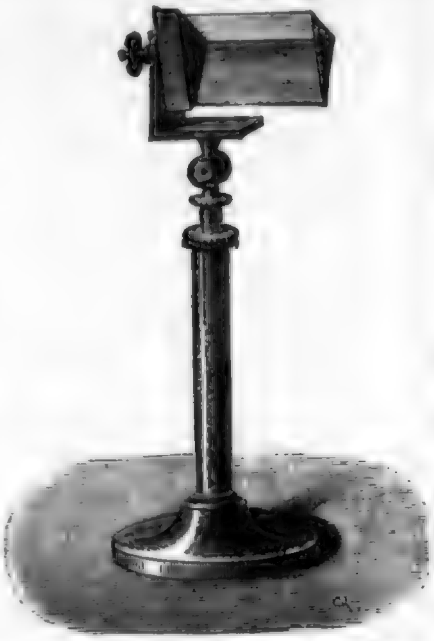
"Well, darling, and then what happened?" I asked.

She sat, white, cowed and shivering, by my side, staring into vacancy.

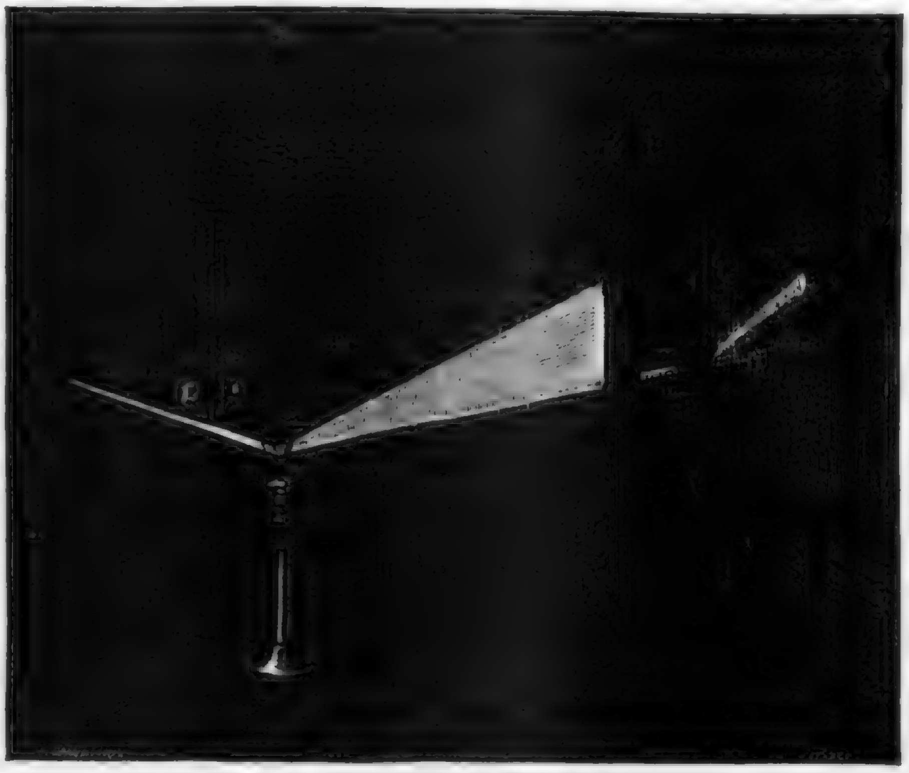
"Why, then she went to the old bureau, and her back was toward me. Of course I could only see her movements; only see that she seemed to take something from the drawer. She made no noise, and that is what made her seem like a spirit."

"Well, that is rather strange. It scarcely seems possible that that poor, helpless, dying body could do all that."

"So Mrs. Rickford says. She is very angry every time she speaks of it. And the only time she called me a thief outright was when she was telling about that. She'll be sorry some time; she'll be sorry, sorry!"



SUNLIGHT UNRAVELED.—FIG. 2.



SUNLIGHT UNRAVELED.—FIG. 3.

Anne sat with her hands to her face, rocking back and forth. I was frightened, and drew her against my side again and pressed her forehead.

"Oh, your hands are so cool!" she said, "and my head is burning—burning! Oh, if I could only die!"

"Hush, dear! We've no right to wish them things," I said—"neither you nor I, however bad circumstances turn out. What did Miss Susan do after she had taken the money, as you think?" I asked, determined to make her tell everything.

"She turned round again to something that seemed beyond me, nodded and repeated again, 'I'll do it, dear, just as you say,' and then left."

"She didn't vanish, did she?" I asked.

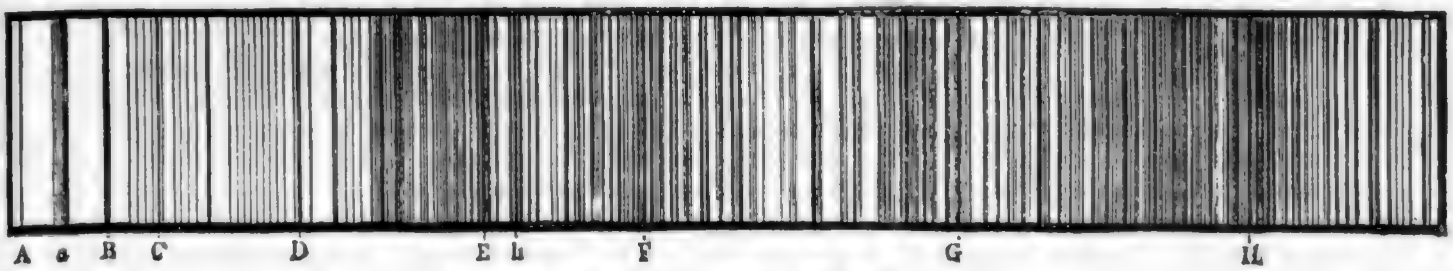
"Oh, no! She just went through the door and turned the key. That made me think it was herself, and no ghost. I got up when my strength came back and tried the door. It was locked."

"Where could the nurse have been?" I remarked.

"That's what Mrs. Rickford says—that the nurse was very watchful and vigilant, and could not have been sleeping. Oh, Margery, she don't believe me—not one word I say—when it is as true as Gospel. I would not dare to lie. I abominate a lie."

"But did you tell my mistress in the morning?" I inquired.

"No. Something kept me from telling her, I don't know what, except it was the manner of the spirit, or whatever it was, that seemed to impress silence upon me. And then one can never be confidential with Mrs. Rickford. I was always a little afraid of her when she was kindest; besides, it seemed like a dream, for I was sure it, or she, opened a drawer not half as long as either of mine; and you



SUNLIGHT UNRAVELED.—FIG. 5.—SEE PAGE 118.

know I did not know there was a secret drawer that opened with a spring—not till Mrs Rickford missed the money. I knew nothing about the secret; I can't open the drawer now if I try."

"Of course you can't!" I said, indignantly. "I wonder at my mistress. But then, you know, she can't find the three guineas. Miss Susan couldn't swallow them, though I'd as soon expect that as expect her to walk. Walk, indeed! Why, she has scarcely moved hand or foot for months. Dr. Mills said the thing would have been a miracle."

"Yes, yes, I know," she sobbed. "Everything goes against me—everybody! Oh, I cannot bear it! I wish I were dead! I told Mrs. Rickford she could easily find out if the gold was paid to the man who holds the mortgages; but she said there were plenty of ways of evading that, and it almost broke my heart. Now Douglas has gone, and my mother will hear of it! Oh, what shall I do? Will nobody believe it, when God knows I tell the truth?"

"Yes, dear, I believe it with all my heart and soul," I said, pitying her as I never pitied a mortal before; for her eyes shone, and her face had the look of fever, and her teeth glistened, and her lips were white and tightened.

"Thank you, Margery—thank you," she said; "but oh! that won't help me. I believe in my soul that Mrs. Rickford has gone all the way to London to get somebody—a policeman or a detective—to come here and frighten me to death. Oh, Margery, I'm not strong, and I don't feel like myself. I don't know what I might be led to say."

Seeing that she shivered, I made her lie down, saying that I was sure the princess would not do such a thing without first letting her know, even with her bad temper, and so I soothed her the best I could and sent her to bed.

In the morning I thought she had better sleep, so I didn't disturb her, but waited till the clock struck ten and I saw my mistress coming in her little pony-chaise, before I went up-stairs. And there I found her bedroom-door open and the bed neatly made up. Either she had not lain on it, or she had risen very early and put the room to rights. This was strange, for I had not seen her, and she was always sure to come in my way some time in the morning. I began to feel frightened, for I had dreamed a dream or seen a vision in the night, I scarcely knew which.

Presently the madame came in as quietly as ever.

"I'm afraid," I said, "that Anne is gone."

"Gone!—gone where?" she asked, all of a tremble. "She couldn't walk home, you know, it would take her a week, and I haven't paid her month's salary yet," she said.

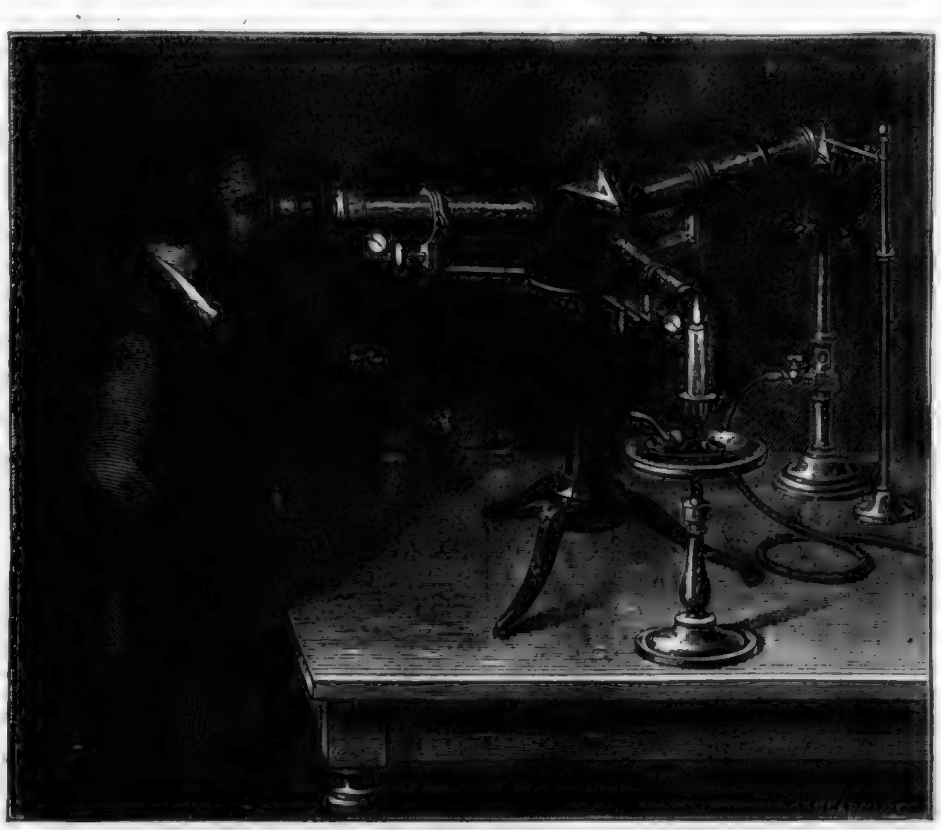
"She is not here, nor in her room, nor anywhere about the house," I half sobbed.

I thought the hard expression on her face changed a little as she asked me question after question, and I told her all Anne had said the night before.

"Oh, she knows how to act her part," she said; "it shows she is guilty, to run off in that way—of course she is! The money is gone; haven't I looked the house over? Haven't I made every allowance—let her stay on—given her every chance to clear herself? I'm sorry for her, especially if she had a lover—she might have hinted that—it shows how artful she is. Oh, don't tell me; I think I can read human nature, and she has acted like a guilty person right along. Just fancy her making up that story about poor Susan! Why, the child is frightfully wicked. That's my opinion about her—and to think I was becoming so fond of her! Why, Margery, I might have made her my heiress. I have neither chick nor child."

"I do not think her story was so very improbable," I said, taking her hat and shawl, "for if I'm not much mistaken, I saw Miss Susan myself last night."

"You saw her? Are you, too, losing your senses,



SUNLIGHT UNRAVELED.—FIG. 6.

Margery ?" she asked, standing stock-still and looking a little scared.

"At least, I don't rightly know whether I was quite asleep ; I don't think I was. And possibly," said I, "hearing what she said of Miss Susan made such an impression that I dreamed it."

"Dreamed what ?—what did you dream ?" said the princess, impatiently. "It seems as if we were full of mysteries just now."

"Well," said I, "I saw Miss Susan pretty much as she was in life, weak and poorly, and she says, she says to me, '*Look in the pitcher !*'"

"Look in the pitcher ! What nonsense ! As if we had not looked in everything ! Haven't we torn the house almost upside down ?" exclaimed the princess, growing pale ; then she cried out, as if the words were forced from her by electricity or something of that sort, "The pitcher ! Gracious Heaven !"

It was my turn to wonder now, for she grew as white as a sheet.

"Margery," she gasped, "I sent that old pitcher of beaten silver—you remember, it always stood at the head of her bed, the little one with a history—to Larry's mother the week before Susan died."

I fairly fell back in my chair, too weak to sit up."

"You don't mean it," I said.

"Yes ; Larry was the young man she was engaged to, and she had been talking about him ; sure sign she was going to die, for she hadn't mentioned his name for twenty years. 'I want you to send his mother this pitcher, just as it is,' she said ; 'send it now.'"

"'Shall I take the cotton wool out ?' I asked.

"No ; pack it right here and send it now from my room.'

"Don't you remember Tom took a box to the express-office some weeks ago ? Merciful Heavens ! I'll go at once and write. Or—stop. Tom shall take this telegram." And she dashed off :

"*Forest Grove.*

"Mrs. Colly : Please let me know the contents of silver pitcher.'"

Tom went post-haste on horseback, and in less than an hour came back with a telegram.

"*Em Hill.*

"Miss Rickford : Three marked guineas and some cotton wool."

Then, for the first time in her long life, my mistress fainted dead away. The guineas were found, but Anne was lost.

Well, it all came out right, of course, and better for fair Anne than if it never had happened. In the course of two or three days a note came to the princess, saying that a young lady was lying at a certain parsonage very ill, but as in her delirium she often spoke of Miss Rickford, the clergyman to whose house she had wandered ventured to address her.

My, but wasn't there a stir in the old house ! My mistress acted for all the world like a lunatic ; so did I, so did Tom. The way the horses were harnessed wasn't slow, and my mistress took me with her, and there I staid.

It was just a squeeze for her life, I can tell you. I never thought to see her pull through, poor lamb, but we saved her. I am proud to say the doctor gave me the credit.

Well, after that there was nobody but Anne. It was Anne here and Anne there. No child could be dearer or more made of. The princess would have Anne's mother and aunt on, just as soon as ever she was well, and Anne's lover, too, who proved to be a fine young lawyer, and who became just the idol of my mistress.

And when Anne and Douglas were married, the princess gave them a wedding dowry of ten thousand dollars.

Now, whether I really saw Miss Susan or only dreamed it, remains to me a mystery to this day ; but this much I do know, it saved a world of trouble, and I am living with my mistress, and shall stay with her till I die.

SUNLIGHT UNRAVELED.

By Arthur Vaughan Abbot.

Standing on the seashore, who is not filled with the grandeur of a sight that has for ages been the theme of the poet ? On either hand the long line of clear white sand stretches into endless perspective ; while in front the blue waves, tumbling after each other and breaking into foam, roll far up on the beach. Glancing outward, the eye stretches over the heaving plane until earth and sky meet, and the mind pauses, daunted for a moment at the barrier imposed by the horizon, and then swiftly flies over the intervening leagues, and speculates as to the wonders of foreign shores. Such is the ocean of the poet ; sublime and majestic in the extreme ; but come with me for an hour and stand on the strand of the ocean of science, whose mighty waves pulsate from end to end of the universe, and in whose unmeasured depths our globe is more insignificant than the tiniest grain of sand that is the sport of the winds and waves on the seashore. Here, too, we can certainly speculate and, perhaps, learn something definite ; not of other lands, but of other globes and of other worlds ; for the waves of the ocean of space cast upon our little island of a globe many curiosities which, when carefully examined and rightly interpreted, will tell much concerning not only the other members of our solar system, but those dim and misty orbs which pace like sentinels on the confines of space.

The most casual examination of our world shows that we are surrounded by an almost infinite variety of apparently different substances. Air and water, the various minerals which are found in the crust of the earth, appear to have properties so dissimilar as to stamp each with an individuality peculiarly its own.

The restless human intelligence, ever seeking to explore into the unknown, has, with the lever of chemistry, pried apart the thousand and one combinations with which we are surrounded, and discovered that in reality they are simply protean forms of some sixty-five substances, which, having so far resisted our attempts at decomposition, we somewhat arrogantly assume to be elementary bodies, unsusceptible of further resolution.

Our chemical crowbar has, also, brought to light some very astonishing truths touching the physical constitution of matter, so that it is now believed that every substance is made up of an almost infinite number of minute particles, to which the name of molecules has been given.

Here is a block of ice, the smallest particle of which will be found to possess all the properties and characteristics of the original piece. Let us cut off a fragment, and, chipping its sides smooth and square, we have a little cube, measuring an inch on every side. Placing this lump in a large glass flask holding a cubic foot, and warming it for a few moments over the lamp, the hard and crystalline ice breaks down into the mobile liquid water. Certainly nothing has been added, nor has anything been subtracted—for our ice or water has, during the experiment, been sealed in the glass globe—yet a very remarkable change has taken place. The ice was solid and hard, and to a more minute examination would have revealed itself as built up of a number of symmetrical crystalline forms. The water, mobile and liquid, unable to retain a definite position, seems to be possessed of characteristics so different as to almost preclude the possibility of its ever having been the hard and crystalline ice. If we examine yet more carefully, we shall be astonished to find that, whereas we took an exact cubic inch of ice, there is now in the flask a little more than a cubic inch of water. All this wonderful change has been accomplished by a slight heating, so it is scarcely incredible that the ancients regarded heat as a veritable, though imponderable, substance, which at pleasure could be added to or subtracted from other bodies. Proceeding with our experiment, we hold the globe a little longer over the lamp-flame. Presently the water boils, and shortly disappears, seemingly leaving the globe empty; though investigation reveals our ice or water again transformed, occupying as a transparent vapor the entire flask.

Each of these three states—the solid, liquid, or gaseous—is so totally unlike either of the other two, as to convince even the most skeptical that some powerful cause must have been at work to produce such a variety of changes. The cubic inch of ice now occupies a cubic foot as steam. The lamp's heat having torn apart the molecules of the solid ice, and forcing them asunder with a power sufficient to drive our steamships in the face of the fiercest gales, now causes them to occupy 1,800 times their original volume. Simple as is this familiar experiment, it teaches a lesson of the deepest importance; for we find that every portion of our glass globe is equally filled with steam, which, on cooling, again condenses to water; showing that, by heating, the molecules of water may be forced further and further apart, and by cooling they may be returned to their original positions. A similar line of investigation may be applied to any substance, and so, after most careful and exhaustive experiments, scientists have concluded that all substances are composed of these molecular particles, and, what is still more curious, that they are never in contact, but are separated by distances which, in comparison with the size of the molecules, are very great; and furthermore, the molecules are supposed to be in a state of constant motion, flying to and fro and round about each other. Indeed, if by a stretch of the imagination, a being small enough to live upon a molecule can be conceived, and if he be supposed to be endowed with astronomical aspirations, he would point his telescope to the molecular sky and make observations on the paths and motions of the other molecules, very much as we calculate the relations of the members of our solar system. Science has gone still further, and has measured the size of the molecules of many substances. Dipping a cambric needle into water, there hangs to the end a tiny drop. Now, says Sir William Thompson, if this drop should be magnified to the size of the earth, it would look rather rough, somewhat like orange-peel, on account of its molecular structure; while if the amplification were carried until the drop swelled to the size of the earth's orbit, the molecules would appear a little larger than marbles, and a little smaller than cricket-balls. It is these molecules, and their motions to and fro, with which the physicist has to deal in his investigations into the wonders of matter and force; for it is believed at the present time that the phenomena of sound, heat, light, electricity, and chemical action, are simply different manifestations of molecular motion.

Here is a violin. On drawing a bow across the strings, the clear musical note falls on the ear. Let us examine what has happened. As the bow is drawn, the string is pulled slightly to one side, and set swinging to and fro. The motion of the string initiates a series of waves in the air, similar to those produced on the surface of a pond by the impact of a stone. The waves on the pond extend in ever-increasing circles until they break on the shore. The air-waves from the string flow onward until they break on the tympanum of the ear, thus giving rise to the sensation of sound. Is is found that when the air-waves are less than sixteen per second the ear fails to recognize them as continuous sound; while, when the impulses rise to the rate of 40,000 per second, most ears again cease to be cognizant of them. The number of vibrations per second determines the pitch of the sound. Thus, the lowest note of an ordinary piano has some twenty-seven vibrations in a second, while the shrill piccolo reaches about forty-seven hundred. If, however, the rate of vibration be still further increased, beyond the power of the ear's comprehension, another sense comes into play, and though unrecognized as sound, the vibrations appeal to the perception as *heat*, and the vibrating body seems to grow warm. In the violin-string the motion to and fro can be readily perceived by the eye; but, long before the sensation of heat is apparent, the motion of the body as a whole has ceased, and the vibration is now a molecular one, causing the particles to swing to and fro in larger orbits, thus giving rise to the phenomena of expansion. Again, if we suppose the number of vibrations per second to be still further augmented, we find that the sensation of touch becomes at fault, and fails to recognize the vibrations as those of heat; upon which a third sense is appealed to, and when the enormous number of about four hundred and fifty billions per second has been attained, the sensitive retina of the eye perceives the vibrations as *light*.

Between light and sound there exists the most remarkable analogy; for pitch, in sound, corresponds with color in light. The low, deep tones of an organ are homologous with the dullest red, while the high notes of the piccolo correspond to extreme violet. There is, however, a curious difference between the ear and the eye; for while the ear takes cognizance of vibrations through eleven octaves, the eye is only sensitive to a little more than one.

There is, too, another difference between sound and light. Under the receiver of an air pump (Fig. 1) a bell is placed in such a manner as to be constantly struck by machinery. As long as the receiver remains filled with air, the notes of the bell ring out full and clear; but on withdrawing the air the strokes grow gradually fainter and fainter, until at last, when a vacuum is attained, the sounds have entirely ceased, even though the clapper may be still seen to be vigorously at work. On admitting the air, the sounds feebly assert themselves, growing louder and louder as the air gains access to the receiver, until, when the pressure is fully restored, they ring out full and clear as at first. Here, it is evident that the presence of air is essential to the transmission of sound-waves; but how is it in the case of light? A sunbeam falling on the exhausted receiver glances through it without suffering the slightest opposition. The most careful experiments also indicate that our atmosphere is limited; yet the remotest fixed star sends us its beams across unnumbered millions of leagues of seemingly empty space, without opposition. If light is a vibration, two things are necessary. First, a vibrating body as the source, and second, a medium of some sort by means of which these

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vibrations can be transmitted; and here, perhaps, is the weakest point in the present theory of light; for, in order to account for the transmission of light across inter-stellar space, and through such transparent objects as glass, science has been compelled to assume the existence of a transmitting medium so subtle as to defy the most delicate balance, so imponderable as to elude the most profound astronomical researches, and yet having an elasticity capable of transmitting the luminous impulses at the rate of 180,000 miles per second. This strange substance that has never been seen, and is known only by its effects, is supposed to pervade all space — to exist in the molecular interstices of even the densest solid, and has received the name of the luminiferous ether. This ether it is that forms the boundless ocean of science. From star to star, from the most distant nebula, come the billows of light ceaselessly breaking against our little globe. Let us see if these waves cannot bring us some tidings of other worlds.

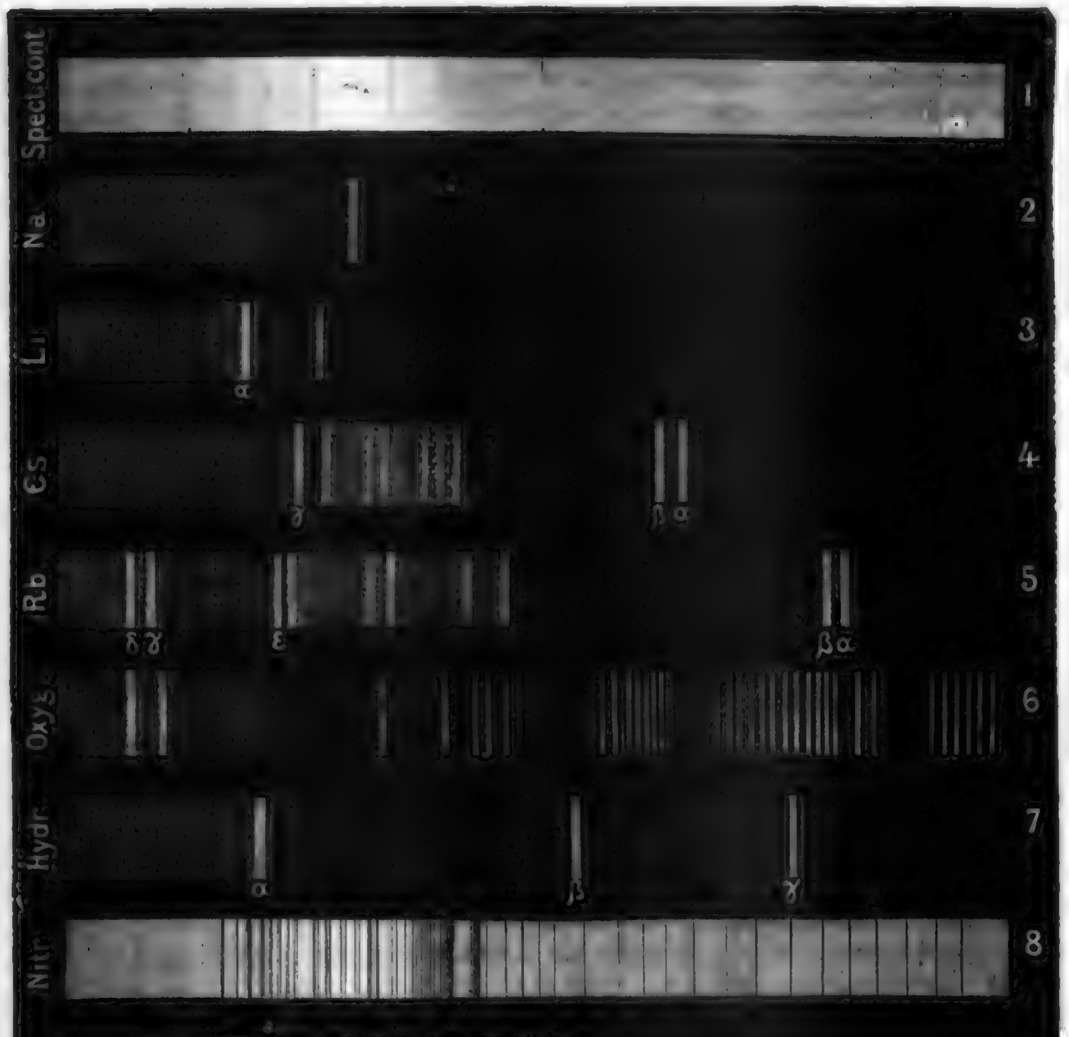

FIG. 8.—PLATE OF SPECTRA.

Here, on a little stand (Fig. 2) is a highly polished bit of glass, cut in the shape of a triangle, and called a prism. Let us place before the window (Fig. 3) a curtain, so arranged as to tightly fit the window, excluding all light, giving us a perfectly dark room In the centre of our shade is a small opening, planned to admit a narrow ray of sunshine. A little distance from the window is placed a tall screen, on which our ray of sunlight strikes, nearly at the bottom, as a round, white spot. Diffusing a little chalk-dust in the air, the path of the ray from the window to the screen is rendered very obvious. Let us now interpose the prism so that the sunlight shall strike upon one of its polished surfaces, and a most singular transformation takes place. While the light seemingly traverses the transparent glass with the utmost facility, the ray on emerging from the prism no longer pursues its former course, striking the screen nearly at the bottom, but is bent sharply upward, and falls at the top. The original ray manifested itself as a small round spot of white light, perhaps as large as a penny. But now, after passing the prism, there is seen upon the screen a broad band, a foot or more in length, glowing with all the colors of the rainbow. What mysterious property resides in our bit of glass to thus not only bend the light out of its rectilinear course, but to tear it apart and spread it out in the colored band? Let us examine and see whether this curious effect cannot be easily explained. In Fig. 4 we have an enlarged drawing of the end of our prism, and, let us suppose F G E D is a representation of the sunlight-ray. Notice that as the ray traverses the air it falls upon the prism obliquely; that is to say, the upper

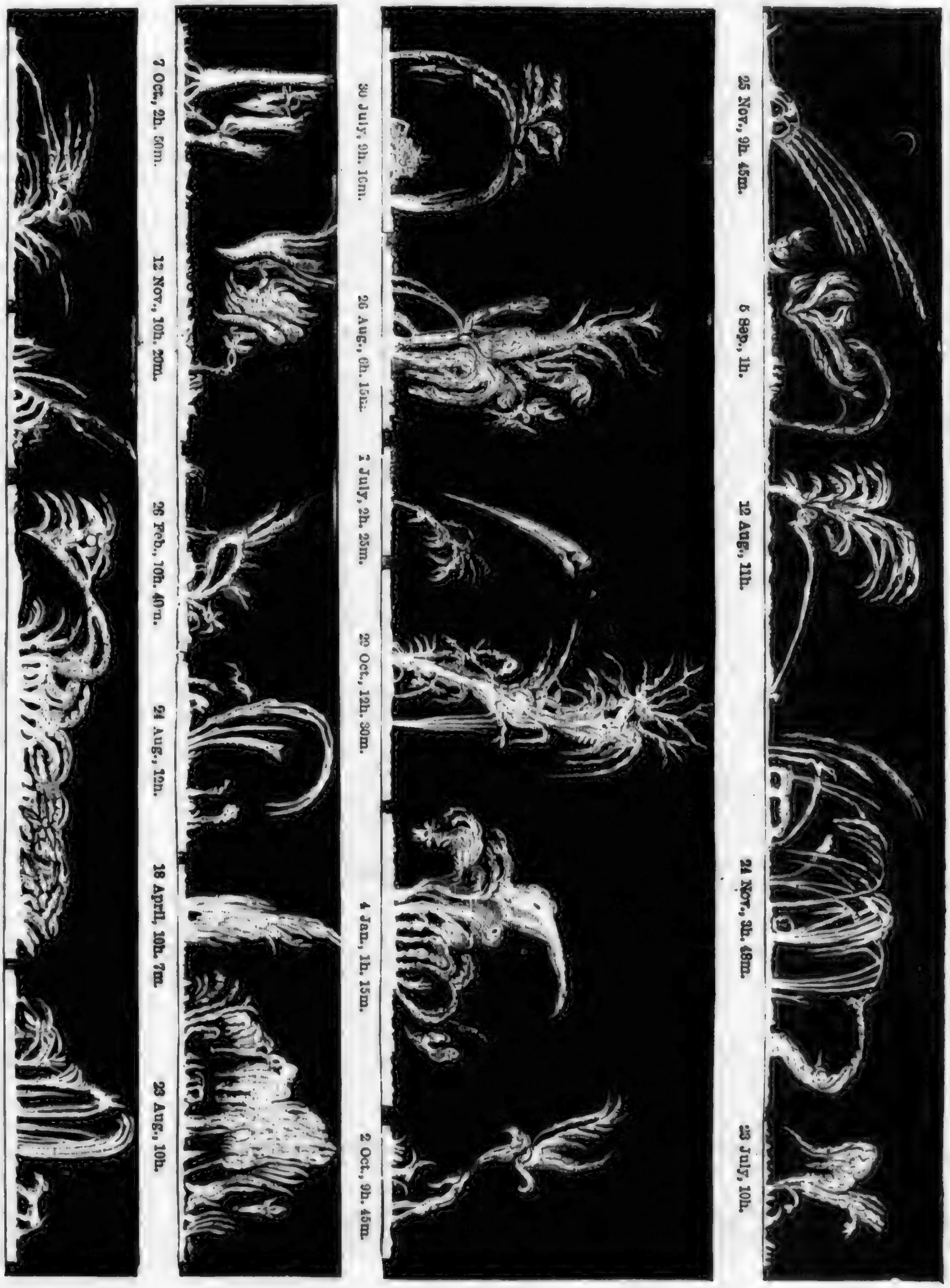
25 Oct., 10h. 40m
28 Oct., 1h. 24m.
2 Dec., 1h.
11 March, 4h.40m.
7 Oct., 2h. 50m.
12 Nov., 10h. 20m.
28 Feb., 10h. 40m.
24 Aug., 12h.
18 April, 10h. 7m.
23 Aug., 10h.
30 July, 9h. 16m.
26 Aug., 6h. 15m.
2 July, 2h. 25m.
20 Oct., 12h. 30m.
4 Jan., 1h. 15m.
2 Oct., 9h. 45m.
25 Nov., 9h. 45m.
6 Sep., 1h.
12 Aug., 11h.
24 Nov., 3h. 48m.
23 July, 10h.

FIG. 9.—SOLAR PROMINENCES OBSERVED BY RESPIGHI IN 1870

part of the ray D E strikes the side A C of the prism, in advance of the lower part of the ray F G. Now, the glass of the prism being much harder and denser than the air of the room, the ether within the glass cannot vibrate as rapidly as that without, in the lighter atmosphere. What is the result? Evidently, as the part of the ray D E strikes the glass, the luminous vibrations are retarded by the dense prism, while the remainder of the ray F G, still without the glass, pursues its original speed. Consequently the vibrations along F G are not retarded as soon as those on the side D E. As a result, F G gets in advance of D E, thus causing the ray to turn a corner. A parallel effect can always be produced with an ordinary rowboat. Suppose the little craft is being swiftly propelled across the surface of a still pond, under the rhythmic impulses of two pairs of oars. Suddenly one of the oars on one side is entangled in the long stem of a water-lily. The unexpected interruption interferes with the propulsion of one side of the boat. The other side, however, continues its onward course, and as a result the boat sharply turns toward the cause of obstruction. The prism is to the ray of light just what the water-lily is to the rowboat. Once inside of the prism, the ray continues its rectilinear course, but on reaching the side C B, the same phenomena is repeated, though inreverse order. The part of the ray H I reaching the atmosphere first, the ether released from its glassy imprisonment quickens its rate of vibration, while the part J K, still inside the prism, is again compelled to lag until it reaches the surface of the glass; and here a second bending of the light-ray occurs. This is all very well as an explanation of the action of the prism in making the light turn round a corner; but how is it about the broad band of *color* that replaces the tiny spot of white light? Can this be explained on a similar hypothesis? Suppose on the surface of our pond there were two rowboats instead of one, and that one was moving swiftly, and the other comparatively slowly. Should each of the boats become entangled with the lilies, it is obvious that the one having the swifter motion would turn a sharper corner and be driven further from its course than the slower craft. Will not this explanation also fit our light-ray? By an examination of the colored band, the seven familiar colors of the rainbow—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet—are found. A moment's inquiry shows that the red end of the colored band, or spectrum, as it is called, is the lowest on the screen, and corresponds most nearly to the direction of the original ray, while the violet is the highest, being deflected much more than the red. By measurements involving the most complicated apparatus it has been ascertained that the waves of violet light vibrate about twice as fast as those of the red. Here again the parallel is complete. The dense glass obstructs the quickly moving violet waves more effectually than the slower red ones; and like the boats on the pond, the swifter is bent the furthest from its course, and thereby separated from its more sluggish companion.

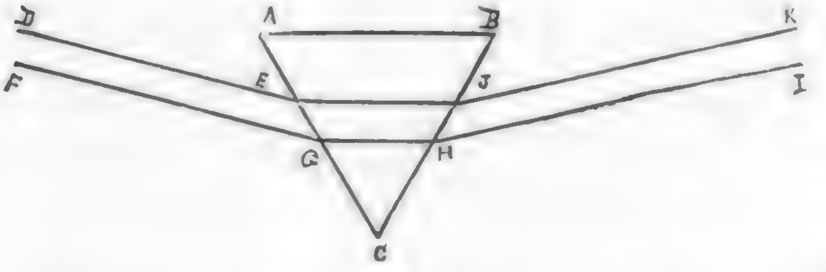

FIG. 4.

Suppose in the screen a small hole be made in order to allow the red portion of the spectrum to pass through and fall upon the adjacent wall. Now, if a second prism be interposed in the path of the red ray, it is again bent out of its course, or refracted, technically speaking, and thrown higher up on the wall. But unlike the former experiment, the refraction is the only effect observed, and there is no separation of the red ray into any component parts.

A similar investigation into the properties of the remaining six colors produces the same result. Any or all of them can be refracted indefinitely, but by no means yet devised has it been found possible to decompose any of them; and so these tints have been denominated simple or primary colors, and the brilliant band thus obtained is denominated the solar spectrum.

In 1802, Dr. Wollaston, while experimenting with the solar spectrum, made a very singular discovery. Instead of using a round hole in a screen to admit the sunlight, Dr. Wollaston had contrived two adjustable pieces of metal, so as to give a long and very fine slit. It was then observed that the band of color was crossed by a great number of dark lines, as seen in Fig. 5. The origin of these lines remained a complete mystery until about 1859. Meanwhile their occurrence aroused the liveliest interest of investigators, and various attempts were made to devise instruments capable of solving this problem. These exertions resulted in the invention of the modern spectroscope, or instrument for observing the spectrum. In Fig. 6 we have a representation of the ordinary laboratory spectroscope, and in Fig. 7 a diagram explaining the principles upon which it operates. This instrument is as wonderful in its simplicity as in its power of analysis. From the perspective view it is seen to consist of a small iron stand carrying a prism in the centre, and supporting three brass tubes. Referring to Fig. 7, the operation of the instrument may be readily understood. Let us suppose L to be the source of light that it is desired to examine. One of the brass tubes, C, of the spectroscope is furnished with a narrow slit at S. At the other end of this tube is lens L, for the purpose of converging the rays of light that traverse the slit on the prism P. This tube, with its lens and slit, is called a collimator. By means of the prism P the rays of light that pass through the collimator are decomposed, and form a spectrum, which is observed by means of the

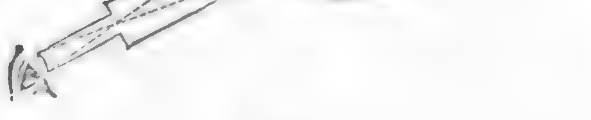

FIG. 7.

telescope F ; the office of this telescope being to magnify the spectrum so as to permit a more minute investigation. The third tube, S, of the spectroscope is a mere convenience attached to the instrument for carrying a graduated scale, by means of which the relative positions of the dark lines just alluded to can be ascertained. Supposing the collimator of our spectroscope be turned toward some solid luminous body, such as a piece of white hot iron, or the glowing carbons of the electric light, the observer at the telescope will then perceive a long, pure band of color, as shown in No. 1, Fig. 8. In this spectrum the red commences at the left, and gradually lightening into orange, fades into yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet, without a single break in its continuity ; and on this account the spectrum given by an *incandescent solid* is called a *continuous spectrum.* Now let us replace at the end of the collimator the incandescent solid with an alcohol lamp, on the wick of which a little common salt has been placed. The heat of the lamp-flame vaporizes the salt and causes it to glow with a pale, sickly yellow, which, perhaps, gives out as much light as did the piece of hot iron a few moments since. Looking into the spectroscope, we are now astonished to find the broad colored band replaced by a single and very narrow yellow line (No. 2, Fig. 8). Here is another alcohol lamp, on whose wick a little lithium has been placed. Examining the flame, there appear two red lines instead of the single yellow sodium line of the preceding experiment (No. 3, Fig. 8).

Let the air in a glass tube be exhausted, and in its place hydrogen gas be introduced. In the closed ends of the tube some wires are sealed, so that a continuous stream of electric sparks can be transmitted through the gas. If we then examine the light of these sparks we shall find the spectrum to consist of three bright lines—one in the red, one in the green, and one in the blue (No. 7, Fig. 8). Another tube, filled with oxygen gas, gives us some thirty-nine bright lines, distributed through various parts of the spectrum (No. 6, Fig. 8). Each of the substances so examined was in the state of *an incandescent gas.* Thus our spectroscope has taught us two lessons : first, that the spectrum of an *incandescent solid* is a simple band of color, or a *continuous spectrum ;* and second, that the spectrum of an *incandescent gas* is a spectrum of bright lines, or a *discontinuous spectrum.* If one substance after another be carefully examined in this manner, it will be found that the number and relative position of the bright lines is characteristic of each substance ; and if, by means of the scale in the spectroscope previously mentioned, the relative position of the lines of the different spectra be carefully noted, it will be found that no two substances give the same spectrum. Therefore, should an unknown substance be presented for examination, it is simply necessary to vaporize a small fragment in the flame of the lamp, and compare the spectrum thus obtained with those of known substances until one is found, the bright lines of which correspond exactly with the lines exhibited by the substance under examination. Indeed, to the practiced observer, this method of analysis is so rapid that an examination can be made in less time than it takes to read the preceding description ; and so wonderful is the delicacy of this instrument, that the most minute quantities can be instantly recognized, a billionth of a grain of sodium being readily detected. By introducing additional prisms into the spectroscope, as above constructed, and by increasing the magnifying power of the observing telescope, the length of the spectrum obtained is extended, and the accuracy with which the position of the various bright lines can be located is vastly increased.

In Fig. 10 is an illustration of a very large instrument, constructed for the Kew Observatory, and containing nine prisms. Not only the number of the spectrum lines given by a substance, but their intensity, deserves careful study. The brilliancy of the lines increases as the temperature of the lamp, or other source of heat used to produce volatilization, is augmented. Therefore, such lines as are particularly prominent at a high temperature are most likely to first appear at a lower one ; and so, being most suited for the recognition of a substance, are called *characteristic* lines. Such lines, according to their relative brightness, are denominated by the letters of the Greek alphabet. For example, the three bright lines in the spectrum of hydrogen (No. 7. Fig. 8) are designated α β γ.

Allusion has been already made to the discovery, in 1802, of a number of black lines in the solar spectrum, and that these lines were for a long time a puzzle to the physicists. In 1814 the solar spectrum was very carefully examined and mapped by a German scientist, Fraunhofer, who was able to distinguish with certainty about 600 lines. Fraunhofer found that, with the same prism and telescope, these lines always kept the same relative position and order. The solar spectrum, as mapped by Fraunhofer, is exhibited in Fig. 5. Out of the great number of lines which he observed he selected eight characteristic ones, situated in the most important parts of the spectum, to which he assigned the first eight letters of our alphabet. In consideration of the labors of this scientist, the dark lines of the solar spectrum have been since called Fraunhofer lines. It will be noticed in Fig. 5 that there is a very black line in the spectrum denominated D. Two other German scientists, Kirchhoff and Bunsen, had made the discovery that the metal sodium, when vaporized in a lamp-flame, gave a yellow line (No. 2, Fig. 8).

Fraunhofer found that the yellow sodium line occupied exactly the same place in the spectroscope that was taken by the dark D line in the solar spectrum. This striking coincidence did not, however, receive explanation until 1859, when Kirchhoff put the matter to the most direct test by obtaining a tolerably bright solar spectrum, and then bringing a sodium flame in front of the slit of the instrument. "I saw," says Kirchhoff, "the dark line D change into a bright one. The flame of a Bunsen lamp showed the sodium line on the solar spectrum with an unexpected brilliancy. In order to find out how far the intensity of the solar spectrum might be increased without impairing the distinctness of the sodium line, I allowed direct sunlight to fall upon the slit through the sodium flame, and saw, to my astonishment, the dark line D standing out with extraordinary clearness. I replaced the light of the sun by Drummond's light, the spectrum of which, like that of every other incandescent solid or liquid body, contains no dark lines. When this light was allowed to pass through a flame in which salt was burning, a dark line appeared in the spectrum in the position of the sodium line. The same thing occurred when, instead of a cylinder of incandescent lime, a platinum wire was used, which, after being made to glow in a flame, was brought nearly to its melting point by the electric current." Kirchhoff could no longer doubt, from these observations, that the presence of the dark line D in the solar spectrum was due to a vapor of sodium in the sun. The sodium line, from all laboratory experiments, was a bright yellow one ; but the D line of the solar spectrum

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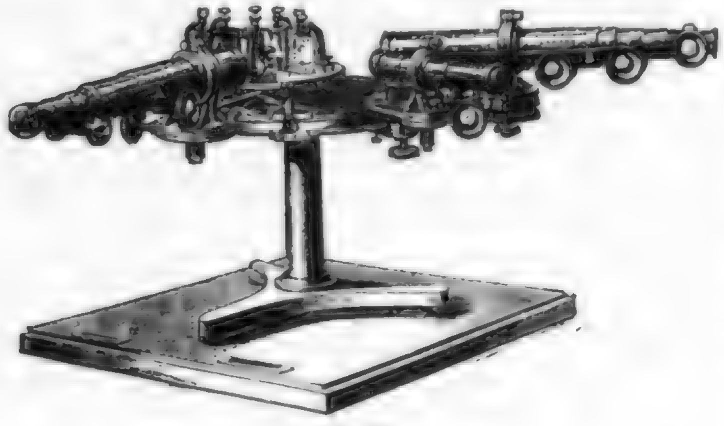

FIG. 10.

was a dark one. How were differences so great as these to be reconciled? It was left for Kirchhoff to explain this phenomenon, and to enunciate a law, upon whose discovery and proof depends all of our present knowledge of solar and celestial physics, and which will for ever shed an undying lustre upon the name of Kirchhoff. Fig. 11 is an illustration of his apparatus. S is a spectroscope, and L a lamp giving a source of light. Between the spectroscope and the lamp is situated the glass tube N, hermetically sealed, in which is placed a bit of sodium. On looking at the lamp through the spectroscope a continuous spectrum is observed, due to the incandescent particles of solid carbon in the flame, no lines of any kind being observed. By slightly warming the glass tube N the sodium within it is vaporized, and immediately in the hitherto continuous spectrum there appears the black D line. Removing the tube containing the sodium vapor, and replacing it with an alcohol lamp moistened with sodium, there flashes in the spectroscope a bright yellow line exactly in the place of the former black one. Kirchhoff reasoned thus: When a gas is heated to incandescence its molecules vibrate with a certain amplitude peculiar to the substance in question. In the case of sodium this amplitude is sufficient to give one deep yellow line in the spectroscope (Fig. 8, No. 2). In the case of lithium (Fig. 8, No. 3), the vibrations give two lines, one in the red and one in the yellow. Hydrogen (Fig. 8, No. 7) three lines, one red, one blue, and one violet; and so for every different substance. "Now," reasons Kirchhoff, "if the molecules of an incandescent gas vibrate so as to emit certain colored light, and if this same gas be interposed between an incandescent solid and the spectroscope, the molecular motion in this gas will extinguish similar luminous vibrations emitted by the incandescent solid." The scientific statement of this is: "A gas when luminous emits rays of light of the same refrangibility as those which it has power to absorb."

This discovery threw a flood of light upon the dark Fraunhofer lines, and upon the constitution of the sun itself. Inasmuch as the spectrum of the sun is one crossed by dark lines, it follows from Kirchhoff's discoveries that the shining nucleus of the sun must be an incandescent solid or liquid, as it gives a continuous spectrum, and that between us and the sun there exists the vapor of a number of different substances capable of absorbing certain portions of the sunlight, and so giving rise to the dark Fraunhofer lines. A series of comparisons were at once instituted between the bright lines in the spectra of terrestrial elements, and the dark lines of the solar spectrum. Fig. 12 shows the coincidence of the lines of iron and some of the dark solar lines. By means of this method of analysis, sodium, iron, potassium, calcium, barium, magnesium, manganese, titanium, chromium, nickel, cobalt, hydrogen, zinc, copper and gold have been discovered to exist in the solar atmosphere, and must, therefore, be present to a considerable extent in the body of the sun. It will be at once obvious that a similar method of investigation may be applied to any body that is a source of light, and spectroscopes from observatories in all parts of the world nightly search the sky to receive the messages thrown up by the billows of light. The ordinary laboratory spectroscope, as seen in Fig. 6, is not adapted to astronomical work. In Fig. 13, however, may be seen an arrangement invented by the famous American astronomer Mr. Lockyer, to combine the telescope and the spectroscope. The eyepiece of the telescope being removed, the collimator tube D is put in its place. The rest of the spectroscope is similar to that already described.

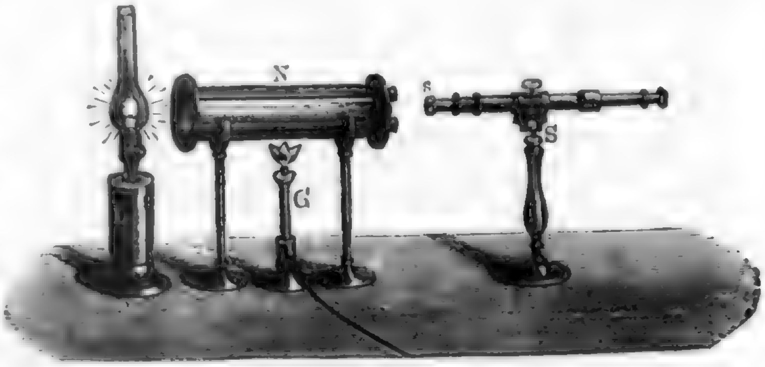

FIG. 11.

One after another of the heavenly bodies having been submitted to this most subtle analysis, much has been learned regarding the elements entering into their com-

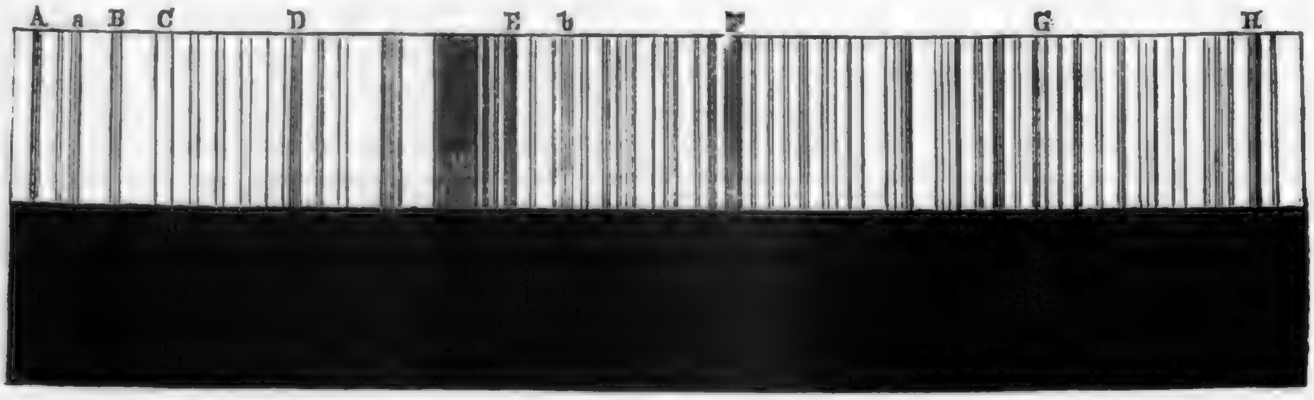

FIG. 12.

position, as well as of their physical constitution. Nos. 12, 13 and 14 of Fig. 8 are the spectra of three of the most prominent fixed stars, which, it will be seen, very closely resemble the solar spectrum. The obvious conclusion is, that these bodies resemble our sun, being masses of incandescent matter, surrounded by atmospheres containmany of the elements with which we are familiar. In the spectra of some of the heavenly bodies, however, certain lines are found which correspond to nothing yet observed on the earth. Whether these lines are indicative of elements which do not here exist, or whether additional terrestrial investigation will reveal corresponding spectral lines, must be left to the future to show.

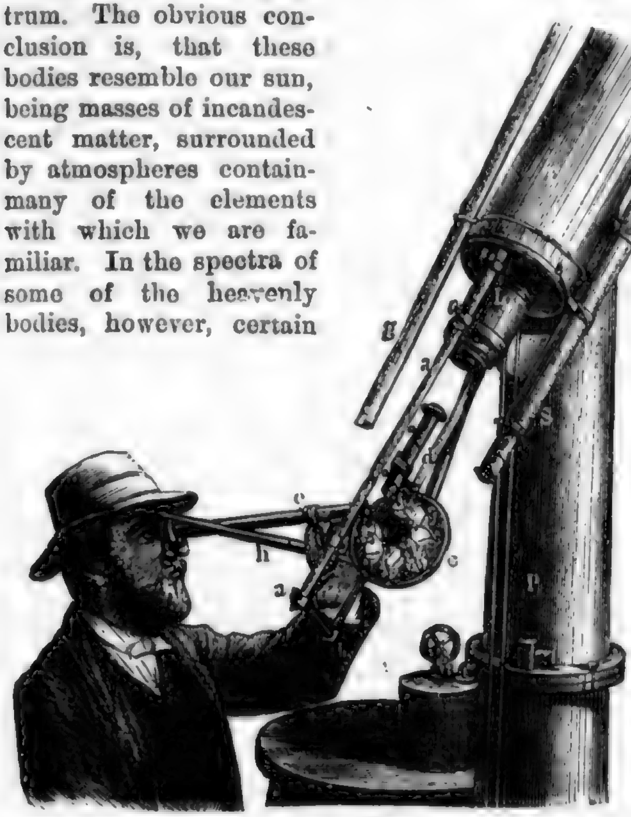

FIG. 13.

Ever since Laplace enunciated the incomparable nebular hypothesis, the opponents of the theory boldly asserted that if Laplace's theory were correct, there should be found in the stellar spaces some evidences of worlds still in the process of formation. Nebulæ there were in abundance, but with every successive improvement of the telescope, star-clusters which, with the more imperfect instruments, were supposed to be in a gaseous condition, were now resolved into separate and distinct stars; and it was confidently asserted that, in time, sufficient improvement of the telescope would enable the astronomer to resolve all of the stellar clouds. The advent of the spectroscope, however, was hailed as a means of confirming the theory of Laplace. It has been seen that if the spectrum of a luminous body be a *continuous* one, consisting of rays of every color, then the source of light is either a *solid* or *liquid* incandescent body. If the spectrum, however, be composed of *bright lines* only, then it is certain that the source of light is a *luminous gas*.

Finally, if the spectrum be *continuous*, but crossed by *dark lines* interrupting the colors, it is an indication that the source of light is a solid or liquid incandescent body, but that the light has passed through an atmosphere of vapors at a lower temperature, which, by their absorptive power, have abstracted those colored rays which they would have emitted had they been self-luminous. Thus, it is obvious that the character of the spectrum, whether continuous, bright-lined, or continuous with dark lines, is an indication of the physical condition of the luminous body, and so the spectroscope was called upon to give its evidence in favor of the nebular hypothesis. When Huggins first directed his telespectroscope, in August, 1864, to one of these objects, a small but very bright nebula, he found to his great surprise that the spectrum (Fig. 14), instead of being a continuous colored band, such as that given by a star, consisted only of *three bright lines*.

This one observation was sufficient to solve the long-vexed question, at least for this particular nebula, and to prove that it is not a cluster of individual, separable stars, but is actually a body of luminous gas.

In order to discover the chemical nature of this gas, Huggins pursued the usual methods of comparison, and tested the spectrum with the Fraunhofer lines of the solar spectrum, and the bright lines of the terrestrial elements. The brightest line of the nebula coincides precisely with the brightest line of the spectrum of nitrogen. The faintest of the nebular lines (3) also coincides with the bluish-green hydrogen line, or, which is the same thing, with the Fraunhofer line F, in the solar spectrum. The middle line (2) of the nebula was not found to coincide with any of the bright lines of the thirty terrestrial elements with which it has been compared. Probably this was the greatest triumph attained for the spectroscope, though it was not to be the last.

Every one who has ridden in the cars has doubtless noticed that the pitch of the bell of a passing train is strangely altered as the engine flies by. As the train approaches the pitch of the bell rapidly rises, while as the train recedes the pitch falls. Certainly the origin of the

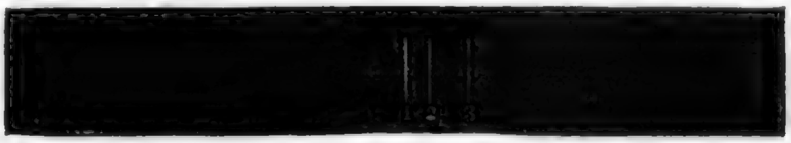

FIG. 14.

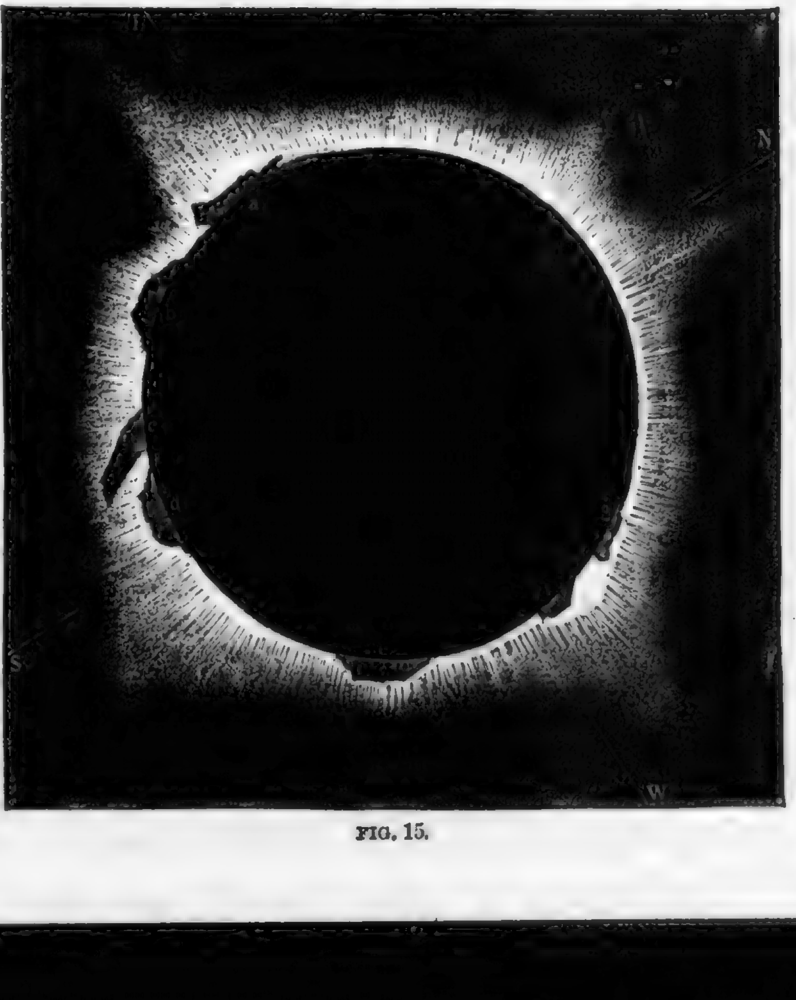

FIG. 15.

XUM

sound has been the same; what is it that has caused the change in pitch? Experiment teaches that sound-waves move through the air with a velocity of about 1,100 feet per second. The flying train may attain a speed of 100 feet per second—a very sensible fraction of the velocity of the sound-wave. As the bell approaches the hearer, the velocity of the train crowds the sound-waves together, while as it recedes the same speed pulls them further apart. In the first case more sound-waves reach the ear in a second, and in the latter case fewer waves, than if the bell had remained stationary. Thus it is seen that the motion of the sounding body to or from the observer is sufficient to alter the apparent pitch of the sound; and should the hearer be provided with sufficiently delicate apparatus, measurements on the sound would enable him to determine whether the sounding body was approaching or receding, and what the rate of speed was. Will the analogy between sound and light permit of similar measurements on the latter force? The spectroscope says "Yes!" The astronomer Huggins, by means of the most delicate instruments, made some very complete investigations in this direction. On examining the spectrum of Sirius the characteristic lines of hydrogen seen there are found to be very slightly moved out of their proper place toward the red end, showing that by the motion of the star the light-waves were pulled out a little. This displacement has been most accurately measured, and by comparing it with the velocity of light, it is found that Sirius and the earth are receding from each other at the rate of 41.5 miles per second. Similar observations have also been made on a number of the other so-called fixed stars, proving that all these bodies are in motion, approaching toward or receding from the earth.

Total eclipses of the sun have in all ages awakened the most profound interest. Previous to the invention of the spectroscope, the total eclipse was the only time afforded to the astronomer for studying the outer portion of the sun, and investigating the still mysterious corona. For excepting at the time of an eclipse the blinding light of the sun's disk completely overpowers the delicate phenomena of the chromosphere, or colored envelope, which surrounds the brilliant interior. Total eclipses are of so infrequent occurrence, and the duration of totality is so short, as to afford only the most limited scope for such observations. During the few moments of darkness some very singular phenomena have been noticed at various places around the black disk of the moon. Apparently enormous cloud-like masses, of a pale rose or coral tint, are disposed singly or in groups around the moon's circumference. These cloud-like masses have received the name of *prominences*. Fig. 15 is a representation of the total eclipse, August 7th, 1869, showing the various prominences, a, b, c, d, e, f and g, distributed around the black circumference of the moon. Early astronomers attributed these phenomena to some lunar influence; but subsequently their connection with the sun was fully established, though it was not till the eclipse of 1868 that their true character was clearly ascertained. At this time the spectroscope having taken its high rank among astronomical instruments, very careful preparations were made for spectroscopic observations on all the phenomena of the eclipse. To the prominences special attention was directed, and at the moment of totality their spectrum flashed out as a few *bright lines*. It has been learned that a spectrum of bright lines is only obtained from an incandescent gas, and by comparison the lines of the prominences are found to correspond with those of hydrogen. The inevitable conclusion is that these enormous masses, extending at times 100,000 miles from the sun's disk, are in reality stupendous flames of hydrogen gas. The possibility of modifying the spectroscope so as to observe the prominences in full sunshine then occurred to astronomers. Very nearly at the same time the French investigator, Janssen, and our scientist, Mr. Lockyer, succeeded in observing the solar flames in full daylight by means of the following method: In Fig. 16 suppose S to be the disk of the sun, surrounded by a dotted *line* indicating the various prominences. Now, suppose the slit of the spectroscope s s to be adjusted parallel with a diameter of the sun, and so as to extend over the edge of the disk across the prominences out into space. The field of the spectroscope would then consist of three parts. The first would give the familiar solar spectrum, being that portion of the slit occupied by the sun's disk. The second portion of the slit, covering the prominences, would be filled by a spectrum of bright lines; while the third portion of the slit, exterior to the sun and its atmosphere, would be dark, or nearly so. By moving the telespectroscope around the circumference of the sun the various prominences could be completely mapped by the varying lengths of the bright lines. Fig. 9 gives some of these immense sun-flames, as observed by the celebrated astronomer Respighi, in 1870. By methods similar to those already referred to as employed to determine the direction and velocity of the motion of the fixed stars, the perturbation of the prominences has been observed, and it has been ascertained that these wonderful masses of incandescent hydrogen are projected into space from the sun with a velocity of two or three hundred miles per second, and it is not at all unlikely that the explosive violence of these eruptions may be sufficient to project the glowing gas so far into space as to carry it beyond the sun's power of recall.

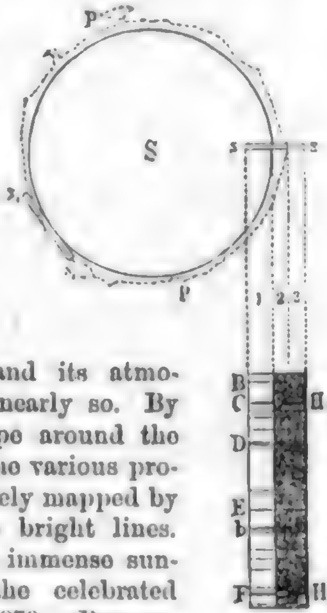

FIG. 16.

Such, briefly, are some of the tidings of other worlds cast by the billows of light on the strand of our globe, and interpreted by the spectroscope. Even the most learned scientist is as yet but a tyro with this most sensitive and delicate instrument, whose powers are great enough to grasp the uttermost parts of the known universe, and yet is susceptible of being affected by the smallest wave of light. Many messages it gathers from the furthest space, and faithfully presents to the eye of the astronomer, still too gross and dull to perceive their full meaning. But daily the mists are clearing, though each fresh discovery only adds to the possibilities of the spectroscope, and extends the fields of knowledge in which through its aid we may wander.

The following statistics of the consumption of tobacco per head in some of the principal countries are curious:

Belgium	5.50	France	1.78
Holland	4.40	United Kingdom	1.25
Germany	3.30	Spain	1.08
Austria	2.72	Sweden	74
Russia	1.83		

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Real progress in knowledge is shown in each successive volume of "The Library of American Aboriginal Literature," edited and published by Dr. Daniel Brinton, of Philadelphia. The latest is an addition of the *Walum Olum*, or Red Score of the Lenni Lenape or Delaware Indians, by Dr. Brinton. In the introductory chapters is given a historical account of this celebrated tribe, which is interesting as well as accurate. The author first discusses the place of the Algonkin stock as distinct from the Iroquois, and shows that the Eastern Algonkins had a confederacy "loose and defensive," made up of all the Algonkin tribes between the Potomac and the east side of the Chesapeake and the Hudson Valley. These tribes claimed near kinship. Those dwelling in the Delaware Valley were the Lenni Lenape, divided into three tribes—the Minsi (wolf totem), who lived in the mountains near the river's source ; the Unami (turtle totem), from the Lehigh Valley southward ; and the Unalachtigo (turkey totem) on the lower affluents of the Delaware River and on the bay shore. Many names and locations in that region are carefully explained. The author then devotes a chapter to the political constitution, knowledge of signs and picture-writing, computation of time and religious notions of these Indians, after which their language is discussed. The history of the tribe and its migrations, its myths and traditions, are next attended to; and finally there is given the full text, in fac-simile, of the *Walum Olum*, followed by notes and a glossary. This remarkable document contains in pictures, explained somewhat by notes in the Delaware language, all the traditions of the tribe. It was probably made by a Shawnee, and it is among the most perfect and valuable writings of our native Indians extant. Dr. Brinton should receive the encouragement of all men of science in his commendable undertaking.

The quality of cereals cultivated in ancient times compared with those now grown, formed an interesting subject for remark in one of the addresses before the last meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The oldest specimens of seeds and fruits known are Egyptian, and consist of dried seeds, etc., taken from tombs at least 4,000 years old. By soaking in warm water these were restored to the condition of modern herbarium specimens. They are up to the modern standard. "This observation," adds Mr. Carruthers, F.L.S., "is true also of the cultivated grains which I have examined belonging to prehistoric times. The wheat found in the purely British portion of the ancient village explored by General Pitt Rivers is equal to the average wheat cultivated at the present day. This is the more remarkable because the two samples from the latter Romano-British period are very much smaller, though they are not unlike the small hard grains of wheat still cultivated on their chalk soils. The wheat from lake-dwellings in Switzerland are fair samples. My colleague, Mr. W. Fawcett, has recently brought me, from America, grains of maize from the prehistoric mounds in the Valley of the Mississippi, and from the tombs of the Incas of Peru, which represent also fair samples of this great food substance of the New World. The early peoples of both worlds had, then, under cultivation productive varieties of these important food plants, and it is remarkable that in our own country, with all the appliances of scientific cultivation and intelligent farming, we have not been able to appreciably surpass the grains which were harvested by our rude ancestors 2,000 years ago.

The Prince of Monaco is a nobleman, not only of leisure, but of scientific knowledge and tastes. For some time he has been studying the Gulf Stream, with special reference to what becomes of it in the North Atlantic, and its influence (if any) on the coast of France. He caused 179 floats to be thrown out last year at various points to the northwest of the Azores. These were of three classes—hollow balls of copper, oak barrels and bottles. The various places of immersion formed a line 170 miles in length. The Prince not only asked mariners and coast-guards to report these, but cruised in his yacht on the same quest, and has now published a pamphlet upon the matter. His conclusion is, that as far as 300 miles to the north-north-west of the Azores the Gulf Stream shows no tendency to drift toward the northeast, and even its tendency toward the east is scarcely pronounced.

The total eclipse of the sun was observed in Grenada toward the end of August with great success, by the English astronomers, excellent photographs and spectroscopic observations having been obtained. Two good and two fair photographs of the corona were obtained. The spectra of the solar prominences show the bright lines of incandescent vapors as in former eclipses, notwithstanding the fact that this year the sun-spots are tending toward a minimum. The development of the plates was postponed until the return to England, because the ordinary temperature of the water at the stations was so high as to destroy the film. Among the novelties was the use of an instrument to determine the intensity of the light.

The Northern Railroad of France has found, by experiment, that nickel can be rolled upon soft steel plates in such a manner as to produce a material for lamp reflectors of equal brilliancy with those made of silvered copper. These reflectors are reported, also, not to rust, and, as the material is stronger, they are not so easily knocked out of shape. Finally, their cost is only about one-half that of silvered copper.

One of the most curious volcanic manifestations in the world is the group of mud volcanoes near Baku, Russia, which have been studied recently by a Swedish geologist. These volcanoes, he tells us, occur along the Caspian Sea for 120 miles, and some of the cones are 1,000 feet in height, and have a crater almost equal to that of Etna. Three violent eruptions have taken place this and last year. They were accompanied by emissions of fire, visible a great many miles. There were also violent discharges of gas, which, on one one occasion, on being fired, produced a fire-column twenty feet in height. Very interesting changes have been produced in the surrounding country through the influence of these strange volcanoes.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Nature abhors a vacuum. By Jingo! then how she *must* detest my *breeches pockets!*

Good advice is like a policeman, in that it is often to be met with when unsought, but when really wanted seldom, if ever, to be found.

A young lady says the new letter-sheet envelope will not find much favor with her sex. "It is large enough," she says, "for the letter, but there is no room for the postscript."

Why, if you please, is a glazier like a doctor? Why, because, don't you see, he is always attending to the panes of others, and is never so well employed as when he is patching up their rickety frames.

One of the Oldest Remedies.—*Young Man* (to chemist): "Can you give me anything to remove superfluous hair?" *Chemist* (thoughtfully scratching his bald head): "Hem! Why don't you get married?"

"I declare, Charley," exclaimed Clara, "you take the words right out of my mouth!" "Oh, mamma," piped in the little pitcher, "now I know what Clara and Charley were doing out in the hall when she let him in!"

Jones has discovered the respective natures of a distinction and a difference. He says that "a little difference" frequently makes enemies, while "a little distinction" attracts hosts of friends to the one on whom it is conferred.

"Doxery doodle-um dinkle-um dum,
Tum to its mozzery muzzery mum;
Tizzery izzery boozery boo,
No baby so sweet and so pitty as oo."

Sir George Warrender was once obliged to put off a dinner party in consequence of the death of a relative, and sat down to a haunch of venison by himself. While eating, he said to his butler: "John, this will make a capital hash to-morrow." "Yes," Sir George, if you leave off *now!*"

"Dan," said a *nouveau riche* earnestly to his eldest son, "you must be more careful when you get in any more wine." "Which wine do you mean?" inquired Dan. "The claret. I heard one of your swell friends tell his neighbor at dessert last night that the claret was very old. Get it fresh, Dan, no matter what it costs?"

A physician, examining a student as to his progress, asked him: "Should a man fall into a well forty feet deep, and strike his head against one of the tools with which he had been digging, what would be your course if called in as surgeon?" The student replied: "I should advise them to let the man lie, and fill up the well."

Comment from the Wife.—"It is a curious custom the Japanese have, my dear," remarked a husband, "of taking their shoes off when entering the house." "The custom is curious," replied the lady, "from the fact that it is practiced at all hours instead of at night only." And the husband said "Yes?" with a rising inflection, which was about all he could say.

Longfellow and his publisher, Fields, were making a short pedestrian tour some years ago, when, to their surprise, an angry bull stood in the pathway, evidently determined to demolish both poet and publisher. "I think," said Fields, "that it will be prudent to give this reviewer a wide margin." "Yes," replied the poet, "it appears to be a disputed passage."

A Spanish miser fell into a river. A peasant, seeing that the current would carry him away, held out his hand, crying: "Give me your hand!" Give! He had never done such a thing in his life, and would sooner die than begin! Luckily for him, the stream carried him close to a fisherman, who said: "My man, take my hand!" As soon as it was a question of taking, it was all right, and he was saved.

Joke from the Bench.—In the Chancery Division some little time back, while Mr. Justice Chitty was trying a case, a loud crack was heard from the roof of the court, and a portion of the plaster, to the alarm of everybody, fell with a smart thud upon the top of the canopy which is placed over the bench. Mr. Justice Chitty at once remarked: "*Fiat justitia ruat cœlum!*" ("Let justice be done, though the heavens should fall!")

By the Champion Mean One.—In laying away Christmas cards for use next year, be careful to put a faint pencil-mark on the envelope to indicate who was the donor. It is very embarrassing, in sending out these dainty reminders of the joyous season, to make a mistake and return the card to the person who sent it to you the year before. A little care will prevent all such annoying blunders, and the marks can be easily rubbed out if you are careful to make them light and to use a soft pencil.

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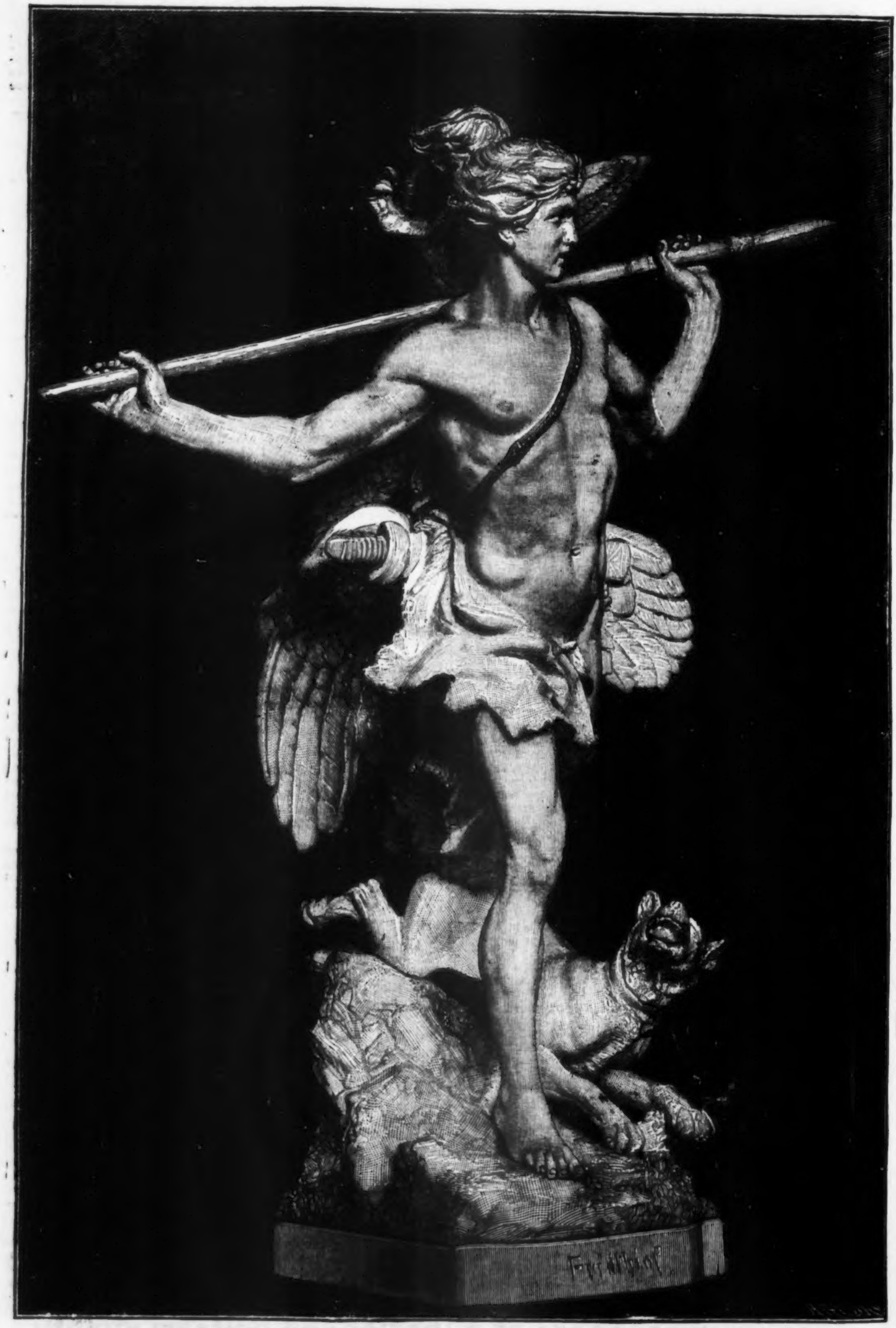

THE HUNTRESS OF THE NORTH.—BY E. HUBNER.

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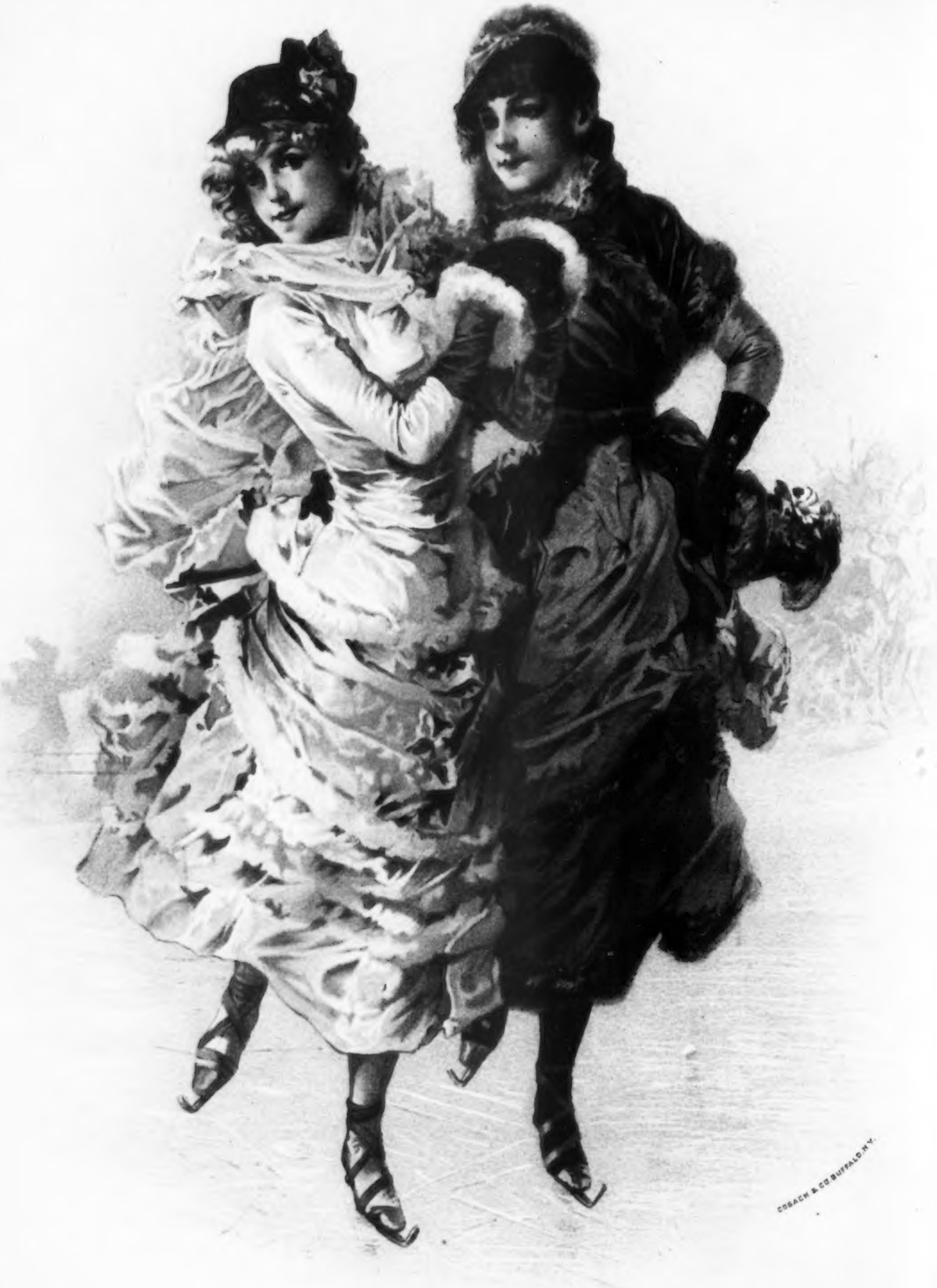
COSACK & CO. BUFFALO, N.Y.

A WINTER POEM.

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